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Contents of Volume XII—Part I, May-July, 1946

Mind	Rabindranath Tagore	1
The Art of Teaching	Marthe Sinha	6
Andrews' Early Life in England	Marjorie Sykes	17
The Later Poems of Tagore	Sisir Kumar Ghose	25
From the Heights of Coorg	Marcella Hardy	42
The Physicist as a Philosopher	Probas Jiban Chaudhury	49
Art in Industry	S. J. Clerk	54
Swaraj and the State	Nirmal Kumar Bose	61
Reviews :		73—85

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MIND

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE

[Translated from the original Bengali article included in *Panchabhut* or the Diary of the Five Elements. These articles appeared serially in the Bengali monthly, *Sadhana*, during the years 1893-95. English translations of eight articles of this series were published in the *Visva-Bharati Quarterly* (Old and New Series). The introductory chapter was translated by the author and the others by the late Surendranath Tagore. The present article has been translated into English by Indira Devi Chaudhurani.]

HERE I am sitting at midday in a room on the ground-floor by the river in the village : a lizard is ticking in a corner of the room : a pair of sparrows, intent on building a nest in the hole meant for the punkhah-rope, are continually going backwards and forwards bearing tit-bits from outside and twittering busily ; boats are passing along the river, their masts and portions of their swelling sails visible behind the high banks against the blue sky ; the air is cool, the sky is clear ; from the distant line of the further bank up to the little garden enclosed by bamboo-fencing in front of my verandah—the whole scene looks like a picture in the brilliant sunshine. Here I am, feeling quite comfortable ; just as a child feels a sense of warmth of well-being and and tenderness in its mother's lap, so a feeling of living and caressing and gentle warmth pervades my whole being from all sides, as I nestle close to the lap of old Mother Earth.

Then what harm is there, if I remain like this ? Who is

prodding you to take pen and paper and sit up ? Where is the necessity of girding your loins all of a sudden and making a great show of recording your opinion on this or that matter and intimating your assent or dissent on certain other matters ? Turn your eyes over there towards the fields and see how prettily a whirling wind has twirled and danced and passed on with its veil of dust and dry leaves ! Standing straight and tall only on its toes, how it posed for a moment only, and then scattering everything to the wind how it rushed away, heaven knows where ! And what was its stock-in-trade : a few wisps of straw, and handfuls of dust and sand, whatever came conveniently to hand ; how pretty a game it played with these and with what alluring gestures and postures ! Thus it dances away the whole quiet afternoon all over the fields. It has no object in view and no spectators. It has no opinions and no principles ; it has no well-considered homilies to deliver on sociology and history. It blows a warm breath through those forgotten and forsaken things that are altogether unnecessary in this world, and arouses them to living beauty for a single moment.

If only I could gather together trifles in one breath like this with the utmost ease and spin them round like a top into a beautiful form and scatter them to the winds and depart. If I could create thus playfully and blow away my own creations. With no thought, no effort, no aim ; nothing but the joy of dancing, the passionate urge for beauty, nothing but a living whirlwind ! Unconfined fields, unclouded skies, unlimited sunshine,—in the midst of all these to take up handfuls of dust and create magic with them, merely out of the expansive delight of my own mad mind.

This I can understand. But to sit down and place one stone on top of another with the sweat of one's brow and raise up a mound of immobile opinions ! In which there is neither movement, nor love, nor life,—only a stolid fame, which some admire open-mouthed and others push away with their foot, whatever its deserts may be. But can I give up doing so even if I want to ? For the sake of civilization, man has over-indulged a part of himself called mind, like a spoilt child ; so that even if one wants to get rid of it, it will not leave one in peace.

As I write I look outside and see a man wearing a *chaddar* on his head as a protection against the sun, going towards the kitchen

with a sal-leaf-cup containing some curd in his right hand. He is my servant Narayan Singh, nice and plump, placid and cheerful,—just like a smooth shiny jack-fruit tree, full of leaves and adequately nourished with mould. This kind of person fits in completely with the landscape outside. There is no hard-and-fast dividing line between the two. This man is living naturally in close communion with this vast life-giving and fertile Mother Earth ; there is no contradiction or discord whatever within himself. Just as that tree is a custard-apple tree from top to bottom and doesn't bother its head about anything else ; so is my rotund smiling Narayan Singh just a complete Narayan Singh from top to toe.

If some naughty child-god were to throw only one drop of mind into that apple-tree in fun ! Then what a dire disturbance would ensue within its juicy greenwood life ! Then its green leaves would become pale with thought like parchment, and from trunk to tip it would become wrinkled like an old man's brow. Would its whole body then become so thrilled with young leaves in Spring within three or four days ? Would its every branch become so filled with clusters of round pock-marked fruit ? It would stand on one leg the whole day and ponder : Why have I got leaves only and no wings ? Why cannot I see far enough, though I try my best to stand so erect and high ? What is there beyond that horizon ? How shall I reach that tree on whose branches, those stars in the sky are blooming ? Until I know for certain whence I come and whither I shall go, I shall shed my leaves and let my branches wither and stand stock-still and mediate. Until I can solve the question as to whether I exist or do not exist, or whether I am both existent and non-existent, there can be no happiness in life for me. How can I express adequately the joy that thrills me to the marrow on the day the sun first rises in the morning, after a long spell of rain ?—and at the end of winter when a southern breeze suddenly springs up towards evening about the middle of *Falgun** then how I long for,—who will tell me what I long for ?

This is the sort of thing that would happen ! The poor thing would be done with the bearing of flowers, with the mysterious ripening of custard-apples. With trying to be something more than

* The first month of Spring—February-March.

what it is, with longing to be something which it is not, it would become neither one thing nor the other. At last one day as a result of this inward travail it would burst open from trunk to top and there would appear a magazine article, a critical review, an untimely disquisition on forest society ; in which there would be neither that rustle of leaves, nor that shade, nor that vigorous, allround completeness.

If some powerful evil spirit were to enter the bowels of the earth stealthily like a serpent and inject a dose of mind into all the trees and plants and grass and creepers on earth, through the hundreds and thousands of twining and twisting roots underground, then where on the face of this earth would man be able to soothe his troubled spirit ? Thank goodness one does not find any meaning in the song of birds when coming into the garden, and does not see dry white monthly magazines, newspapers and advertisements hanging on every branch instead of unlettered green leaves !

Thank Heaven there is no thoughtfulness among trees. Thank our stars that the hemlock-tree does not criticise the *Kamini*† tree and say—in your flowers there is softness but no vigour ; that the plum fruit does not say to the jack-fruit—you consider yourself to be a big person, but I consider the pumpkin deserving of much higher position ! that the plantain doesn't say—I publish the biggest leaflet at the lowest price ; and the yam doesn't prepare to compete with it by coming out with a still bigger one at a still cheaper rate !

Harrassed by argument, harrowed by thought and tired out with speechifying, man attains a certain measure of calmness and self-control by looking upon the shining open broad outspread brow of the sky, unfurrowed by thought ; by listening to the wordless murmuring of the forest, and the meaningless lapping of the waves ; by plunging into the mindless unfathomable calm of Nature. The peaceful blue waters of this boundless ocean of non-mind are necessary in order to allay the fiery heat of that one spark of mind.

The fact of the matter is, as I have said before, that our mind has grown disproportionately big and upset our inner balance altogether. It is unable to find enough room for itself. It has become far bigger than is necessary for man's food and clothing and comfortable living. Hence, even after all his needs have been supplied,

† A delicate scented white flower.

plenty of mindstuff is left over on all sides. So what can he do but sit down and write diaries, argue, become a newspaper correspondent, prove that easy things are difficult, make things appear to have a meaning which they do not really possess, renounce everything else in order to concentrate on something that can never be understood,—in short, do many other things that are much more reprehensible than these ?

But the mind of my none-too-civilized Narayan Singh is proportionate to his body ; it fits his needs exactly. His mind protects his life from heat and cold, from disease, ill-health and shame ; but it does not fly about in all directions at all times with the speed of forty-nine winds.* This is not to say that once in a way a secret wind may not pierce his mental armour through a button-hole or two and blow him out a little ; but that small amount of mental disturbance is necessary for his own healthy existence.

* Supposed to be connected with madness.



THE ART OF TEACHING

By MARTHE SINHA

THERE is at the present moment a great ferment of thought and discussion concerning education. Desire for reform is universal. Plans for its improvement and enlargement of its scope are innumerable ; every group, every party, every society, every Church, one might almost say every individual has a plan for education. Yet all these take education for granted. Nobody questions the necessity for education, all are tacitly agreed that education is indispensable ; their differences are confined to degrees of reform and methods of execution.

Now what is education ? Is it necessary ? And if so, how is it to be achieved ? Education, like civilisation, is the sort of word that is never defined, that is to say, it is intangible and inconstant, it is changing all the time just as life changes, so that as soon as a suitable definition has been devised for it, already it is no longer applicable and new dissensions arise. Hence every definition is an approximation, every generation must review its conception of education and adapt it to its way of life, to its own civilisation.

Nevertheless education is not completely elusive, for just as there is an irreducible permanency of existence in life itself namely the fact of living irrespective of the kaleidoscopic variations of the visible aspects of life, so education too has a fundamental core of persistence. The simplest definition of education then might be expressed as the initiation of the ignorant to the traditional ways of life and acquired

knowledge of the informed. The words "ignorant" and "informed" have been chosen deliberately instead of "young" and "old", for it cannot by definition be assumed that the "old" are necessarily "informed"; whereas it is in general the "young" who are ignorant of the traditions and accumulated knowledge of their forbears. Because life is dynamic, because knowledge is never ending, so the old have constantly to revise, improve, modify their fund of information, continually to amend their conclusions. Education is an endless process. Yet to enable the young, the new generation to master the essentials of what they need to know to continue social life along the lines of development which it is already following, the period of childhood has been very wisely set aside for the future citizen to devote himself exclusively to the business of physical development towards maturity and the acquisition of that education which will enable him to take his full share of life as a knowledgeable citizen. Therefore, when talking of education, one tends to think of the schooling of the young.

Education is often defined as the preparation for life. From the definition given above, it is obviously true, but unfortunately, one tends to assume that the period of preparation for life, the period of schooling is outside life, that life begins only at the termination of formal education. As a corollary, the schoolmaster and the school are often accused of being outside life. This is a thoughtless and careless conclusion. A living being is living life from the very day of his birth and his education terminates only with his death. Furthermore, the schoolmaster is only one type of teacher. Every individual is to some extent the teacher of other human beings, and is in his turn a pupil throughout his life.

For instance, to take a simple example. I arrive in London for the first time and decide to travel by Tube. I have to find out the procedure established by custom and usage to achieve my purpose. I must first buy my ticket in the recognised manner, gain access to the platform in the orderly fashion required, enter and leave the train properly as others do and give up my ticket in my right turn at the other end. If in the performance of this apparently simple operation, I deviate from the established order and custom, I shall be put right by somebody else, either an Underground official or another private individual and the manner in which I am corrected will depend partly

on the mood and character of my self-appointed "teacher", and partly on the heinousness of my transgression. Thus my ignorance, due to lack of experience, is corrected both by direct experience and by theoretical instruction on the part of someone who is already informed.

And here it would appear is the real distinction implied by the vague and inaccurate statement that schooling is not life, is outside life and is a preparation for life.

Life is a unity, and yet is a complex and composite affair, made up of stresses and strains, trial and error, achievement and disappointment, dross and precious metal. It would be easy to pile up further metaphors to illustrate the meaning of education. It is simply the imparting and acquisition of the concentrated epitome of the theory and practice of human life since the dawn of time. It involves the teacher and the taught, the subject-matter to be imparted, the manner in which this purpose shall be achieved. It is an activity of vital importance to human life ; without the right sort of education to fit the individual for mature life in his own social surroundings, he cannot survive personally and can be of no value to his community. To say that schooling is outside life then is patently absurd. It is one phase in a human being's life, and is a terribly important phase.

At no other time, in no other phase of his life subsequently is the individual free, nor has he the whole-time leisure to devote himself to the study of that tradition and knowledge to which he is heir and by means of which alone he can make full use of his patrimony. As soon as the minimum period of formal education is over, as soon as the individual enters upon the threshold of manhood, he must immediately give himself up wholeheartedly to some chosen activity required in the life of the community and by means of which he shall be entitled to a livelihood.

It stands to reason that to try to teach or to learn the whole of the accumulated store of human knowledge and experience would be impossible. Life is all-embracing and universal, whereas the mind of an individual man is strictly limited. Therefore a selection must be made, it must be reduced to its simplest terms, it must be arranged in logical sequence to make it easily assimilable to the young and inexperienced mind ; and it must be of such a nature as to form a solid foundation on which can later be built the complicated super-

structure of ever-increasing knowledge. Hence the sub-division of the stuff of education into subjects.

It will be seen upon examination that all subjects are each one aspect of life. It is easier to begin the study of life with the self. That at least appears concrete and tangible to each one of us.

The study and contemplation of the self is twofold, namely the personal emotions and the physical self. Emotions lead us to poetry, music and literature on the one hand, physical development to nature study and biology on the other. If we consider our family, people around us and our environment, we are led to the consideration again of poetry, music, literature, the pictorial and plastic arts, to social institutions, local history, to local geography and philosophy. If we enlarge our scope and consider what has gone before, we are led to general history, geography, universal science and foreign languages.

Thus starting from knowledge of the individual self and radiating outwards to the family, the nation, the historical past, the rest of humanity, we are really contemplating the humanities and the arts and philosophy ; starting from the physical self and his material environment we are led to the pure and applied sciences and to religion.

Naturally it would be impossible to put before a child mind the overpowering vastness of life, the awesome unity of all beings and all things. Education must start from the easy and the simple and gradually, very gradually, through inductive reasoning, by consciously expressed parallelisms and connections, lead the unformed mind to the familiar contemplation of the unity of life.

Thus the vastness of the store of knowledge can by means of subjects be reduced to manageable proportions. In other words, by means of the Cartesian method, the breaking up of the vast insoluble problem into its component parts, solve each difficulty separately, then formulate a general theory to embrace the whole, namely the universality of life.

So that learning may be facilitated for the young, so that the continuity of generations may be secured, so that these things shall be accomplished as speedily and economically as possible, society has found it expedient to gather children together for the purpose of education and to appoint specialists in the art of imparting the requisite knowledge in suitable form and guise to the various age-groups.

Now the business of teaching and learning is at once complicated by human life. As soon as two human beings are brought into contact, there immediately arises the ferment of thought and emotion that is the natural and inevitable consequence of life. How much more will such complications arise and deviations from the ostensible purpose of learning and teaching follow in the grouping known as schools ! Hundreds of individuals of varying ages gather together. By far the larger proportion are the pupils with an age range covering babyhood to early manhood. Each yearly age group is classed together and divided off from the others, and a certain fair numerical balance is achieved between the classes ; but what about the adults ? The teachers' ages usually cover the rest of the span of human life. It would be rare indeed to find a school staff whose ages fell within only one period of human life. Thus we see that the school is virtually a microcosm, and that although it does not and cannot represent the whole of life exactly, it offers quite sufficient variety of age, temperament and experience to compose a setting for the individual child that is by no means remote from "life". Whereas the child's purpose in attending school is to become educated according to the tenets of his contemporary society, his contact with the other members of the school, his general activity and conduct there, his participation in a form of social experience is surely the stuff of life. There he gains informally and incidentally that experience of contemporary social life that will help to mould and modify the incomplete but not quite unformed character that he first brings to school with him. By play and association with his peers, through his joys and sorrows, through his fights, quarrels and friendships he not only learns to know life, but he lives it. The formal subjects taught him are only the theoretical enlargement and illumination of that experience.

From this point of view, the teacher's role at once becomes of prime importance, of profound significance. Not only is his participation in life direct and contemporary, but his influence stretches into the future inasmuch as he leaves a mark upon the minds and characters of the coming citizens.

In many countries, teachers are viewed with great respect. Learning and scholarship are the mark of the leaders and statesmen. In others, however, only one aspect of the teacher's function in society has been recognised namely the visible and outer aspect, the

fact that he spends his time with children. The rest of his function, the tremendous influence he should and does exercise, but indirectly and invisibly, over the nation is quite overlooked. He is adversely criticised for his work. His job is generally looked upon as a sine-cure. His hours of contact with the children are constantly computed with mathematical exactitude and found, on that basis, to be numerically inferior to that of factory workers. This arbitrary choice of criteria of comparison between the imponderable work of educating the citizens of the nation and the material production of an agreed quota of tangible and undeniable bolts and screws is unanimously accepted as further irrefutable argument against the teaching profession.

Now while such argument and discussion serve the useful purpose of exercising the tongue in speech and perhaps also the mind in ideas, the increasing degradation of the profession is certainly achieved in the general opinion of the public. This is a national calamity. Ignorance of the wonderful inheritance of man will not make for progress and civilisation. The practical activity of which we hear so much will be just futile and wasted effort, unless informed, simplified and facilitated by accurate theory. The blue-print which is so often produced with vertiginous prestidigitation as a panacea for many an ill has to be conceived and traced by a knowledgeable expert. No well-meaning ignoramus of however fine a character could produce it.

Character, in our opinion, is formed in the many schools of life, and incidentally, as we have explained, to a great extent also at school. But the intention of the school is not primarily the overt one of moulding character. That is, as it were, a bye-product of its activity and only to the same extent as any other assembly of human beings. Any conglomeration of human beings will forthwith begin to affect and react upon the individuals composing it. The main purpose of the school is, as we have stated above, through the teaching of subjects to establish that continuity of knowledge and tradition between the old and the young which will enable civilisation to continue to develop progressively.

The role of the teacher, from the analysis given, is then manifold. He is a precious and indispensable member of the nation, he is the citizen who has expert knowledge of at least one aspect of human tradition, knowledge and experience, he is the conveyor and

purveyor of that knowledge and experience to the pupils in his care ; and furthermore, by his presence, personality and activity, he helps to mould the social character of those same pupils. His function is truly great in society, but, it must be admitted, his function is great only collectively. As an individual, his effectiveness is very restricted and if he is teaching children he will feel that his scope is tragically limited. Yet to achieve even that tiny portion successfully, he must never lose sight of the importance of his little bit in the wonderful pattern of the whole. When the performance of what must after several years' experience become at times dull, despairing routine, when he feels he is merely a cog in the wheel of life, he must remember that without its cogs, the wheel remains stationary.

Therefore the teacher must know his subject. He must be thoroughly well versed in the subject matter he proposes to teach. He must be a specialist. That does not imply that he must be exclusive and reject acquaintance with a general knowledge of other subjects. On the contrary. It is essential to have a thorough grasp of at least one aspect of human thought in order to develop an intelligent understanding of other aspects of that same human thought. Furthermore, it is only in the most elementary stages of a subject that it can be divided off completely from the others. For example, if your subject is French, you will need to know the language thoroughly of course in order to teach it, but will you also not need to know some Latin to understand its origins ; the history of France from the earliest up to contemporary times to understand its evolution and the present day thought and language ; the geography of France that will elucidate its historical evolution ; the racial origins, the industries, the music, drama, plastic and pictorial arts, science, arts and crafts, religion and philosophy of France, namely the culture of France in order to know the French language in the true sense of knowing ? With such knowledge as a working basis, it should be possible to enlarge one's general understanding of other subjects.

The teacher's profession of teaching is twofold. It is both to teach a subject and to exercise the growing intellect of the pupils. In order that the teaching shall be effective, the pupils must learn and the teacher must make sure that they have learnt. His is a serious business, and the nation's children entrusted to his care must not remain ignorant. As far as is humanly possible, learning must be

facilitated and simplified, so that as little effort and time is wasted on any given subject as possible. The body of elementary knowledge to be acquired is so vast already that there is no need to complicate any of it. The teacher must therefore know how to teach, that is to say, he must present his material in such a way that it is fairly easily assimilable and must at the same time form the material for intellectual exercise, that is the exercise of orderly and logical reasoning. Hence he must know how to arrange a syllabus for any given type of course and age-group, how to reduce and simplify the subject-matter in such a way that the beginning shall be easy and encouraging, that the difficulties may be properly graded and arise out of one another, just as life develops. Now teaching could be purely verbal, but just as life is a unity, so should the approach to learning be manifold and diversified. The teacher should make use of all five senses to clarify, elucidate, illumine and brighten his work. Drawing, acting and music are indispensable aids to the teaching of any and every subject. Life is complex and contradictory. The teacher's aim may well be serious, but there is no justifiable reason for the solemn austerity of self-conscious purpose. Gaiety and laughter, jollity and fun are frequently as good a method of imparting difficult knowledge as thundering harshness and weighty solemnity. Material and mechanical aids can often bring a happy change and a festive air to a series of difficult lessons. Acquaintance with these things and especially with the question of discipline are the stock-in-trade of the prospective teacher. These he must acquire through professional training.

Finally, arises the problem of character. As it is a universal problem with which even a Robinson Crusoe has to contend, it should offer no insuperable difficulties. The question is twofold. There is the problem of the teacher's character and that of the character of his pupils and colleagues.

It might be as well to say here what we understand by character. To define character is no easy matter, for it cannot of itself be directly apprehended. It is only in action, in human conduct, in behaviour in relation to other living beings that evidence is adduced of any particular character. Thus the amalgam of qualities, virtues, vices, emotions and intellect that leads to the fixed pattern of individual conduct and action is character, and the composition of that

character can be deduced only from witnessing a person's behaviour in a given circumstance.

A man alone and in repose cannot possibly reveal what is in him. He may be good or bad, stupid or intelligent, determined or vacillating, well-balanced or emotional. How can one tell? It is solely in relation to the action he takes in a given situation involving other human beings that his characteristics will be revealed. To take an extreme example. Suppose Mr. Jones is sitting quietly reading the paper and smoking his pipe in the hotel lounge. Can a passer-by say with any degree of verifiable certainty whether this gentleman is courageous? No. Only in the event of a sudden emergency, an outbreak of fire, for instance, will it appear whether he has the quality of courage or not. If he at once springs up, makes up his mind without hesitation on the part he proposes to play in the incident and carries it out without further reflection as to his personal comfort, convenience or safety, one is justified in granting him the quality of courage. If however no external circumstances had arisen to necessitate his intervention and participation, the onlooker would have been in no position to assess Mr. Jones's courage.

When it is so frequently asserted that the aim of the schools is primarily to train character, secondly to develop the logical, reasoning and critical faculties of the mind, but of set purpose not to impart exact knowledge, it would appear to be a contradiction, a nullification of education altogether. For how is character to be trained, how are the logical and critical faculties to be developed? We have seen that character develops only through conduct and action in society. To arrive at a decision concerning action, however, the person must think, must weigh the arguments for and against a certain mode of conduct and relate them to a certain already predetermined principle. The repetition of such considerations and the consequent action must ultimately become habitual and even automatic and thus arises a definite pattern of immediate behaviour on the part of an individual. Let us take for example the behaviour of a small child in relation to a bag of sweets. The spontaneous reaction is for the child to accept the whole lot for himself. This, however, is not considered satisfactory behaviour by most parents and they teach the child to share his sweets with those around him.

Picture the following scene which will be repeated almost universally :

Aunt Letty arrives to tea and gives Tommy a bag of sweets. Tommy's face is suffused with joy and he promptly takes one. "Ah, ah," says Mother, "what do you say, Tommy?" Unless he promptly expresses his thanks in a manner deemed suitable to the occasion, he will not be allowed to keep his bag. He therefore says "Thank you" in an acceptable form. Still he cannot carry a sweet to his mouth. "Oh, Tommy! What do you do now?" Here the scene may vary, but ultimately Tommy is induced to offer his bag of sweets all round and when everybody else has helped himself, then only may Tommy take a sweet for himself amidst the admiring applause of his family. This type of scene will often be reenacted and very soon Tommy learns quite spontaneously and naturally to share his good things with others, to be unselfish and altruistic.

Now Tommy has learned a great deal about personal conduct, social conduct and moral philosophy, and his character has been trained. This has, however, been accomplished indirectly and through actual experience. Similarly character can be trained only partially at school and purely through indirect means.

In the same way also powers of reasoning, the logical and critical faculties of the mind, in short the intellect and intelligence can be trained only indirectly. Means and opportunities will have to be provided through which these faculties may be exercised. For again, intelligence is impalpable. It is only in action based on a decision arrived at through the exercise of logic and reasoning and prompted by a guiding principle that evidence is provided of the presence of intelligence. What are these means to be? Obviously the subjects of the school curriculum, the theoretical background of daily life, the experience of the generations placed at the disposal of each one of us, that amplifies, enriches and enlarges our own personal and restricted experience.

Our immediate and all-engrossing interests when we are quite young centre round our own personality. We are always greatly exercised to know what other people think of us and we are prone to pass rapid, extreme and contradictory judgments on other people. How much can we learn of the reactions of other people, though, by means of our own little circle of acquaintances? Very little. Yet

the accumulated store of knowledge of Man is endless. For instance, to name literature alone—essays, novels, plays, poetry, biography, history,—through the recorded and vicarious experience of other men we can range beyond the limits of our little lives and modify the development of our own character, and learn to disentangle the skein of human conduct around us.

To arrive at the correct conclusion, not only must the order and logic of our thought be impeccable, but the premisses we utilise must be accurate. If I learn that certain dark-skinned peoples are savages, is it my logic that is at fault or my information if I look upon all dark-skinned peoples as savages? Obviously the premisses. Thus to possess powers of logical reasoning in vacuo is valueless. Human conduct must be regulated by reason to a great extent, and this ability can lead to correct behaviour only if reason and logic are brought to bear upon irrefutably accurate fact. Hence the vital necessity of imparting, learning and memorising as vast a body of accurate knowledge as possible to form the basis for the exercise of intelligence, the training of character and the progressive development of human life.

The art of teaching then proves itself upon careful analysis to be an exacting science and of the utmost importance in the life of a civilised community. It is vast and complex. It involves the teacher and the taught; the subject-matter in use between them, the formation of the new and malleable, the constant modification of the old, the technique involved in the execution of this purpose, the principles of human conduct, the art of living and the happiness of Man.

ANDREWS' EARLY LIFE IN ENGLAND*

By MARJORIE SYKES

CHARLES Freer Andrews was born in 1871, the second son and fourth child of a family of fourteen children. His early childhood was spent in the industrial districts of the north of England at Newcastle-on-Tyne, but in 1876, when he was five years old, the family moved to Birmingham, which was his parents' home for the remainder of their lives. Here the boy grew up, and in course of time was admitted to an old and famous boys' school, the King Edward VI Grammar School. In 1890, at the age of 19, he won a scholarship at Pembroke College, Cambridge. After a distinguished career of five years as a student, he worked for about five years longer as a Christian Priest among the very poor, first in the industrial north where he had spent his own childhood, and later in the slums of East London. The strain of the work was too much for his health, and late in 1899 he at last accepted an invitation, that had been several times renewed, to return to Cambridge as a teacher of theology. Here he remained till February, 1904, when he felt himself called to India to take the place of his own greatest college friend, Basil Westcott, who after a short period of service on the staff of St. Stephen's College, Delhi, had died of cholera a short time before.

There is still very little material available in India for the study

* The above is the first of a series of four essays on the life and work of C. F. Andrews. The material used was given as a lecture course to Visva-Bharati students in November-December, 1945, but has been completely rearranged for this series.

of this formative period of Andrews' life. One book however is of absolutely unique value ; it is Andrews' own autobiography, "What I Owe to Christ". The first eight chapters of this, very nearly half the book, contain his own account of the influences under which his early life was spent. It is unique because while its somewhat scanty framework of dates and external facts can be amplified from other sources, nothing can take the place of his own description of his inner religious experiences, the hidden realities which integrated his whole life. I shall refer to this book very largely—indeed I am almost wholly dependent on it for the materials of this article—and I can only urge you to read it too.

Andrews tells in most moving terms of the beauty and purity of the religious atmosphere in which he was brought up. His father's family belonged to the Eastern counties of England, a rich farming country inhabited by a sturdy, independent stock of small farmers, and steeped for three hundred years in the traditions of the Puritan religion. John Milton had been one of Andrews' forerunners in Cambridge University ; Oliver Cromwell had found in the Eastern farmers the backbone of his "Ironsides" army of sober, God-fearing soldiers ; John Bunyan, of the little Eastern market town of Bedford imprisoned for conscience' sake, had written in Bedford Jail his immortal "Pilgrim's Progress" : and from these same Eastern counties the Pilgrim Fathers had set sail in their tiny ships to establish at peril of their lives the magnificent American tradition of religious freedom. Such was the stock from which Andrews sprang—men to whom the call of conscience and duty was absolutely paramount. This tradition was strong among his own immediate ancestors. His grandfather had been minister of that same Baptist Church at Bedford which two centuries earlier had heard the ministry of John Bunyan ; in mature life he was convinced by the preaching of Edward Irving, the prophet-founder of the "Catholic Apostolic Church" ; true to his Puritan traditions he forfeited his good worldly position and his reputation among his Baptist friends to follow, in obedience to his conscience, the despised leader of a sect which was then held in ridicule. Andrews paid tribute to the same uprightness of spirit in his own father :

"He used to give us one simple, practical lesson on religion which to him was worth everything else put together. It was this : that if our

conscience ever told us clearly, at any time, that a certain path was right, then we were to take that path in spite of all consequences."

Andrews himself in later years was called upon more than once to face the misunderstanding of those whom he loved most deeply and whose sincerity he revered most wholly, when in his turn the paramount claims of conscience compelled him to take a path in religious matters which differed from theirs.

Such an inflexible standard of integrity sometimes leads to the formation of a harsh, censorious and unlovely habit of mind, but in the elder Mr. Andrews it formed the outer garment of a deep and tender understanding of the essential teaching of Christ. In "What I Owe to Christ" his son tells the story of the loss of all his mother's money by the defection of a trustee who had been his father's trusted friend. The child never forgot the gathering for family prayer on the evening of the day when the loss was known, when his father poured out his whole soul in compassionate intercession and overflowing love for the man who had done him wrong. Such stories as these give us a glimpse of the foundation of a man's character.

The mother had an even deeper influence on her son than the father—so at least it seemed to him. She was a quiet, practical, loving woman, devoted to her home and children, and she was bound by especially close ties of affection to her second son. This intimacy, as is so often the case, had its roots in the child's delicate health. In his fifth year he had a serious illness, and for a long time it was uncertain whether he would recover. That he did so in the end was due solely to the supremely sympathetic understanding with which his mother nursed him. Their intimacy was lifelong; when he left Cambridge for India the parting with her was the sharpest; her death was his heaviest bereavement. Her gift to him was a natural, simple, altogether real faith in Christ—a Christ who was the living Friend of all little children, and whom he first knew as his own Companion and Comforter in that painful illness of his childhood.

Andrews tells of an incident in that illness which reveals to us another side of his nature. This is what he says :

"One morning, when I opened my eyes, I noticed a flower by my bedside which my mother had put there while I was asleep, hoping that it would attract my attention when I woke. It so happened that the sight of

that flower proved the turning-point in the struggle that had been going on within me, drawing me back to life. For its beauty touched me with a rare joy. It brought with it the desire to live, when life itself was hanging by a thread."

That spontaneous joy in beauty is the mark of the artist in him. That trait too seems to have been in some degree inherited. His father had a poet's mind, buoyant, keen, and full of wonder, and when old age set him free from outward duties he spent happy hours verse-making. The son had some of these verses, written at the age eighty-three, published in India in the "Modern Review". His grand-father's brother had artistic talent ; he painted the grand-father's portriat, and the picture was accepted for exhibition in the Academy. The passion of the artist is evident in the following sentence descriptive of Andrews' own childhood :

"Wild nature was a passion to me. Sudden gleams of light, such as sunshine in a forest glade, the blaze of colour from some cottage garden, the sunset glow catching the ripened corn, the ripple of light on the water, the clouds reflecting the glory of sunlight after the rain—all these entranced me."

Had it not been for the supreme hope which his parents cherished that this son of theirs should follow his father's sacred calling as a minister of Christ, and the promise they saw in him that he would be able to do so, it is probable that Charlie might have been trained as an artist. In later years he delighted to employ moments of leisure in the practice of the poet's or the painter's art, and though it is not for his poems or his pictures that he will be remembered, they help us to understand the deep affinity of spirit which drew him in after years to Rabindranath Tagore.

A closely allied aspect of his nature is revealed in some of the most intimate pages of "What I Owe to Christ". Reading them, we can feel how his whole soul would go out to the poet of *Gitanjali*. He describes how as child he had the faculty of visualising outwardly his inner world, the things that he saw with his mind. This faculty which is not in itself very unusual among children, survives with some into later life. In Andrews it seems to have re-awakened on rare occasions when some experience of beauty had stirred his nature to un wonted depths. At a time of great spiritual exaltation, just before he went to College, he had gone for a country walk on a

perfect day among scenes of wonderful beauty, which were crowned by the unexpected vision of the lovely Cathedral of Lichfield among its trees. Andrews went on "in glorious exultation", and entered the great church in the early evening sunlight as the music of the prayers began :

"Then something happened which I cannot well describe. I became lost altogether to time and space and outer things as I passed upwards into realms of unimaginable light. In the end, I found myself back again among external things, and went on my way rejoicing."

At another time, in Cambridge, he was "constantly living in the presence of the unseen world", for at that time mortal illness and death were the lot of a number of his most cherished friends. One summer evening, as he stood alone in the twilight in the court of Pembroke College, he saw someone approaching slowly, clad in priestly garments, and carrying the sacred vessels in his hand :

"There was no sense of mystery or alarm as I watched him approaching. Everything seemed quiet natural to me, and my mind was untroubled and at ease. I was preparing with reverence to stand aside . . . when instead of proceeding further, the figure turned towards a door in the Old Court and vanished away. The door that he was facing when he vanished was half covered with a creeper, and unused . . . It is literally true that for many years afterwards the intensity of that spiritual moment of luminous vision helped me to keep fast my hold on those unseen realities which are not temporal but eternal."

Andrews' nineteenth and twentieth years were a period of strenuous intellectual growth and revolutionary changes in spiritual outlook and experience. Just before he first went to College, there came upon him a heartshaking experience of religious conversion, a new knowledge of the depth of his own human helplessness and need, and of the forgiveness and all-sufficient grace of God. That this was no mere emotionalism was proved by its sequel. The new-found joy in Christ led him straight out to visit the poor people living in his own neighbourhood in Birmingham, and to seek to enter as a friend into their sorrows, needs and joys. This inner certainty held fast amid the "storms of doubt" about the intellectual formulations of religious belief current in his father's church, which almost immediately assailed him in the "keen and biting" intellectual atmos-

phere of Cambridge. In those months the inexorable call of conscience led him, after bitter struggles, to break with the Catholic Apostolic Church and enter the Anglican communion. It is difficult to imagine what it cost a devoted son thus to take a path in religious matters which diverged from the traditions of his parents and in which they believed him mistaken ; but that he did so was in accordance with the sturdy teaching of duty in which they had brought him up.

Then as always, Andrews found relief from intellectual doubt and turmoil in the joy of active service of the needy. We have already seen how such service had been the natural expression of his first flush of religious enthusiasm. His delight in it grew throughout his student days, as he shared as an undergraduate in the work of the College Mission in London, and when he completed his studies he was ordained to the priesthood with an increasing sense of his vocation for social service among the very poor. In after life he always spoke of the years spent among the ship-builders of the Tyne and the dock-labourers and costermongers of the London streets as the happiest period of his life. It was a period full of significance for his later work in India. It gave him, as no other experience could have done, an intimate knowledge of the problems of industrial civilisation in their impact upon individual human beings. It taught him to value the Trade Union movement and to throw in his lot with the Labour Party. It opened his eyes to the terrible evils that follow the drink trade, and made him a lifelong enemy of drink and drugs. It taught him to look at life from the point of view of the helpless casual labourer in a monotonous round of drudgery. It made him, in a word, what India by a true instinct has chosen to call him, the Friend of the Poor. Time does not permit me to elaborate these points, but they can be illustrated over and over again both from "What I Owe to Christ", and from the reminiscences of those days which he delighted to give, and some of which have been preserved for us in articles in the "Modern Review".

Two points among the five that I have chosen for study, remain to be dealt with, and in neither case shall we be able to trace back so definitely the fruit to its seed as we have been able to do up to the present. These two are Andrews' passionate preaching of racial equality as a fundamental Christian principle, and his almost

equally passionate pleading for the political independence of India. Let us deal with them in this order.

So far as I have been able to discover up to the present, there is very little indication in any of Andrews' writings that a concern for racial equality as a specific and urgent Christian problem was consciously present to his mind, before his experience of India forced it upon his attention. There are in fact signs that the circles in which he moved were healthily free from any taint of racial pride. He tells us, for example, that while he was in charge of the Pembroke College Mission, it was the custom for the most popular student of the year in the college to be made responsible for collecting the undergraduates' subscription and that in one of those years that honour and responsibility had by universal acclaim been assigned to an Indian student. East London itself, like many another great port, is the home of the poor of many different races, and the College Mission staff, like other social workers, regarded *all* the inhabitants of their district, irrespective of race, as having an equal claim upon their time and effort. This was so much a matter of course that the fact is not even mentioned. If one may hazard a guess, it may well be that the contrast between the natural and just traditions in which Andrews had previously worked, and the actual situation which he found in India and still more in South Africa, was such a tremendous shock to him that it turned him into the prophet of that equality which from his youth up he had practised.

There is something rather different about the development of Andrews' early interest in India. His father, he tells us, in common with the rest of the church to which he belonged, held that as power is from above, from God, it is little short of blasphemy to teach that it is of the people. Such opinions, a reaction against Puritan radicalism, "led inevitably to conservatism in politics and an ardent belief in the divine right of kings." The elder Mr. Andrews held that the British Empire in India was "the most glorious achievement of the Anglo-Saxon race", and fired the imagination of his children by his stories of Indian Mutiny heroes such as Havelock, Outram, and Lawrence. The enthusiastic Charlie longed to go to India, and once when he was a very small boy asked his mother to let him have rice for his meals in preparation for his future career! It was a long journey from such a political attitude to the realisation that there was

in fact "another side of the medal" of which the father, in his innocent faith in the goodness of Queen Victoria's government, had known nothing.

Aside from the political aspect, however, the young Andrews' interest in India was developed in the best possible way during his Cambridge days. His friend Basil Westcott, whose death was the signal for his own momentous decision to work in India, was the son of the saintly and distinguished Cambridge scholar Dr. Westcott, the influence of whose own deep interest in India was such that no less than four of his sons gave themselves to work here. This Dr. Westcott, of whom Andrews saw much during college vacations spent in his friend's home, was one of the founders of the Cambridge Mission to Delhi. His own attitude towards Indian thought was far removed from the ignorant and arrogant proselytisation which has so often marred the work of Christian missions. He felt very deeply the power and beauty of India's spiritual heritage, and often spoke to the young men of his hope that from India would come an interpretation of some of the aspects of Jesus Christ which it was almost impossible for the west, unaided, to understand or appreciate. It is true that in later years Andrews' own thought of Christ and India went far beyond that of other members of the Cambridge Mission in the boldness of his break with tradition, but this was in the true sense a development, and not a contradiction, of his earlier attitude. His quick appreciation of Indian history, literature and philosophy was prepared, like so much else, in the keen air of Cambridge.

THE LATER POEMS OF TAGORE

SISIRKUMAR GHOSE

TAGORE's later poems¹ are a class by themselves, but not so well-known. In this essay, which is an introduction to the subject, I wish to draw attention mainly to two aspects of these later poems : those about society and civilization, and those that are metaphysical and deal with the spiritual readjustment of the poet with the universe around.

What strikes one at once about these poems is their elimination of the poetic and the ornate—flummery, in a word. In an earlier, though different mood, he had said : "My song has put off her adornments. She has no pride of dress and decoration." It is a kind of basic poetry that he now writes, basic in origin as well as the language employed. As the poet himself explained : "These poems are not spring flowers ; perhaps they are the harvest of a more sere and maturing season ; they are (thus) indifferent to charming the reader from outside." They have no rhythmic lilt, none of that continuous sweetness and melodic profusion, little of that luxuriance of imagery which had marked his earlier poetry as their own. The entire poetry of his last few years is "on a wholly new level of inspiration and outlook in Rabindranath's work, which separates this epoch from earlier ones." Most of these "delicately austere lyrics" are bare, short, often rhymeless, and contain irregular lines. At times

1. For the purposes of this essay the later poems will mean poems written during the last two years of the poet's life. The references are to *Poems*, First Published, February, 1942.

they are almost hieroglyphic. But the weight of emotions they can carry and the suggestions they can evoke are remarkable.

Tagore has never denied the value, the sanctity and sweetness of human relationships. "In the vessel of man's affection I taste His divine nectar." But love, as commonly treated by poets, is too vital, too egocentric for him, who is on the edge of a consciousness "other than Thought" and emotion.

Even his *baul* humanism seems to have worked itself out. His few poems on "the silent folk of the land" do not hint nor attempt at idealization, any heightening of the emotional content. Indeed there is something impersonal and dispassionate about these poems. Bereft of supernatural or religious tinge they verge on the secular, and at times seem to go against many of his cherished beliefs.

Yet, it is at this period that the poet is most himself, free from any particular stylization of thought and expression. The only style and attitude of mind which remains, tenaciously and significantly, to the end, is what we might describe as the Upanishadic. A few of the shorter poems take as their text a verse or two from the Upanishads, place the minimum of dots and dashes, the veriest brief tracery round them, and the poem is complete. These appear as so many poetic annotations of the *slokas*, as his life has been a variation and a commentary on that ancient wisdom and poetry. But the price of this annotation has been, as we shall see, heavy. The Upanishads are no longer 'influences'. He has won his entry to their basic experiences ; he feels, largely, as the writers of these antique verses felt.

In his relation with the All (no longer the Beloved) the poet is face to face with the wheelings of a Consciousness, what the Buddhists would call Law. As ever he accepts the world-movements as parts of a larger harmony,—but love and personality are not its dominant aspects, nor, to any great extent, joy and delight. Our attention is drawn rather to an acceptance of a subtle and puissant order and mystery of the universal Unknown. His own sufferings, with their outer correlation in the brutality of a world in the travail of a new birth, endow this realisation with its shadows and contrasts, a slight juxtaposition of which strikes home.

Yet these poems are not in any sense arid or bleak. No. What is meant is that they belong to an order of intelligence other than

that of the usual imaginative play, the reasoning intellect, or of speculative philosophy. Now more than ever, he reveals himself as "a creature of the borderland", and his experiences belong to an intermediate zone of the illumined consciousness. (Hence their contrasts and dualities which, from the points of tone and technique, are lined with a piercing intensity).

Such, in brief, is the hinterland of his later poetry, even when the subjects he treats of seem to be removed from such recondite issues as Politics, for instance. Tagore has never been shut up in a Palace of Art, far from the House of Life, even if at one period of his life he felt it necessary to make a decisive break in his association with political action. His Swadeshi days, now forgotten, had been in their own time a sheer inspiration. His many poems of that period are even now good reading, while the songs have still their audience. In those days his was "the banner of song." It was at this period that he came nearest to writing folk poetry and folk song. In these nationalistic poems and songs ("Blessed am I that I am born to this land and that I had the luck to love her" and "The flood, at last, has come to your dry river-bed", etc.) his feelings are those of a national bard. But gradually the nationalism, which had always formed part of a wider *dharmā* and mother-worship, yields place to internationalism. The internationalism, too, is not enough and gets finally replaced by what he has called as The Religion of Man. During these later years his understanding of the world political forces and situation too, grew immensely, thanks, among other things, to his many world tours. But he always looks at the problems of politics as a crisis in human civilization, rather in human evolution. This at once distinguishes Tagore from the brood of 'political' poets heaving their "sea of Shouts." Indeed 'political' is not a happy description of his poems and may be misunderstood. It is also not with the Great War, and its efflorescence of war-poetry in England, that Tagore's war or political poems can be associated. At first it owed its origin to the Indian national movement. Latterly it was recent history, the Sino-Japanese war, the Abyssinian episode, and, finally, the Nazi outbreak of systematised brutality, that shook the warrior and prophet in him to bitter proclamations.

The closing years of the poet's life were marred by continuous illness, but perhaps even more than that these were embittered by the

decline and bankruptcy of his faith in the West. In his last public utterance, *Crisis in Civilization*, he begins with "the change that has taken place in my own attitude and in the psychology of my own countrymen—a change that carries within it a cause of profound tragedy . . . The wheels of Fate will one day compel the English to give up their Indian Empire. But what kind of India will they leave behind, what stark misery? When the stream of their centuries' administration runs dry at last, what a waste of mud and filth they will leave behind them! I had at one time believed that the springs of civilization would issue out of the heart of Europe. But today when I am about to quit the world that faith has gone bankrupt altogether."

His poems on this theme of society and civilization are the testimony of a spirit that faltered not and held to the end that the cloud of stupid hatred and conflict would lift one day and the glory of man, however mangled and menaced, shine through.

"In the midst of the delirium of a diseased world," he prays to the Buddha :

All countries are crying for a new birth of thine,
Oh thou of boundless life,
save them, rouse thy eternal voice of hope,
Let Love's lotus with its inexhaustible treasures of honey
open its petals in thy light.

In another poem, on Africa, an idealistic forgiveness is held out as "the last great word."

During his illness of 1937, one of the poems written immediately after the recovery of consciousness records an agony and a burning desire that strongly remind one of Blake and Shelley :

Give me power, O awful Judge,
sitting on the throne of Eternity,
give me a voice of thunder,
that I may hurl imprecation
upon this cannibal whose gruesome hunger
spares neither women nor children,
that my words of reproach may ever rock
upon the heart-throbs of a history humiliated by itself,
till this age, choked and chained,
finds the bed of its final rest in its ashes.

There is little of "Love's lotus" in this poem. His response is a mixture of idealism and indignation. It can, however, rise to heights of power and bitterness. The last poem in *Prantik*, for instance, is like a *tantric's* weird incantation :

Before, however, I depart
I send out my call
To all who are getting ready night and day.
For the fight with the Demons that Destroy.

The call still vibrates over the ocean of night and day, for it is a fight that never ends. He has seen "the towers of civilization topple down to dust," ("Falling towers Jerusalem Athens Alexandria Vienna, London"). Tagore is realist enough to know the price that has to be paid and the penance to be gone through for this insult and aberration of human nature. A fake peace, a "treacherously healing scar" will not do :

Do not howl in fear
or angrily judge God,
let the swelling evil burst itself in pain
and vomit out its accumulated filth.

The nemesis in store for "lampooning the divinity in man" cannot be sidetracked. This is the poet's reaction to the Munich Pact :

They throng in their church
in a primitive frenzy of faith made keen by fear
which hopes to flatter their God
into a complacent mood
into a feebleness of leniency.
They feel half sure that peace will be brought down
into this demented earth
by the mere volume of their wailing
uttered in sacred text. . . .
But let us hope,
for the sake of the dignity of the moral justice in this world,
that God will never suffer to be cheated of His due
by the masterly manipulation of a diplomatic piety
carefully avoiding all cost to itself,
that a terrible penance may have to be passed through
to its ultimate end,

leaving no remnant of poison
in a treacherously healing scar.

The irony is pressed home in the triple refrain in the poem where the Japanese soldiers

March to the temple of Buddha, the compassionate,
to claim his blessings,
while loud beats the drum rat-a-tat
and Earth trembles.

The anger and anguish persist. In another poem instead of the Buddha motif he makes a superb use of the symbol of the crucified Christ :

Those who struck Him once
in the name of their rulers,
are born again in the present age.
They gather in their prayer halls in a pious garb,
they call their soldiers,
"Kill, Kill", they shout ;
in their roaring mingles the music of their hymns,
while the Son of Man in His agony prays, "O God,
fling, fling far away this cup filled with the bitterest
of poisons."

But as it is "a sin to lose one's faith in man" the poet can yet declare that out of all this delirium and cannibalism will emerge a new creation. *Aji sei srishitir abvan ghoshichay kaman*, the roar of cannons proclaim the coming of this new order. But the images and symbols used for this new creation are, characteristically, those of *tapasya*, "an untranslatable word, it signifies the travail of spiritual realisation, willingly accepted by the seeker of fulfilment, and is associated with physical suffering. The word *tapas* conveys the idea of fire and heat, hence its application to the process of spiritual purification and enlightenment."

No poet is more sensitive to the coming of a new era, a change in the cast and drama of human history than Tagore. In the meantime there will probably be a cruel interregnum, he asks. But the change he looks forward to is psychological rather than political. This is how he envisages the Coming of Man, the beginning of "human history" :

The Great One comes,
 sending shivers across the dust of the Earth.
 In the heavens sound the trumpet,
 in the world of man drums of victory are beaten,
 To-day the gates of night's fortress
 Crumble into dust—
 on the crest of awakening dawn
 assurance of new life
 proclaims "Fear not."
 The great sky resounds with paeans of victory
 to the Coming of Man.

Tagore is clearly not a proletarian poet, whatever the words may mean. His emotion and idealism have never been conditioned or subjugated by merely political emphasis and affiliation, and he is most definitely not a secularist. It is true, however, that towards the close of his life he was growing increasingly conscious of the incompleteness of the counterpoint of his art and life. His poetry, he felt, had strayed far and wide but it had failed to treat the common man, his hopes and fears, his role in history. "It was left to his mature years, indeed after he was seventy, to impart (in his poetry) . . . a background of historical consciousness."¹ Here might be traced one explanation of that tone of sadness and failure which emanates from a section of the later poems. The sincere facing of the situation, however, generates an energetic attitude that does much to strengthen the verse. A few impressionistic sketches result.

"Again and again in scores of pieces he comes back to life, not where it is most loud and big and great in the ordinary sense, rather to life's trivialities, to those shadowed and subdued corners screened from vulgar turmoil, but not away from toil and strife, from pain and suffering. Scores of scene from the daily life and experience of the common man—the toiler in the mill, the tiller in the soil, the common girl, the college student, the clerk, the cowboy, the Santal maiden, the hillmen of Mangpu, the charwoman, the domestic servant, the coolie, the rickshaw-puller, and so on, countless scenes."²

1. Dr. Niharrajan Ray, *Rabindranath—The Last Phase*, in *Rabindranath*, Greater India Series, No. 4. p. 98.

2. *Ibid*, p. 108.

But to say that he comes to thesē scenes as “revealing the tyranny and injustice of the socio-economic order,” is to reveal something other than a sensitive and unbiassed reading of the poetry. It is to give an unjust emphasis which the poems will not bear. (Fashions in criticism are hard to withstand and the Time-Spirit must be satisfied.) But the same ‘socio-economic’ critic shows elsewhere a juster approach :

“The scenes and episodes of common life, sometimes derived from the mind’s eye, sometimes brought back to life from old memories, crowd in almost all the works of the poet’s last phase . . . The sweetest are those written during and after the illness of 1937, when the poet was in a reminiscent mood. A soft sweetness coupled with a virile and compact expression—a deep repose and dignity even when he is in lighter vein, an all-pervading love pervades all such pieces. But in both cases he seems to enjoy a newer and deeper taste of life born of a deeper faith in humanity ; he seems to be full of the joy of direct and immediate experience of reality.” ¹

Though your face is turned towards the light
and mine in the shade
the delight of our meeting is sweet and secret,
for the flood of youth in its eddying dance
has drawn us close.

The mystery of the Other—persons and things—takes on a new tone and colour that is mellower and, if we may say so, more interpretative. Here is an example :

An oldish upcountry man tall and lean,
With shaven shrunken cheeks like wilted fruits,
jagging along the road to the market town
in his patched up pair of country-made shoes
and a short tunic made of printed chintz,
a frayed umbrella tilted over his head,
a bamboo stick under his armpit.

It is a sultry morning of August,
the light is vaguely filtering through thin white clouds. . . .

1. *Ibid.*, pp. 108-4.

The stranger passed by the hazy skyline of my mind,
 a mere person,
 with no definition, no care that may trouble him,
 no needs for any the least thing.
 And I appeared to him for a moment
 at the farthest limit of the unclaimed land of his life,
 in the grey mist that separates one
 from all relations.

I imagine he has a cow in his stall,
 a parrot in the cage,
 his wife with bangles round her arms,
 grinding wheat,
 the washerman for his neighbour,
 the grocer's shop across the lane,
 a harassing debt of the man from Peshawar,
 and somewhere my own indistinct self
 only as a passing person.

"I imagine" and "with no definition," says the poet. But the imagination defines. In another more significant and elaborate poem he welcomes the coming poet who, closer to the earth, will speak of what he himself could not. He begins boldly by declaring the function of the artist as a universal interpreter :

A poet of the world am I
 Its varied voices and tunes
 find response in my flute.

This is followed by a stark honesty of admission which forces him to admit that

Not everywhere have I won access,
 my ways of life have intervened
 and kept me outside.
 the tiller at the plough,
 the weaver at the loom,
 the fisherman plying his net,
 these and the rest toil and sustain the world
 with their world-wide varied labour.
 I have known them from a corner,
 banished to the high pedestal of society
 reared by renown. . . .

And I know I have failed
 wherever my song has been left incomplete,
 wherever having traversed diverse ways
 it has just missed reaching the all.
 So here I am waiting for the message
 from the Poet of the earth,
 of the peasants the comrade,
 whose words and deeds have achieved true concurrence.
 May he give what I lack. . . .
 Come, Poet of the unknown multitude,
 sing the song of the obscure man,
 reveal to light his unspoken soul. . . .
 Come, Poet,
 lead me close to their hearts
 who are so far away in their nearness. . . .
 To you I offer my salutation.

For its humility as well as the adequacy of statement this poem has few equals. Hostile critics may tomahawk him as a harmless humanitarian, a backgazing liberal, a feudal baron, but his paean to the toilers is all the more remarkable for being free from localised importance :

When on this earth I cast my eyes,
 great multitudes I see there
 moving with tumult,
 along diverse paths in many a group,
 from age to age,
 urged by mankind's daily need in life
 and in death.
 They ever,
 pull the oars, keep holding the helms,
 they, in the fields,
 sow seeds, reap the corn,
 they go on working.

The kingly sceptre breaks, the war-drums no longer
 resound,
 columns of victory gape, stupidly,
 blood-stained weapons and blood-shot eyes and faces
 hide their annals in children's story-books.
 They go on working ;
 in *Anga*, in *Banga*, in *Kalinga's* seas and river-ghats,
 in Punjab, Bombay and Gujerat.

The myriad hum of voices thunderous
 woven together, night and day,
 makes resonant the great world's livelihood,
 sorrows and joys unceasing
 blend in chant raising the great hymn of life,
 on the ruins of hundreds of empires,
 they go on working.

This is Tagore's record of wonder and admiration for the common man and his commoner duties, a poetic edition of peoples' history. His idealistic (and evolutionary) standpoint lends, it may be noted, a sense of detachment to many of these political poems. Some of them seem to be almost wanting in actuality, so subjective is his temperament. Tagore is not a writer in arms ; there is lacking in him that urgency and pressure of events which mark the works of many a political poet, may be less gifted but nearer to the world of political action. Yet, these poems of Tagore, in their sadness and beauty, their awareness of attitudinising, of being in the swim (see most of the 'Anti-Fascist' poems), in the honest and complete unburdening of the feelings and emotions—compared to the sod of most political poems those here quoted are high requiem indeed.

The psychic mutation of his last few years went side by side with "the phantasmal light of the sick-bed." Most of the poems of this period are the mirror of a sick or convalescent soul. Sick and convalescent, a significant group of poems suggests the distinct feeling of a new birth and a new man, an unmistakable change in consciousness. *Nabajatak*, one of these volumes, means the Newly-Born. But it is an untenable thesis, we believe, which maintains that it was in the main an historical consciousness (*a la* Marx) that was born. It was more an emergence of an impersonal consciousness, less in the grip of the dualities. The poet feels his personal consciousness losing its separate identity in the ocean of a vaster Consciousness,—the Vast, the True, the Great. His eyes are now fixed on the "eternal light that is timeless and spaceless."

The poet looks in a rather detached way at his illness and his senescence. To him it is another of the mysteries of Him whom he had celebrated in *Gitanjali* as "He comes, He comes, He ever comes," and "I will not be afraid even if you come in the garb of sorrow." He has now, however, also known "thre fear spreading from sky to sky," "the fear of the terrible indifference of All."

But again in more happy moods he acknowledges :

Blessings have I won in this life
of the Beautiful. . . .
Grace I had from the gods of life :
this memory let me leave
in grateful words.

This gratefulness is an oft-expressed *motif*, and throughout this series of poems there is an undertone that "Ripeness is all." The coming event has cast its shadows before. "I feel like a departing guest." Writing on one of his birthdays he says :

My birthday !
With Death's passport in hand
it has emerged from its dive into the chasm of nothingness
to breathe awhile on the outskirts of existence.

"When the days of birth and death face each other," he says elsewhere. Yet in the moment-mere happiness of convalescence there are occasional outbursts full of colour and sheer rhymed joyousness. The brief Kalimpong poem, for instance, is one of the finest he has ever written. But the hand of joy is ever at his lips bidding adieu. In *Janmadinay* there is more of his pensive moods, darkened with the premonition that the knot of life is soon to be severed. The idea of parting is haunting his mind. Spring is icumen in, "mixing memory and desire." But it presages only the coming separation and is futile :

Once again returns the day of festival.
With spring's lavish honour
The branches at the poet's balcony
Fill the basket of a new birthday.
In a closed room at a distance—
Futile, this year, is the invitation of the
Flowering *palash*.
In *vasant-bahar* I want to sing
But the dream of impending separation
Gathers in my mind.

Death is knocking at the door, and though only a few years back he had exclaimed :

Flesh and blood can never be the measure
of the truth that is myself

Death, I refuse to accept from thee
 that I am nothing but a gigantic jest of God,
 a blank annihilation built with all the
 wealth of the Infinite.

This assurance gives way, cracks and bursts at many points. The gallant faith is hard to sustain. Tagore's immense overtures to pain and pessimism, bordering on Absolute Negation, appear titanic, almost final. "Through what mazy depths of gloom art thou treading thy course to come to me, my friend?" The earlier Vaishnava *lila* and even the Upanishadic rejection of death are like straw i' the fire. They give place to a grimmer realisation, sharpened by acute physical suffering. It is a trying test, when the reservoir of belief is at its bursting point, the ancient moorings of faith about to loosen. The mind, heart and body of the poet writhe and wriggle with the pain and inconscience of the lower kingdom, the infernal mechanism below the world of light and peace. It is certain that great changes were going on within the internal combustion engine, so to speak, of the poet's inner being. It is this change, and the pressure under which the fusion takes place that gives these poems their rare energy :

In this Great Universe
 The giant wheel of pain revolves. . . .
 Small is man's body,
 How immense his strength of suffering.
 At the concourse of creation and chaos
 To what end does he hold up his cup of fiery drink
 In the weird festival of the gods
 Drunk in their titan power—O why
 Filling his body of clay
 Sweeps the red delirious tide of tears ? . . .
 Man's sacrificial offering
 His burning physical agony
 Can anything compare
 In the whole fiery dedication of the suns
 and stars ?

The sense of grinding pain, wounded and bleeding, too bruised to be healed by any emotional poultice, may be traced to an ultimate conflict. On the brink of the stark nihil, the poet wonders and

questions the cosmic Something,—and yet refuses to part with his belief. In fact “sorrow’s dark night,” “pains crooked pretence” and the snares of false belief are only to test him. It is as it were the powers of darkness before they finally and for all times succumb, renew their fiercest onslaught. Psychologically, it is a kind of re-enacting of Buddha’s conquest of Māra, but in place of Buddha substitute Rabindranath. Did the hands that write *Gitanjali* shake and tremble at the gates of Non-Existence? Before one can be *pracanta* and *yuktamanas* there is a purgatory to pass through. the veriest Harrowing of Hell. “This is why the Upanishads described those who have attained the goal of human life as ‘*peaceful*’ and ‘*at-one-with-God*,’ meaning that they are in perfect harmony with man and nature, and therefore in undisturbed union with God.” We should not be misunderstood when we say that Tagore has not always been in this placid and undisturbed union with God. His very faith is piked with the barbed wire of scepticism, his flag is swayed and kissed by the thunder and lightning of negation and despair. That precisely is what makes it so real, and both as faith and poetry gives it its seal of greatness.

The emotions of the poet at this stage register an intense energy of pain and suffering, a concentrated conflict—between the Powers of Light and Darkness. There is a chiaroscuro, a phantasmagoric atmosphere round most of these poems. The conflict is dramatised in the eternal pattern of good and evil, pain and doubt, fear and falsehood. Here are two examples :

Sorrow’s dark night, again and again,
has come to my door.
Its only weapon I saw,
was pain’s crooked pretence ;
fear’s hideous gestures
preluding its deception in darkness.
Whenever I have believed in its mask of dread,
fruitless defeat has followed.
This game of defeat and victory
is life’s delusion ;
from childhood, at each step,
clings this spectre,
filled with sorrow’s mockery.
A moving screen of varied fears—

Death's skilful handiwork
wrought in scattered gloom.

The somewhat personal statement of this poem is heightened in the next into the impersonal drama of creation and its apparently dichotomous design, its half-lights, its pain and misery, evil and disharmony littered along the human journey. The winning of the sorrow-minted faith is a sign of Tagore's maturity, his unquestionable integrity. He has been shaken and scorched to the roots, the fire has burnt all the dross, but out of it he has won the dazzling crystal of inner certitude, "the unwasting right to peace." Feebleness and sentimentality are nowhere near him. The emotions of the "ego-less I" in their extraordinary subjectivity are, if the paradox is permitted, very real and objective. From the point of view of technique alone these later poems represent the *finale* of a poet's career, for in them the bounds of one kind of language have been reached, before that system of communication breaks down. The complex texture of the verse, enriched with contrasted ideas and images, no less than its obvious simplicity, has a lifetime's experience and discipline behind it. (The translation does it less than justice.)

Your creation's path you have covered
with a varied net of wiles,
Thou Guileful One.
False belief's snare you laid
with skilful hands
in simple lives.
With this deceit you have left a mark
on Greatness ;
for him kept no secret night,
The path that is shown to him
by your star
is the path of his own heart
ever lucid,
which his simple faith
makes eternally shine.
Crooked outside yet it is straight within,
in this is his pride.
Futile he is called by men.
Truth he wins
in his inner heart washed
with his own light.

Nothing can deceive him,
 the last reward he carries
 to his treasure-house.
 He who has easily borne your wile
 gets from your hands
 the unwasting right to peace.

It is more than a personal testament, though it is that first. It is the life of Everyman seen in perspective and arranging life and death, good and evil in its total poetic scheme, it reinforces its realisation. But not all the poems are of the heights, there are others, far less metaphysical in content, which droop with an unnamed melancholy. They have a peculiar sense of gerontic loss and lament, of "the voice of emptiness." "Thoughts of a dry brain in a dry season." Sparse images and symbols create novel and unforgettable evocations :

The sunlight blazes hot,
 this lonely midday.
 At the empty chair I glance,
 no trace of consolation is there.
 Filling its heart
 words of despair seem to rise in lament,
 the voice of emptiness
 laden with compassion
 whose inmost meaning cannot be grasped.

Like a dog looking with sad eyes
 For his lost master,
 his heart wailing with a blind sorrow,
 not knowing what happened and why,
 seeking everywhere with unavailing eyes.

More tender and sore even than his pain
 seems the voice of the chair,
 its dumb pain of emptiness
 pervading the room
 bereft of the dear one.

But in his first song in *Sesh Lekha* all the pain, dubiety and despair are "in his own inner heart washed with its own light" and "nothing can deceive him." For

Death-long *tapasya* of suffering is this life

to win truth's terrible value,
and to pay all debt in death.

Thus the music of his life closes on the devotional tone of a canticle :

In front lies the ocean of peace.
Launch the boat, Helmsman.
You will be the comrade ever,
Take O take him in your lap.
In the path of the Infinite
will shine the *Dhruva-tāra*.
Giver of freedom, your forgiveness,
 your mercy
will be wealth inexhaustible
in the eternal journey.
May the mortal bonds perish,
May the vast universe take him in its arms,
And may he know in his fearless heart
The Great Unknown.

“And because I have loved this life, I will love death as well.”
But the mystery of self—the “I”—remains a mystery. The communication of the immense penumbra of the unknown, wringing the neck of all rhetoric, is unique.

The first day's sun
had asked
at the new manifestation of being—
Who are you,
No answer came.
Year after year went by,
the last sun of the day
the last question utters
on the western sea-shore,
in the silent evening—
Who are you,
He gets no answer.

Poetry acknowledges an ultimate defeat before the altar of the Great Unknown, and the diapason of his life and poetry merges into the Silence to which no answer has been found.

FROM THE HEIGHTS OF COORG

By MARCELLA HARDY

"The disgrace that comes from the theft of an arecanut cannot be wiped out by giving an elephant".

"The hand that gives will never feel want."

Coorg Proverbs

"These...sons will be great warriors", said
Parvati.

From the Kaveri-purana

LIKE a distinct cluster of branches springing from the parent trunk, the small province of Coorg forms a self-contained geographical unit in the Western Ghats. The well-defined natural frontiers are formed on the north, west, and south by hills that rise upwards of five thousand feet, and on the east by the river Cauvery and the break between wooded slopes and the plains of the Mysore plateau. Here, man does not seem to have interfered with Nature's demarcations, nor spoilt her noble beauty.

From any of the grass-covered peaks of North Coorg, the whole panorama spread before the eye presents a breath-taking concatenation of rounded hill-top after rounded hill-top in ever attenuated shades of green that gradually merge into grey-mauve, until the outline of the chain seems to evaporate into the haze of the farthest distance. Nearer at hand the valleys are thickly clothed in dark green

forests ; away to the south the valleys broaden into fields, the repositories of Coorg fertility. Beneath the shade of the forests stretch acres of cardamum ; above acres of coffee plantations rise the tall lightly shading trees, while in the broad valleys, some of them many acres in extent, grows the rich rice of the country and the numerous gardens that make famine almost unknown in Coorg. Here and there, girt about by their groves of fruit trees, palms, and flowering shrubs, stand the homesteads of the farmers placed in the middle of their holdings ; a number of such isolated farms constitute a Coorg village. Thus, just as the province is in itself self-contained, so is each farmstead a self-contained unit run almost entirely by the family, itself the unit of the population.

Neither outside influences nor the impact of conquests seem to have done more than touch the fringes of this entity which is Coorg ; while the people, as it were standing on the shores of history, seem to have gathered from the waves that washed their natural frontiers only those ideas, as it were the foam, which could most readily be adapted to their genius. The Coorgs have remained true to their stock and to their traditions, however thoroughly many today appear to have absorbed western influences—and, certainly at first sight, what strikes the visitor is the western atmosphere that seems not only to prevail among the wealthier landlords, but to be so much a part of their upbringing. There is, moreover, the more to confuse the modern observer, a baffling agglomeration of traits reminiscent of diverse peoples in diverse parts of India, which makes an attempt at selecting the trends of history likely to reveal the background against which to account for the modern Coorg even more difficult. Nor is an acquaintance with the customs and traditions so lovingly observed by the majority immediately enlightening ; precisely, perhaps, because of this alloy moulded by the people's genius into Coorg lore.

Yet, along-side the self-sufficient and almost, one is tempted to say, self-willed existence of the people, there have been certain deficiencies that have had to be compensated by importing outside talent and incorporating it, practically unaltered, in their life. Thus, there does not seem to have been any local tradition either of temple or domestic architecture, and Malabar with its wealth of timber and heavy rain-fall could supply the artisans who would build houses and temples suited to Coorg conditions. Steeply slanting roofs and carved

timber have become characteristic of both regions, yet the imported Malabar style has not remained uninfluenced by its environment and has produced temple and home-stead of a Coorg *genre*. The distinctly Mohammedan character of a few buildings in Mercara can easily be traced to the imposed influence of the Sultans of Mysore in the late eighteenth century.

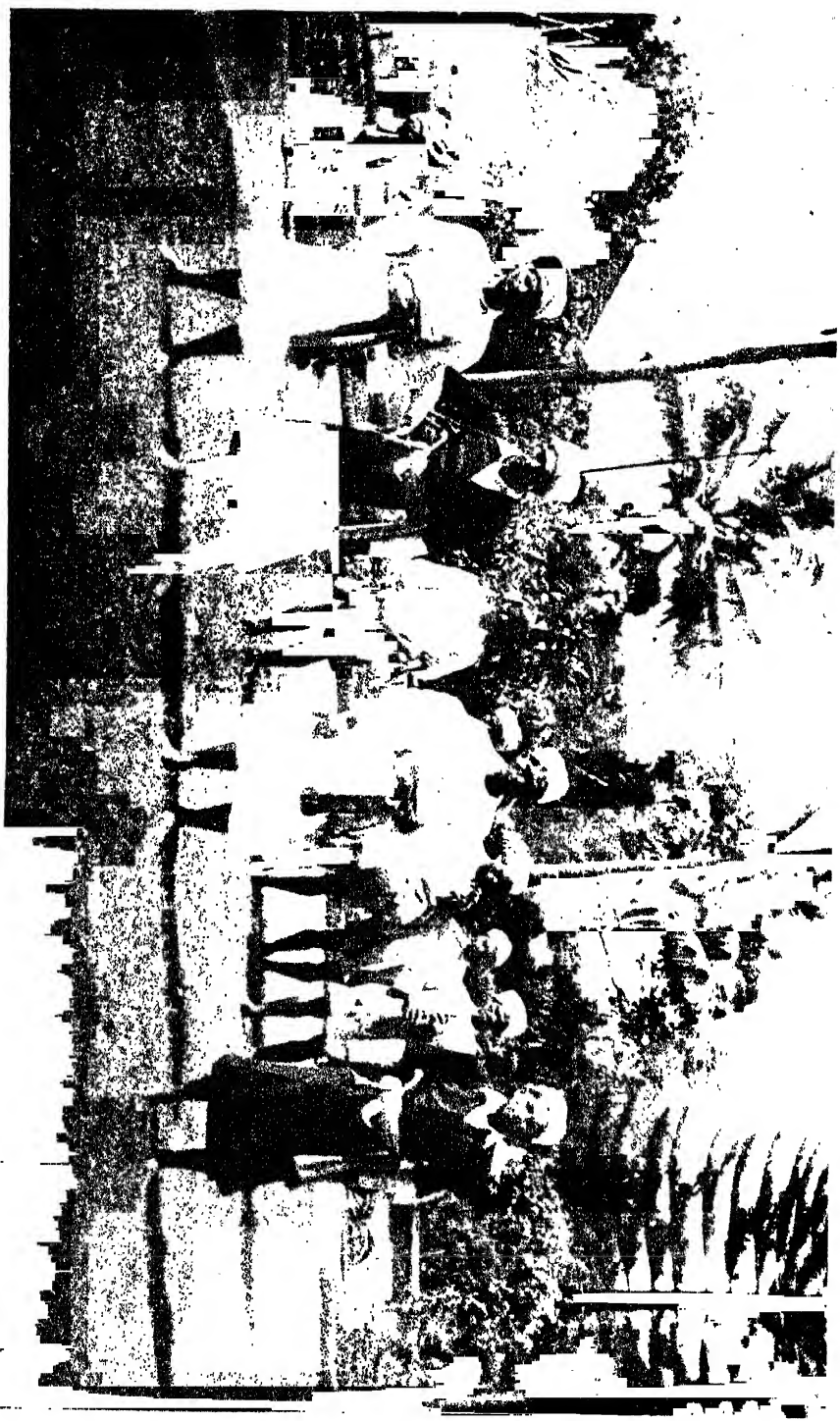
Characteristic, too, of the people's tendency to glean from various cultures is the Coorg dialect, which has no script and no literature, though it does possess a considerable body of folk-lore, wise sayings, and traditional songs for the important stages of a person's life. The dialect contains elements from all the languages of South India flavoured with the peculiar Coorg accent ; it is written in the Kannada script, perhaps on account of the long-standing connection with the Kannada territories lying immediately to the east. And it seems to follow naturally, too, that a people of warrior-farmers and farmer-warriors, and of primitive hill-folk, should have developed no crafts or industries of its own, even among the women. Life must have been too full with the alternating avocations of husbandry and guerrilla, interspersed with family or clan feuds so typical of hill-dwellers, to allow for the practice of handicrafts, much less of commerce. The fact that such necessary members of society as skilled artisans and traders came from the neighbouring territories may partly account for the present composition of the Coorg dialect, not to speak of that of the population.

Today, a group of Coorg men at their daily tasks displays nothing but a somewhat surprising, not to say disappointing, monotony of western clothes, though some of the older generation still wear the Coorg head-cloth tied closely to the shape of the head with one corner hanging over the nape of the neck. The women, mercifully, have retained their most distinctive manner of wearing the sari which gives them freedom both of movement and of walk ; the fullness coming from the group of folds at the back swings attractively to the motion of their unhampered gait. But it is during festivals and at clan meetings that the national attire both of men and women marks them out as a different community, and affords a glimpse into older times. From the family chests emerge the braided turbans—rather similar to those of the lowlands—and the dark-hued or white *kupsas*, the long coats crossed well over the front and with three-

COORG SCENERY

Photo by Author





GOORG COSTUMES

Photo by Author

quarter sleeves, somewhat reminiscent of the *sberwani* ; round the waist is wound a length of brocade or braided cloth through which are inserted the short dagger and long broad cutlass worn by most hill-people, and silver chains holding bunches of miniature silver instruments, now mere symbols of what a Coorg of olden times had to carry with him for his life as a farmer-warrior. Above the V-shape of the neck and from the three-quarter sleeves appears the whiteness of the shirt, which gives the costume much elegance and *relevé*.

Against this prodominantly dark background of masculine attire stands out the gaiety of the women's clothes. Silk and brocade set off to advantage by the full panel of sari across the back and almost down to the heels, the long-sleeved blouse, and the separate veil tied closely round the head and hanging gracefully over the shoulders, together with the generally comely features and the self-confident demeanour, all make a colourful, gay, and animated scene. There is a puranic account of how the women of Coorg came to tie their saris in this special way, but it is not convincing, even denuded of its legendary coating, and it probably aimed at lending a religious, or Brahmanic, sanction to a utilitarian cause.

In fact, most Brahmanic influence is at a discount among the Coorgs who generally officiate at their own religious ceremonies, and tend to resent priestly intervention between themselves and Divinity. The very *Kaveri-purana* that takes origin of this people back to mythological times, and relates the purpose and birth of the country's most celebrated river, arouses much indignation in many a patriotic heart. Be it said for the *Kaveri-purana*, however, that, fantastic as it may read at first, it was, not impossibly, a response to the simple hill-folk's desire at some distant period for a recognized ancestry. It may also be that, when Brahminism began to infiltrate into the remoter regions of the South, the learned men who found themselves among the rude hill-folk may have endeavoured to make their legends more acceptable and assimilable by giving them local nomenclature and topography ; perhaps they gave classical polish to primitive lore. One is reminded, here, of the migration of the Panchatantra from its native land towards the western world, being clothed successively in the garb of the peoples through which it passed.

The one place in Coorg where Brahmins have established themselves is precisely at the *Talakaveri*, the source of the river,

which is, of course, a place of pilgrimage for the whole of India. None of them are Coorgs, however, and their sphere of influence ranges from the shrine of Kaveri and the temple of Agastya to the village of Bhagamandala, at the foot of the three-mile climb to the source, where the river meets her first tributary. Bhagamandala is a most important station on the pilgrim route, and it is here, says the *purana*, that the force of Kaveri's loosened waters pushed the pleats of the women's saris round from the front to the back, and this happened to the womenfolk of the divinely begotten son of the first king—very long, long ago when the Rishis inhabited the heights of Coorg.

What happened after that in this happy land remains obscure until about the fifth century of our era ; and even then, those records on copper plate and stone that have been found reveal, when pieced together, little more than a patchwork story for some twelve centuries. The story, however, shows that a number of dynasties from kingdoms lying to the east and north and apparently extended their sway over a part of Coorg, principally the south and as far north-west as the *Talakaveri*, leaving the hill fastnesses to the west and north almost untouched. From early times, then, comes the connection between the territories now comprised in the Mysore State and South Kanara. Yet, despite its proclaimed rulers, Coorg maintained throughout an undoubted semi-independence, as is suggested by the early mention in inscriptions of the forty-foot deep *kadangas*, or war-trenches, that the mountaineers carried over hill and through forests, down ravines and even right round peaks, the better to secure their country against intruders.

During these centuries must have taken place the crystallization of the people into a distinct community ; for, by 1174, the word *Kodagu* applied to the Coorgs as a people appears for the first time in an inscription that records the mustering in South Coorg of all the *Kodagu-nads* to assist a local king against an unwanted Hoysala general. One of the tentative etymologies of the word is the Tulu and Kannada for "mountain region" which, though apt, has not yet been proved.

Coorg was, most probably, one of those border states that paid tribute to the Vijayanagar Rajas ; it may even have come under more direct authority, for it is one of the few places where the Vijayanagar system of administration still forms the basis of the present system.

After the fall of the empire, when its component parts were one by one proclaiming their independence, Coorg became the target of Mysore arms and, in 1644, the last of the Changalva dynasty, known in Coorg for some seven hundred years, fell in defence of his ancestral fort. The country, however, was not annexed to Mysore, and very soon a Kanara prince who may have been connected by blood with the fallen Changalvas, settled in the northern districts and founded the line of Haleri Rajas, the last dynasty to rule in Coorg.

The new sovereign had come as a Lingayat priest, but gradually extended both his spiritual and temporal sway over the whole of the country—probably the first time this had ever been done. The Lingayat dynasty of the Rajas of Coorg remained in power, except for the usurpation of Hyder Ali and Tipu Sultan in the late eighteenth century, until 1834 when, in consequence of his misgovernment, the Raja was deposed by the Resident in Mysore to whose notice complaints had been brought ; today, this is popularly interpreted as being by the wish of the people. The province, probably in accordance with the Doctrine of Lapse, was annexed to the East India Company.

Strangely enough, the Coorgs seem to have submitted willingly to this “foreign” dynasty ; perhaps the caste-free background of the Lingayat sect suited their temperament—one of their marked traits is the essential equality between man and man within the clan ; but the Coorgs had to pay dearly in suppression and misery for their loyalty to the Rajas. Their acceptance of the gradual change from people’s rule through the heads of the clans to absolute despotism is difficult to explain, and cannot now be traced from the history of those decades, after the violent irruptions of Tipu Sultan who exacted such cruel vengeance on the Coorgs for their staunch resistance to his aggression. Having deported and forcibly converted thousands of them, he supplanted the exiles by his Mohammedan followers whom he enjoined to eradicate the Kodagu race ; likewise he caused the destruction of records that would have furnished valuable historical material. It is characteristic of the people, however, that no sooner was Tipu Sultan broken than the surviving exiles trecked home from Seringapatam and were re-admitted into the Saivite fold of their native land.

The effects of that period of history and of the last Rajas’

régime of executions were still felt towards the middle of the last century when the Coorgs, though the dominant class, formed only one sixth of the total population ; the rest of the people being primitive tribes and sub-division of casteless communities. This proportion probably differed considerably from that of older times ; but there does seem, today, to be a tendency to re-establish the former balance, for the community shows signs of being once more in the ascendant.

Certainly, there does not appear to be either depression or demoralization among this sturdy people whose neat homes kept so pleasingly clean tell of hard work and self-respect, while the traditional hospitality in even the poorer homes gives an impression of relative prosperity. The land is theirs and the land is fertile and, when the young generation has outgrown the momentary glamour of city life and the attraction of government employment, Coorg will welcome its sons back to the rich lands and look forward to an indefinitely prosperous future, perhaps far surpassing anything known in the good old days.



THE PHYSICIST AS A PHILOSOPHER

By PROBAS JIBAN CHAUDHURY

THE first batch of physicists—headed by Jeans and Eddington who trespassed into the fields of philosophy, were met with damaging criticism from pure philosophers, like Joad and Stebbing, for instance, who plainly told them to take a course of study in epistemology and metaphysics beforehand. It was pointed out to them that it is vain to construct philosophical theories on the basis of physical researches, for the latter presuppose certain principles of knowledge which science can neither prove nor disprove but must implicitly take for granted. Yet the prestige of these physicists, as physicists, was so great and their zeal for speculation as well as for popular exposition so excessive that they did not mind these rebuffs from the philosophers, nor, it seemed, was their self-complacency much disturbed, for they went on writing books, like *New Background of Science* (Jeans) and *Science and the Unseen World* (Eddington), irritating the pure philosophers to yet more fury. These books were widely read and appreciated by ‘the common reader,’ who did not care much for fact or reason, but was entertained by the lively and picturesque speculations of eminent scientists, while he imagined he was being enlightened by them. These expositor-physicists were joined by others, Max Planck, Schroedinger, Einstein and Dingle, who in the name of ‘interpreting new physics for the layman’ and finding ‘the philosophical consequences of modern physical researches’, created mere confusion in thinking minds. Their very good intention to clarify and co-ordinate resulted in mystification. The obfuscation was

great, because the physicists, each of unquestionable merit and authority, differed among themselves in their beliefs and expositions. Einstein and Planck, for example, are conservatives; they do not indulge in philosophical speculation if that can be avoided, and they accept the postulates of science, *viz.*, that of causality and an external substance. But Heisenberg and Max Born are positivists, denying all metaphysics and believing that the business of science is to 'deal with processes which we perceive.' Two other groups of physicists do not hesitate to philosophise; Eddington and Jeans derive idealism from physics, they have established a 'universal mind' and free will, while some followers of Marx use the same basis to establish materialism and causality. The result is a pandemonium, and the common reader does not know which prophet to choose as his 'guide to modern thought'. The philosophers, not having any first-hand knowledge of physics, cannot meet the physicists on *their* own grounds; they are worried to find the blind prophets leading the rabble, who, dazzled by the achievements of modern science, will swallow any science-coated pill or random speculation coming from the 'eminent men of science'.

The object of this article is not to disparage the individual attempts at philosophy by the physicists. It is to show, in a simple manner, how frequently we are misguided by the physicists when they try to interpret physics for us.

First, let us take the idealists in physics. Their argument is that physics has found that the ultimate constituents of matter, atoms and electrons, are not solid but tenuous, made of electricity or 'energy waves', so matter has lost materiality. We reply that matter retains its solidity inspite of physics, for if there was nothing real called solidity how came it that things *appear as* solid. The sensuous qualities of things, solidity, colour, hotness, etc., are eliminated by physics in its search for the ultimate principles of the physical universe, they do not exist in the 'world of physics', which is a world of abstractions, but they exist in the familiar world. Physics describes the familiar world, starts from it, and rests on the basis of the sensuous qualities whose invariant relations it finds: so it cannot reject this world with its qualities as mere appearance. Moreover, it falls into an absurd dualism: how can a reality which is without quality appear as full of qualities?

Even if we admit that the ultimate substance is without quality, it need not be mental. The argument is that we know its form or structure only mathematically, in symbols, and so it is 'mathematical thought' or 'mind-stuff'. This argument is illogical, for our *knowledge* of this world is mathematical and abstract, not the world itself. A symbol is made when there is some *thing* to be symbolised. Form presupposes content. This content of scientific laws or formulae is ultimately concrete qualities. This formulae must be abstract, for they are but space-time relationships within actuality, each is a function which exists for its variables, a concept which exists for the individual instances which it comprehends. Both have equal reality and objectivity. Again, we do not gain anything for science nor for philosophy by calling everything 'mind-stuff', we have to show how distinctions arise out of an identical basis, *i. e.*, our problem is the problem of identity-in-difference. In his latest book, *The Philosophy of Physical Science*, (1939). Eddington claims that many of the generalisations of physics can be derived from epistemology, *i. e.* by considering simply how our knowledge of things arises. He has not actually derived any law to anybody's satisfaction, and confuses, as he did in his earlier books, a 'world of physics' with the 'physical world'. But he has improved his position so far as he escapes crass subjectivism and recognises some objectivity in the universe, calling his own view 'Selective Subjectivism'. He argues that the structure of the world is the only knowable, the concrete individuality of things is only *felt*, it is not communicable and so unknowable in the strict sense, and irrelevant for science (as Russell first pointed out in his *Introduction to Mathematical Philosophy*). But we cannot forget that physics reaches the concepts, (formulae or laws or structures) through percepts, the experimental basis of physics is too often overlooked by the idealists. A true scientific philosophy will include both moments in the logic of science, its steady reaching forward to the general and abstract and its continual reference back to the particular and the concrete.

The idealists in physics also deny causality or determinism as a principle of modern physics. Heisenberg's 'Uncertainty Principle' is interpreted by them to suit their purpose. The principle says that it is impossible to follow precisely in an actual experiment the movements of the ultimate particles of matter; the position and velocity

of a particle cannot be known simultaneously with accuracy, so an element of uncertainty must enter in our predictions about sub-atomic processes. Heisenberg, a positivist, interprets that we cannot know any determinacy here and so no determinacy exists. We can know only average behaviour of these particles and statistical laws will be used instead of causal laws. The idealists go a step further and regard this principle as the death-knell to determinacy and the harbinger of a reign of free-will, that is of the supremacy of the mind. But they do not see that causality is a necessity of thought and a presupposition of science ; without it no scientific experiment is possible and so science cannot disprove it. The 'principle of Uncertainty' only calls for a new formulation of the causal principle with regard to its content, *e. g.*, the causal sequence may not be temporal but logical. The statistical laws, which the idealists think have replaced the causal laws, are but based on the latter ; probability involves certainty ; without any logical connection between two events there cannot be any probable connection between them. Physics, with its improved and delicate methods of enquiry, always seeks to reduce the statistical laws to a strictly causal system.

Let us now turn from the idealists to the positivists in physics who want to derive metaphysic out of their science. What lies beyond experience is non-existent, the world of observation and experiment is the only world, there is no use speculating on a supposed world behind the apparent. So the mass-points, energy waves and causal laws of physics, which are unobservables, are but mental summaries of experience, they are valuable in so far as they economise thought. Now we see that the positivist in his very rejection of metaphysics becomes metaphysical, for he rejects, quite arbitrarily, the part played in knowledge by our reason which assimilates and systematises sense-experience. He does not see that our experience is shot through with inference of functions (in the form of concepts) and pure sense-experience and pure data are myths. Then, if the positivist believes only in sense-impressions he cannot go beyond his own particular impressions and so cannot correlate them, *i. e.*, he cannot come to any generalisation or objective knowledge. The belief in an objective and permanent reality behind the apparent is implicit in all scientific activity, without it all inquiry must come to an end. The physicists' world-picture, consisting of hypothetical entities and

laws, *e.g.*, electrons, waves, causal laws, is found true because this knowledge gives him power to affect the course of nature, it is continually tested against actuality and continually modified as new discoveries are made with finer instruments. Reason, and even imagination, are necessary for a progressive improvement of the world picture. The certainty of such knowledge, because it is not wholly perceptual, is not psychological but logical, not subjective but objective. Again, there must be an absolutely true world-picture which the physicists' world-picture is continually approximating. Relativity of truth involves an absolute goal. It should be realised that no scientific law, *e.g.*, causality, can be actually demonstrated with precision, for they "occupy the status of ideality, of possibility, and cannot be mere generalisations of actual facts" (Friend and Fiebleman, *What Science Really Means*, p. 153). But this ideality does not mean mentality, it only means existence in ideal conditions. The entities, concepts and laws of science are non-actual, but operated in actuality, they are conceivable and real, abstract and non-mental (*Ibid.*, p. 119).

The materialists in physics, with their common sense view of things, point out the mistakes of the idealists. They rightly say that since physics starts from a perceptual world it cannot reject the latter as mere appearance and bifurcate nature into a reality beyond sense-impressions and an apparent sensible world. The abstractions of physics are but due to its method of study, the objectivity of these concepts follows from the objectivity of their concrete content. But materialists go beyond physics, also beyond reason, in arguing that that spirit, even if it be admitted, cannot exist by itself, but must realise itself in matter which alone is self-subsistent. Therefore, they say, instead of a dualism we have to accept a materialistic monism. This is a dogmatic assertion and it cannot explain how mind, if it be a by-product of matter, can know matter and its laws and affect the course of nature as a free agent while matter seems to be passive. At least physics, which studies only matter, cannot say anything about mind, it can neither prove nor disprove it.

ART IN INDUSTRY

By S. J. CLERK

ART in industry implies much more than mere ornamentation of the final product. It is mainly through industry—ancient folk-crafts or modern mass production—that art can enter in the daily life of the masses. The quality of the objects in daily use reflects the taste and the development of the aesthetic sense of a society. Essentially, art means the right way of making things. In almost all the great ancient civilizations, art and industry were very closely related. Industrial arts are important because of their constant and direct contact with every individual.

All craftsmen (*e. g.*, weaver, barber, potter, carpenter, etc.,) were recognised as artists. From times immemorial, everything made by human beings has been made by art to serve dual purpose, simultaneously practical and ideological. According to Indian thought, “art reflects and answers to man’s every need, whether of affirmation (*pravriti*) or denial (*nivriti*), being no less for the spectator than the artist a way (*marga*), one way amongst the ‘many paths that *Agni* knows.’ ”¹ In the traditional society “when it has been decided that such and such a thing should be made, it is BY ART that it can be properly made.”² There can be no good use of things if they are not properly made.

1. “The Part of Art in Indian Life” by Dr. A. K. Coomarswamy in *The Cultural Heritage of India* (Vol. 8).

2. “Why Exhibit Works of Art?” by Dr. A. K. Coomarswamy,

According to the Scholastic conception of art, there is no distinction between "fine" and useless art from a utilitarian craftsmanship. The distinction is only between things well made and things not so made and of that which is beautiful from that which is ugly in terms of formality and informality. "Beauty in this philosophy is the attractive power of perfection."¹ True art is never useless, for, like Ethics, art is a means to happiness and not an end in itself. The age-old inter-relation between art and industry is also demonstrated by our art museums. An important function of an art museum is to preserve our ancient or unique works of art which are not used to-day as originally intended and so are likely to be destroyed through neglect. Once, these museum objects were not "treasures" but were common things used in daily life by man in the street. At that time they were produced for use. Human value of anything manufactured is measured by the combination in it of beauty and utility, significance and aptitude.

The distinction between artist and artisan and between arts and crafts is only a recent one. Formerly art and craft were almost synonymous, both meaning "skill". Utility is the primary feature of folk-art. And because it is useful, it is usually considered inferior to fine arts. However, utility is essential in the completeness of life. It is our ancient folk-arts and folk-crafts which reveal to us that the greatest thing is to live beauty in our daily life and to let every moment of our life be saturated with things of beauty. So long as only a few articles created by a few geniuses are beautiful, the Kingdom of Beauty can never be realised. Of all the works of industrial arts, not one is as utilitarian and practical as the products of people's art; for these are the real necessities of life. Some of the famous tea-cups in our modern museums were originally rice-bowls of Korean labourers available for a few *sens*. Folk crafts propound an aesthetics of actual living in which utility is beauty's prime principle. It is tradition and not individuality that characterises people's art. The handicraftsmen of old times both in Europe and in the East were faithful to the traditions of their fathers and their works were based on their respective common principles. Consequently, no product of folk-art is signed by the creator. And this non-individuality is, in all probability, the highest virtue of folk-art.

1. "Why Exhibit Works of Art?" by Dr. Ananda K. Coomaraswamy.

Moreover, the products of folk-arts and crafts are simple, without any over-adornment or over-decoration. Simplicity, although an usual characteristic of cheap things, harmonizes well with beauty. Modern art proves this abundantly.

The close inter-relation of art and industry is thus apparant in traditional arts and in our folk-arts and folk-crafts. These deny the contention of some of our art pundits of art for art's sake. This contention and its conclusion that the end of art is to reveal beauty, which we like or can learn to like, implies a decadence in art from primitive power to a refinement of sentimentality or cynicism. The basis of this is our belief that art and work are incompatible categories. Unfortunately, our present economic and social conditions have aggravated this by making us believe that man is happy and at his best only when he is not at work but at play. This belief is the result of division of craftsmen into artists and labourers. "Actually, there never has been and never can be agreement as to the point at which art ends and industry begins ; the categories as defined being always opinionative (*vikalpita*) and without authority (*apramaya*).¹

As we progress further and further from the contention of art for art's sake to the conviction of art as necessity of life—art as a way of life—Ruskin's aphorism that "Industry without art is brutality" becomes self-evident. The modern experiments in the United States² and Europe in industrial design appear interesting when viewed from this point-of-view. No sooner Impressionism reached its climax in the last century, a revolution in art occurred to re-establish the purely aesthetic standards as substitute of criterion of conformity to appearance. Cézanne began this revolution. Gauguin and van Gogh continued it. Thus, modern art like the traditional art can never be comprehended by those who insist on a certain basis of aptitude in representation before they can give a serious consideration to a work of art. From the traditional point-of-view, "Nature and art are alike (*sadrśya*) only in idea, otherwise irreconcilable."³

Picasso has gone further in pushing behind aspects to discover a more fundamental order for design. He is recognised as the first

1. "The Part of Art in Indian Life" by Dr. Ananda K. Coomarswamy.

2 Reference may be made in this connection to "Art and The Machine" by Sheldon Cheney and Maratha Candler Cheney (New York, Whittlesey House, 1936).

3. "Transformation of Nature in Art" by Dr. Ananda K. Coomarswamy.

to use machine forms and mechanical laws in living art creations. He has originated the new art of to-day called industrial design which is existent to-day in machine-made mass products. It is a practical expression embodied in utilitarian forms, increasingly familiar in the daily life of the average person. Machine is the influence and inspiration of this art, for it is the very foundation of the modern civilisation. In the modern advanced countries such as the United States and Europe, we may observe that there is an entire world of forms and designs which gives mass-produced products a beauty of their own. The conception of streamlining proves this.

The Constructivists in Europe were experimenting with wheels, steel bars, gears and wires—the elements of the machine—in order to bring the understanding of abstract art nearer to use in practical design. In Germany, at Weimar first and then at Dessau, the Bauhaus group established school and shop to bring to focus the various theories of abstract art in one continual experiment and the mass-production machinery was called upon to prove its ability to duplicate the form creations of the trained mechanic-artists. Kaudivsky, Klee and Feininger sat in council with architects, with engineers and with mechanics. At the Bauhaus modern art and the new world architecture were proved to be inseparable aspects of our machine-age aesthetic achievement. Deskey and Dreyfuss, Geddes and Sakier, Lescaze and Kiesler—these bring the essence of designing for machine.

Joseph Sinel was the first to use the term "Industrial Design". This was in 1919. An industrial designer is an artist specializing in three-dimensional design for industrial production. He extracts the maximum aesthetic expressiveness from some small form—a pin tray or an ash tray. According to the modern conception of art, the origin and the structure of beauty lie in sound engineering and in the nature of materials and fitness to use. The prime ends are better appearance, improved serviceability and increased economy. The artist (*i. e.*, the industrial designer) starts with engineering elements and produces his design from them by the same process that results with more abstract elements in a characteristic abstract painting. The abstract and impersonal values of the machine control his designing, but his creations do have the true artist's expressiveness. It is not the nature of the product designed but the quality of the

designer's contribution that matters. Indeed, there are innumerable things in the machine-age world that the manufacturer can make more attractive to the common man if he allows the artist to look over his shoulders while he is preparing for production either in his factory or in his machine shop.

Modern industrial art is neither a departure from tradition nor a fad. It is only a reflection of the aesthetic needs of the present machine-age. In evolving a new type of design, suited to new materials and the machine processes, the modern artist is obeying a rule true in the Stone Age or in any ancient civilization of ours : that craftsmen create that which is natural to the tool. The mark of the machine tool may have to-day supplanted that of the handicraft tool and the manual processes, but the eternal criteria of honest construction and good proportions remain.

By itself, machine is not a spreader of ugliness. It is senseless to denounce it because it is largely used for destructive purposes to-day. If it spreads destruction, evil and ugliness to-day, the fault is of our present civilization which so twists its utility. Machine, by itself, has no ethics and the solution of our present social and economic ills lies not in destroying machine and returning to bullock-cart. The solution lies in the removal of those social, economic and political conditions which make possible the use of an aeroplane as a bomber instead of as a means of increasing human happiness. This involves a revolution in our social, economic and political *status quo*. Then alone, machine may be prevented from being abused to destroy wantonly human life, and the modern large-scale industrialisation lay the foundations of a new culture wherein there will be equality of opportunity for all and the consequent Liberty, Equality and Fraternity in the true sense of those sacred words.

To-day, machine is recognized as a source of influence and inspiration of a new art, distinct from that of the Manual Age, produced by various forces in accordance with a new aesthetics. This new art is believed to be a practical expression embodied in utilitarian forms increasingly familiar in the daily life of man in the street. As America is perhaps the most industrialized country, it is but natural that the new art known as "Industrial Design" should develop there most.

In modern India, it seems we have given up the virtues of our traditions for the vices of the modern Industrialised West. Thus, we

we have adopted large-scale industrialization but as yet have failed to develop any of its redeeming features—*e. g.*, means of better mass hygiene, really cheap consumers' goods, higher technical education, etc.,—for the ultimate happiness of the masses.

Indeed, with a few exceptions, our industrialists are narrow-minded and are concerned only with the short-sighted policy of *quick* profits. This can be seen from the provisions they make for technical researches (including discoveries of means to give a better appearance to the finished product—be it a machine tool or a pocket knife). They have failed to derive this kind of advantage from the war that just ended. The war-time monopolistic advantage need not have been frittered away in amassing quick black market gains. It could have been utilized in consolidating our industries by actively conducting experiments with a view to improving the quality of the finished products and reducing their cost. That most of our industrialists have failed to do anything of the sort, can be seen from their increasing fears of the post-war foreign competition.

Mention may be made in this connection of the Art-in-Industry movement sponsored in our country by the Burmah-Shell Company of America. Its annual exhibitions are interesting from the view-point of the artist, the industrialist and the ordinary man. This movement is now put on a permanent basis and we hope it will soon outgrow the stage of merely arranging an annual exhibition. This mainly depends upon the financial support this organization receives from our industrialists and the development of the aesthetic sense of the masses. The latter obviously depends upon the possibilities for the masses of better life which is a stage next to mere life. Our manufacturers ought to be realists and should devote their attention to techniques, mechanics and functional engineering. The manufactured products should express an unison of efficient function and harmonious proportion. At the same time we should remember that if our modern mass products are not beautiful works of art, it is because the public does not want them to be so. If the public insists, there appears no technical reason as to why they cannot be so made.

Our modern discovery of a new world of forms and designs, originating in machine, together with the realisation of the economic significance of mass production, opens up the possibilities of a new abundance of fine things for everyone's use and enjoyment. To-day,

industry produces things at a low cost which were formerly available to the few rich only. This throws open a great opportunity to art to enter into the daily life of the masses. This can be availed of only after there is a revolutionary change for the better in our present political, economic and social conditions. So long as art does not enter in our daily life there can never be a better life for us.

In the ultimate analysis art and industry are closely inter-related, machine or no machine. Ugliness whether on canvas or radio cabinet is a crime against civilization and ugly objects for mass-production and mass-distribution are something very serious. Obviously much material and spiritual damage has been done to humanity by machine. Coming in daily contact with machine, we are losing sight of human values. To-day our world has fallen back morally thousands of years. The people who have witnessed the recent two world wars have known concentration camps, persecution, mass plunders, bombing of helpless women and children—and similar bestialities in which even the most savage human civilization has never indulged. But paradoxically, ours is also the age when mankind has reached in technical matters an undreamed of height, excelling the achievements of thousands of years in a single step. We have conquered air by aeroplane ; we can travel faster than sound ; we transmit spoken word in a second round the earth ; we split atom ; we have conquered most of the foulest diseases and plagues. Morally, we are behind the most uncivilized of our forefathers, but in technical and intellectual matters, we are to-day infinitely far ahead of any ancient civilization. Can there be never a synthesis between this technical progress of ours and moral integrity ? We can yet be masters of machine and retain our achievements, realized through its services, and at the same time discard its evils—wars and exploitation. Machine can still be made to serve the purpose of realizing human happiness. For the maximum benefit of the largest number of human beings, we shall require mass-production and rapid means of transport—both impossible without the aid of machine. It is useless to forget the present Machine Age as a bad dream and return to the pre-machine era with its bullock-cart and spinning-wheel. It is also senseless to maintain that there was no exploitation and that there was an equality of opportunity for all in the pre-machine era.

SWARAJ AND THE STATE

By NIRMAL KUMAR BOSE

THE FUNDAMENTALS

It was in his book *Hind-Swaraj* or *Indian Home Rule* that Gandhi first clearly enunciated his idea of Swaraj or self-rule. While drawing a comparison between Italy and India, he wrote :

If you believe that because Italians rule Italy the Italian nation is happy, you are groping in darkness. Mazzini has shown conclusively that Italy did not become free. Victor Emanuel gave one meaning to the expression ; Mazzini gave another. According to Emanuel, Cavour and even Garibaldi, Italy meant the King of Italy and his henchmen. According to Mazzini, it meant the whole of the Italian people, that is, its agriculturists. Emanuel was only its servant. The Italy of Mazzini still remains in a state of slavery. At the time of the so-called national war, it was a game of chess between two rival kings with the people of Italy as pawns. The working classes in that land are still unhappy. They, therefore, indulge in assassination, rise in revolt, and rebellion on their part is always expected. What substantial gain did Italy obtain after the withdrawal of the Austrian troops ? The gain was nominal. The reforms for the sake of which the war was supposed to have been undertaken have not yet been granted. The condition of the people in general still remains the same. I am sure you do not wish to reproduce such a condition in India. I believe that you want the millions of India to be happy, not that you want the reins of Government in your hands. If that be so, we have to consider only one thing ; how can the millions obtain self-rule ?

You will admit that people under several Indian princes are being ground down. The latter mercilessly crush them. Their tyranny is greater than that of the English, and if you want such tyranny in India, then we shall never agree. My patriotism does not teach me that I am to allow people to be crushed under the heel of Indian princes if only the English retire. If I have the power, I should resist the tyranny of Indian princes just as much as that of the English. By patriotism I mean the welfare of the whole people, and if I could secure it at the hands of the English, I should bow down my head to them. If any Englishman dedicated his life to securing the freedom of India, resisting tyranny and serving the land, I should welcome that Englishman as an Indian. (*IHR*, 86).

Long afterwards, he similarly wrote :

I, however, feel that fundamentally the disease is the same in Europe as it is in India, in spite of the fact that in the former country the people enjoy political self-government. No mere transference of political power in India will satisfy my ambition, even though I hold such transference to be a vital necessity of Indian national life. The people of Europe have no doubt political power but no Swaraj. Asian and African races are exploited for their partial benefit, and they, on their part, are being exploited by the ruling class or caste under the sacred name of democracy. At the root, therefore, the disease appears to be the same as in India. The same remedy is, therefore, likely to be applicable. Shorn of all the camouflage, the exploitation of the masses of Europe is sustained by violence.

Violence on the part of the masses will never remove the disease. Anyway up to now experience shows that success of violence has been short-lived. It has led to greater violence. What has been tried hitherto has been a variety of violence and artificial checks, mainly dependent upon the will of the violent. At the crucial moment these checks have naturally broken down. It seems to me, therefore, that sooner or later, the European masses will have to take to non-violence if they are to find their deliverance. That there is no hope of their taking to it in a body and at once does not baffle me. A few thousand years are but a speck in the vast time-circle. Someone has to make a beginning with a faith that will not flinch. I doubt not that the masses, even of Europe, will respond, but what is more emergent in point of time is not so much a large experiment in non-violence as a precise grasp of the meaning of deliverance.

From what will the masses be delivered ? It will not do to have a vague generalisation and to answer 'from exploitation and degradation.' Is not the answer this that they want to occupy the status that Capital does today ? If so, it can be attained only by violence. But if they want to shun the evils of Capital, in other words, if they would revise the view-point of Capital, they would strive to attain a juster distribution of the products of labour. This immediately takes us to contentment and simplicity, voluntarily adopted. Under the new outlook multiplicity of material wants will not be the aim of life, the aim will be rather their restriction consistently with comfort. We shall cease to think of getting what we can but we shall decline to receive what all cannot get. It occurs to me that it ought not to be difficult to make a successful appeal to the masses of Europe in terms of economics and a fairly successful working of such an experiment must lead to immense and unconscious spiritual results. I do not believe that the spiritual law works in a field of its own. On the contrary, it expresses itself only through the ordinary activities of life. It thus affects the economic, the social and the political fields. If the masses of Europe can be persuaded to adopt the view I have suggested, it will be found that violence will be wholly unnecessary to attain the aim and they can easily come to their own by following the obvious corollaries of non-violence. It may even be that what seems to me to be so natural and feasible in India, may take longer to permeate the inert Indian masses than the active European masses. But I must reiterate my confession that all my argument is based on suppositions and assumptions and must, therefore, be taken for what it is worth. (*YI*, 3.9.25., 304).

We make no apology for reproducing the above long passage, for the whole argument in favour of non-violence in relation to self-rule of the masses is briefly and clearly laid down in it. Gandhi has never wearied of emphasizing this argument whenever he has found an occasion to do so. (See, for instance, *CP*, 3 ; *YI*, 1. 12. 20 in *Tagore*, 330 and *YI*, 21. 5. 25, 178).

REAL SWARAJ

Let us now turn to the more concrete question of political power and its organisation. Discussing this question, Gandhi wrote in 1925 :

By Swaraj I mean the Government of India by the consent of

the people, ascertained by the vote of the largest number of the adult population, male or female, native born or domiciled who have contributed by manual labour to the service of the State and who have taken the trouble of having their names registered as voters. . . I hope also (to demonstrate) that real Swaraj will come not by the acquisition of authority by a few but by the acquisition of the capacity by all to resist authority when abused. In other words, Swaraj is to be attained by educating the masses into a sense of their capacity to regulate and control authority. (*YI*, 29.1.25., 40).

Similarly he said in 1941 :

We have been long accustomed to think that power comes only through Legislative Assemblies. I have regarded this belief as a grave error brought about by inertia or hypnotism. A superficial study of British History has made us think that all power percolates to the people from parliaments. The truth is that power resides in the people and it is entrusted for the time being to those whom they may choose as their representatives. Parliaments have no power or even existence independently of the people. It has been my effort for the last twenty-one years to convince the people of this simple truth. Civil Disobedience is the storehouse of power. Imagine a whole people unwilling to conform to the laws of the legislature and prepared to suffer the consequences of non-compliance ! They will bring the whole legislative and executive machinery to a standstill. The police and the military are of use to coerce minorities, however powerful they may be. But no police or military coercion can bend the resolute will of a people out for suffering to the uttermost. (*CP*, 5)

ON POLITICAL POWER

Closely related to Gandhi's idea that the common people should be able to control the rulers at the centre by means of non-violent non-cooperation, lies also his other opinion that men should have as little to do as possible with the State in regulating social life ; for the latter is ultimately based on violence. This leaning towards Anarchism is discernible in his writings, now and then, in spite of the fact that in actual life, he has been fighting for the establishment of a democratic State for India.

Thus in 1931, he wrote :

To me political power is not an end but one of the means of enabling people to better their condition in every department of life. Political power means capacity to regulate national life through national representatives. If national life becomes so perfect as to become self-regulated, no representation is necessary. There is then a state of enlightened anarchy. In such a State, every one is his own ruler. He rules himself in such a manner that he is never a hindrance to his neighbour. In the ideal State, therefore, there is no political power because there is no State. But the ideal is never fully realised in life. Hence the classical statement of Thoreau that that Government is best which governs the least. (*YL*, 2.7.31, 162)

Similarly, in course of an interview in 1934, he stated :

I look upon an increase in the power of the State with the greatest fear, because, although while apparently doing good by minimising exploitation, it does the greatest harm to mankind by destroying individuality, which lies at the root of all progress. . . The State represents violence in a concentrated and organised form. The individual has a soul but as the State is a soulless machine, it can never be weaned from violence to which it owes its very existence. . .

It is my firm conviction that if the State suppressed Capitalism, it will be caught in the coils of violence itself and fail to develop non-violence at any time. . . What I would personally prefer would be not a centralisation of power in the hands of the State, but an extension of the sense of trusteeship ; as, in my opinion, the violence of private ownership is less injurious than the violence of the State. However, if it is unavoidable, I would support a minimum of State-ownership. . . What I disapprove of is an organisation based on force which a State is. Voluntary organisation there must be.

Mahadev Desai reported a conversation on the same subject in the *Harijan* of 1940 :

But are we not being driven to philosophical anarchism ? Is that not an impossible ideal ? These questions were asked by a philosophical friend some months ago and Gandhiji gave him replies which I think will be useful today.

'Does any one know true non-violence ?' he asked.

Gandhiji immediately replied : 'Nobody knows it, for nobody can practise perfect non-violence.'

'Then how can it be used in politics ?'

'It can be used in politics precisely as it can be used in the domestic sphere. We may not be perfect in our use of it, but we definitely discard the use of violence and grow from failure to success.'

'No, not all legislation. Legislation imposed by people upon themselves is non-violence to the extent it is possible in society. A society organised and run on the basis of complete non-violence would be the purest anarchy !'

'Do you think it is a realisable ideal ?'

'Yes. It is realisable to the extent non-violence is realisable. That State is perfect and non-violent where the people are governed the least. The nearest approach to purest anarchy would be a democracy based on non-violence. The European democracies are to my mind a negation of democracy.'

'Do you think that non-violence or the democracy that you visualise was ever realised in the olden times ?'

'I do not know. But if it was not, it only means that we had never made the attempt to realise the highest in us. I have no doubt in my mind that at some stage we were wiser, and that we have to grow wiser, and that we have to grow wiser than we are today in order to find what beauties are hidden in human nature. Perfect non-violence is impossible so long as we exist physically, for we would want some space at least to occupy. Perfect non-violence whilst you are inhabiting the body is only a theory like Euclid's point or straight line, but we have to endeavour every moment of our lives'. (*H*, 27.7.40., 211)

The theoretical position held by Gandhi is thus entirely different from that of Marxian Socialism. According to the latter, the first step needful is to capture the State by means of violence and place it under the dictatorship of the proletariat. The State machinery will then be employed to root out all forms of exploitation, and also educate men into a new frame of mind. When this has been done, the people's voluntary organizations will grow to take up the functions of the State, which will then wither away. But during the transition period the State should be made all-powerful for defending the life and interests of the people. Gandhi, on the other hand, believes that true defence is only possible under non-violence, in which the heart of the exploiter is changed by non-co-operation. The

chief function of the State is thus transferred from the army to the people directly, under organised non-violence. The people also begin to regulate their economic as well as political life, as far as possible, by means of voluntary associations from the present moment. In other words, the chief difference between Marxian Socialism and Gandhi's anarchistic ideal lies in the fact that in the latter, the withering away of the State begins from the immediate present, instead of being left over for a period when all possible opposition has already been uprooted by intense centralisation of all social authority.

GANDHI'S PRACTICAL IDEALISM

But in spite of his insistence upon Anarchism, Gandhi is not indifferent, like some other Anarchists, to the machinery of the State so long as it is there. His practical nature leads him towards a full democratic control of the State : under no circumstances is he prepared for totalitarianism ; *i. e.*, suppression of opposition by means of violence ; even if it be supposed to be in the interest of the masses. Replying to an address, presented to him by the citizens of Bombay just before his departure for England to attend the Round Table Conference, he said :

I claim to live for the semi-starved paupers of India and Swaraj means the emancipation of these millions of skeletons, *Purna Swaraj* denotes a condition of things when the dumb and the lame millions will speak and walk. That Swaraj cannot be achieved by force, but by organisation and unity. (*YI*, 28.4.31., 81)

Speaking before the Federation of the Indian Chambers of Commerce, he similarly said :

It has been said that Indian Swaraj will be the rule of the majority community ; *i. e.*, the Hindus. There could not be a greater mistake than that. If it were to be true, I for one would refuse to call it Swaraj and would fight it with all the strength at my command, for to me Hind Swaraj is the rule of all the people, is the rule of justice. Whether under that rule the ministers were Hindus or Musalmans or Sikhs and whether the legislatures were exclusively filled by the Hindus or Musalmans or any other community, they would have to do even-handed justice. And just

as no community in India need have any fear of Swaraj being monopolised by any other, even so the English should have no fear. The question of safeguards should not arise at all. Swaraj would be real Swaraj only when there would be no occasion for safeguarding any such rights. . . . I may tell you that the Congress does not belong to any particular group of men ; it belongs to all, but the protection of the poor peasantry, which forms the bulk of the population, must be its primary interest. The Congress must, therefore, truly represent the poor. But that does not mean that all other classes—the middle classes, the Capitalist or Zamindar—must go under. All that it aims at is that all other classes must subserve the interest of the poor. (*YI*, 16.4.31., 78)

In an article, written in the *Young India*, he repeated the same idea in the following terms :

I will, therefore, state the purpose. It is complete freedom from the alien yoke in every sense of the term, and this for the sake of the dumb millions. Every interest, therefore, that is hostile to their interest, must be revised, or must subside if it is not capable of revision. (*YI*, 17.9.31., 263)

At the Round Table Conference in 1931, speaking as the sole representative of the Indian National Congress, he gave a picture of how things were going to shape themselves if a national government actually came into being in India. With regard to the question of racial discrimination, he said :

I am afraid that for years to come India would be engaged in passing legislation in order to raise the downtrodden, the fallen, from the mire into which they have been sunk by the Capitalists, by the landlords, by the so called higher classes, and then, subsequently and scientifically, by the British rulers. If we are to lift these people from the mire, then it would be the bounden duty of the National Government of India, in order to set its house in order, continually to give preference to these people and even free them from the burdens under which they are being crushed. And, if the landlords, zamindars, monied men and those who are to-day enjoying privileges—I do not care whether they are Europeans or Indians—if they find that they are discriminated against, I shall sympathise with them, but I will not be able to help them, even if I could possibly do so, because I would seek their assistance in that process, and without their assistance it would not be possible to raise these people out of the mire.

Look at the condition, if you will, of the untouchables, if the law comes to their assistance and sets apart miles of territory. At the present moment they hold no land ; they are absolutely living at the mercy of the so-called higher castes and also, let me say, at the mercy of the State. They can be removed from one quarter to another without complaint and without being able to seek the assistance of law. Well, the first act of the Legislature will then be to see that in order somewhat to equalise conditions, these people are given grants freely.

From whose pockets are these grants to come ? Not from the pockets of Heaven. Heaven is not going to drop money for the sake of the State. They will naturally come from the monied classes, including the Europeans. Will they say that this is discrimination ? They will be able to see that this is no discrimination against them because they are Europeans ; it will be discrimination against them because they have got money and the others have got no money. It will be, therefore, a battle between the haves and the have-nots ; and if that is what is feared, I am afraid the National Government will not be able to come into being if all these classes hold the pistol at the heads of these dumb millions and say, 'You shall not have a government of your own unless you guarantee our possessions and our rights'.

I think I have given a sufficient indication of what the Congress stands for and of the implications of this formula that I have suggested. On no account will they find that there has been discrimination against them because they are English or because they are European or Japanese or belong to any other race. The grounds that will be applicable to them for discrimination will be also the grounds for discrimination against Indian-born citizens.

I have got another formula also, hurriedly drafted because I drafted it here as I was listening to Lord Reading and to Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru. It is in connection with existing rights :

No existing interest legitimately acquired, and not being in conflict with the best interests of the nation in general, shall be interfered with except in accordance with the law applicable to such interests.

I certainly have in mind what you find in the Congress resolution in connection with the taking over by the incoming Government of obligations that are being to-day discharged by the British Government. Just as we claim that these obligations must be examined by an impartial tribunal before they are taken over by us, so should existing interests be subject to judicial scrutiny, when

necessary. There is no question, therefore, of repudiation but merely of taking over under examination, under audit. We have here some of us who have made a study of the privileges and the monopolies enjoyed by Europeans, but let it not be merely Europeans : there are Indians—I have undoubtedly several Indians in mind—who are to-day in possession of land which has been practically given away to them not for any service rendered to the nation but for some service rendered, I cannot even say to the Government, because I do not think that the Government has benefited, but to some official ; and if you tell me that those concessions and those privileges are not to be examined by the State I again tell you that it will be impossible to run the machinery of Government on behalf of the have-nots, on behalf of the dispossessed. Hence, you will see here that there is nothing stated in connection with the Europeans. The second formula also is applicable equally to the Europeans as it is applicable to Indians, as it is applicable, say, to Sir Purushottamdas Thakurdas and Sir Phiroze Sethna. If they have obtained concessions which have been obtained because they did some service to the officials of the day and got miles of land, well, if I had the possession of the Government I would quickly dispossess them. I would not consider them because they are Indians, and I would just as readily dispossess Sir Hubert Carr or Mr. Benthall, however admirable they are and however friendly they are to me. The law will be no respecter of persons whatsoever. I give you that assurance. After having received that assurance I am unable to go any further. So that is really what is implied by 'legitimately acquired'—that every interest must have been taintless, it must be above suspicion, like Caesar's wife, and, therefore, we shall expect to examine all these things when they come under the notice of that Government.

Then you have 'not being in conflict with the best interests of the nation'. I have in mind certain monopolies, legitimately acquired, undoubtedly, but which have been brought into being in conflict with the best interests of the nation. Let me give you an illustration which will amuse you somewhat, but which is on natural ground. Take this white elephant which is called New Delhi. Crores have been spent upon it. Suppose that the future Government comes to the conclusion that seeing that we have this white elephant it ought to be turned to some use. Imagine that in Old Delhi there is plague or cholera going on, and we want hospitals for the poor people. What are we to do ? Do you suppose the National Government will be able to build hospitals, and so

on ? Nothing of the kind. We will take charge of those buildings and put these plague-stricken people in them and use them as hospitals, because I contend that those buildings are in conflict with the best interests of the nation. They do not represent the millions of India. They may be representative of the monied men who are sitting at the table ; they may be representative of His Highness the Nawab Sahib of Bhopal or of Sir Purushottamdas Thakurdas, or of Sir Pheroze Sethna, or of Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, but they are not representative of those who lack even a place to sleep and have not even a crust of bread to eat. If the National Government comes to the conclusion that that place is unnecessary, no matter what interests are concerned, they will be dispossessed, and they will be dispossessed, I may tell you, without any compensation, because, if you want this Government to pay compensation it will have to rob Peter and pay Paul, and that would be impossible.

It is a bitter pill which has got to be swallowed if a Government, as Congress conceives it, comes into being. In order to take away something from here, I have no desire to deceive you into the belief that everything will be quite all right. I want, on behalf of the Congress, to lay all the cards on the table. I want no mental reservation of any description whatsoever ; and then, if the Congress position is acceptable, nothing will please me better, but, if that position is not acceptable, if to-day I feel I cannot possibly touch your hearts and cannot carry you with me, then the Congress must continue to wander and must continue the process of proselytisation until you are all converted and allow the millions of India to feel that at last they have got a National Government. (NV, 71)

An important interview took place between Prof. N. G. Ranga and Mahatma Gandhi towards the end of 1944. A part of that interview, as reported by Shri Pyarelal in the daily press, is given below :

Prof. Ranga : You say that the earth rightly belongs or should belong to the peasant. By this, do you mean only that the peasant ought to gain control over the land he cultivates or that he should also gain effective voice and power in the society and over the State in which he is obliged to live ? If the Kisans are to have only land and not effective political power, their position will be just as bad as in Soviet Russia where political power has been monopolised by the proletariat dictatorship, while peasants were first allowed to

gain some holdings and later were deprived of those holdings in the name of collectivisation of land.

Gandhiji : I do not know what has happened in Soviet Russia. But I have no doubt that if we have democratic Swaraj, as it must be if the freedom is won through non-violence, the Kisans must hold power in all its phases, including political power.

Prof. Ranga : Am I right in interpreting your statement that 'land should not belong to the absentee landlord or Zamindar' and that ultimately the Zamindari System has to be abolished, of course through non-violent means ?

Gandhiji : Yes. But you should remember that I visualize a system of trusteeship 'regulated by the State.' In other words, I do not want to antagonise the Zamindars (and for that matter any class) without cause.

Prof. Ranga : When you say that a peasant has 'so to work as to make it impossible for the landlord to exploit him', does it include, apart from the Satyagrahic campaigns, the legislative administrative reforms that peasants may oblige the State through the exercise of their franchise and political influence to improve their individual and collective conditions and minimise the powers of the landlords ?

Gandhiji : Civil Disobedience and Non-cooperation are designed for use when people ; i. e., the tillers of the soil, have no political power. But immediately they have political power, naturally their grievances, whatever their character, will be ameliorated through legislative channels.

'But he might not have all that political power', you will perhaps say. My reply is that if Swaraj is attained by the effort of the whole people, as it must be under non-violence, the Kisans must come into their own and have the uppermost voice. But if it is not so and there is a sort of a workable compromise between the people and the Government on the basis of a limited franchise, the interests of the tiller of the soil will need close watching. If the legislature proves itself to be incapable of safeguarding the Kisan's interests they will of course always have the sovereign remedy of Civil Disobedience and Non-Cooperation. But as I said, as early as 1922 in connection with Chirala Perala, ultimately, it is not paper legislation, nor brave words or fiery speeches, but the power of non-violent organisation, discipline and sacrifice that constitute the real bulwark of the people against injustice and oppression. (*HS*, 15.1.45)

REVIEWS

EUROPE LOOKS AT INDIA : By Alex Aronson. Published by
Hind Kitabs, Bombay, Rs. 5/-.

DR. ARONSON has attempted the task of surveying, in a brief and readable manner, the chief landmarks in the history of the attitude of European intellectuals to India from the age of Voltaire to the present day. The guiding thread, with which we are invited to tread the mazes of this vast literature is the principle that no thinker can be truly understood apart from the context of his cultural environment and the problems with which it confronts him, and that as a consequence an appreciation of the cultural and intellectual results of the Industrial and French Revolutions is necessary, in order to understand why and how these European intellectuals turned to India. The method by which this vast subject has been brought whithin the compass of two hundred pages, and yet dealt with in an illuminating manner, is that of selection and synthesis. In other words, representative figures are chosen, and their inter-relationships within a common field of cultural forces are worked out. A few sentences from p. 113 form an admirable summary of the main theme :

"We can therefore from now on distinguish three separate forces at work in the West regarding India : first, those writers who, guided by humanitarian ideals and sense of justice and equality, considered India a moral challenge to their conscience, such as Voltaire, Goethe, some of the nineteenth century English writers, and also Tolstoy and Rolland in more recent times ; secondly, those who took to India as part of some particular literary or religious revival, and also thereby utilized India—in most cases unconsciously—to foster their own conservative, if not reactionary, ideals of life, such as Friedrich Schlegel and the German romantics, Schopenhauer, and in modern times, W. B. Yeats, Count Keyserling, and Rene Guenon ; and lastly, those who, conscious of the gradual decline of the West, opposed any Indian influence whatsoever, in order to save European civilisation from complete extinction, such as Hegel, Gobineau, Nietzsche, and, during the last fifty years, Austen Steward Chamberlain, Spengler, Henri Massis and a host of others."

This, then, is essentially a book about Europe, *not* about India, and it should be read as such. It is a serious historical study, not a catchpenny topical 'stunt'. The author does not attempt to discuss, far less to defend, the opinions expressed about India by any of his chosen intellectuals. Their response to India is treated as an index of the European atmosphere, it is symptomatic of the climate of thought in which they live. The value of the book to Indian readers lies, therefore, in the help it will give them towards a deeper understanding of

Europe, and that help, I believe, will be considerable. In these days when even Government Departments cultivate "international cultural relationships" it may serve to remind us of the complexities which underlie that innocent phrase.

Such being, as I understand it, the purpose of the book. I own to some feeling of disappointment that a postulate which seems to me fundamental to the purpose has not been given more extended treatment. I mean, the postulate that the cultural consequences of the Industrial Revolution were a profound frustration of the *intelligentsia* and the creation of a mental gulf between them and the people. The conflict and frustration are referred to several times, but their causes are not analysed with the clarity which so important a theme may rightly claim in a book of this nature. In all other ways the plan of the book is admirably balanced, the illustrative quotations are extensive and extremely interesting. In places, however, the style bears marks of haste which one hopes it may be possible to remove when the book is reprinted. But these are insignificant blemishes, and the publisher is justified in his claim that "all who value cultural co-operation between Europe and India will welcome this book."

Marjorie Sykes.

THE LATEST FAD : BASIC EDUCATION, Second Edition

By J. B. Kripalani. Published by Vora & Co., Bombay, 2.

Price Re. 1/8/-

IN producing the second edition of this discussion of the scheme of National Education inspired by Mahatma Gandhi, the author has been able to use the very interesting and valuable records of the few schools (notably in Sevagram itself and in Bihar) where continuous work over a period of 6 years has been carried out. These form the solid basis of practice in relation to which the theory has meaning. The argument is primarily designed to appeal to those interested in the theory of education and its historical development, and Mr. Kripalani has performed a useful service by relating "the latest fad" to the ideals of the recognized educational thinkers of past, and showing that it is not so very "faddy" or eccentric after all.

M. S.

ROADS FOR INDIA : By T. R. S. Kynnersley, O. B. E., M. INST.

C. E., M. I. E. (Ind). First Edition, 1946. Published by Padma

Publications Ltd., Bombay. Pages 55, with one map and

36 illustrations. Price Rupee One.

THE need of the hour for India is surely more and better food for the forty crores of people in this vast sub-continent. Tata Sons Ltd were, therefore justified in bringing out as the first in the series on Tata Studies of Current Affairs a book on

"Our Food." Equally justified and timely has been this second in the series, on Indian Roads, by the well-known engineer-author, Mr. Kynnersley, past President of the Institution of Engineers, India, President of the Indian Roads and Transports Development Association and Editor of the *Indian Concrete Journal*.

It is only along a network of more and better roads connecting the 7,00,000 villages of India that our food grains can be supplied from areas of surplus production to the deficit regions. Looking to the fact that even to-day nearly 80 per cent of the people in India live in villages, and taking for consideration the present state of roads in the Bombay Presidency, it is found that about 70 to 80 per cent of the villages in certain districts are totally cut off from the outside world during monsoon months. Matters are definitely very much worse in the eastern provinces, in particular.

In one respect, however, India still leads the world, as when we compare the figures of deaths from motor accidents in different countries. It is not difficult to understand that there can be no positive safety on India's roads when the pedestrians, cyclists and animals, children, bullock-carts and motor cars, are all forced to use the same narrow strip of road at speeds varying from 2 to 60 miles an hour.

Never in the history of India was there a greater need for the inculcation of road-mindedness in the people by persistent propaganda. With the help of photographs, sketches, diagrams, statistical tables and vivid pen-and-ink illustrations by Alcott, the author does the much needed propaganda. He races with the reader across the ages: along the Neanderthal man's tracts, to the modern concrete 'speedways' for tourists to India, all within the compass of beautifully printed 55 pages of art paper, less than a third of an average Pelican book, Mr. Kynnersley has done his job, in educating the lay public about roads in general and the problems concerning roads in India in particular, exceedingly well.

The wise author has anticipated all the questions that could be asked by "the average intelligent man in the street." He answers very lucidly what is a road, why we need roads, and bridges, why India has not enough roads, what kinds and how many more roads we want, how these roads could pay for themselves, and, finally, where the finance for such roads would come from. He sums up with a forceful appeal for the immediate constitution of an All-India Roads and Transport Board and suggests the ways and means by which public opinion could help the good cause of "Better Roads for India."

The unbalanced and hopelessly inadequate road system in India is our legacy of the past and the recent 'man-made' famine should serve to open the eyes of all men to the pressing need for a co-ordinated road system for India, blueprints for which were tentatively drawn up at the Chief Engineer's Conference at Nagpur in 1943, and on the basis of which detailed projects have now been practically completed in all the provinces and most of the States. It remains now for public opinion to hasten the early execution of the so-called 400 Crore Post-War Road Plans, which alone can solve the food and unemployment problems that loom ahead of India's teeming millions.

Whereas in Great Britain there are nearly 2.02 miles of road per square mile, India, in comparison, has yet only 0.22 of a mile, and even out of this only about one-third is really fit for motor transport. India has a lesser mileage of roads than is to be expected in the Mozave desert of America ! In the past the railways have been the root cause for stifling road development, but with the assumption of State control of practically all the railway interests in India, there is hardly any room left for the old road-*versus*-railway controversy.

To Mr. Kynnersley mainly goes the credit for initiating the first pilot survey of roads carried out on strictly scientific lines, in the Panvel and Karjat districts of Bombay. As a result of this survey he could conclusively prove that "for every Rs. 100/- spent on roads, the annual return through increased earnings to the community amounts to Rs. 277/-." There is an American slogan, based on facts, that "the community pays for good roads whether it has them or not, but it pays more if it has not got them."

This bright little book which can be finished at one sitting, has an excellent road map of India (scale 1" = 100 miles) attached to it. *Roads for India* deserves to be translated into every major Indian language.

Subodhkumar Ghose

SATYAGRAHA : ITS TECHNIQUE AND HISTORY : By R. R. Diwakar

Foreword by Dr. Rajendra Prasad : Prefatory observations by Kishorilal

Mashruwala. Published by Hind Kitabs, 107 Mahatma Gandhi

Road, Bombay. 1946. Price : Rs. 5-12, Pp. xxii + 202.

EVER since Gandhiji returned to India in 1915, there have been numerous applications of Satyagraha both on a local as well as on a nation-wide scale. Many of these experiments are likely to be forgotten as no systematic account has been kept of them. But if we really wish to learn and profit by our successes and failures, then it is of the utmost importance that each experiment in collective Non-violence should be critically studied, no matter whether it was applied to remedy civic, social or political wrong.

The researches of Gregg and Mashruwala were the isolated examples in this field in India ; and they served their purpose very well by focussing attention on the psychological and social aspects of organized Non-violence. But the need of a history of Satyagraha campaigns was being increasingly felt and we hope Shri R. R. Diwakar's present book will go a long way to meet the demand.

The present book is divided into twenty-five chapters, of which fifteen are devoted to theoretical considerations and the rest to a systematic account of Satyagraha campaigns in India as well as in the outside world. While going through the book very carefully, the reviewer has often felt that something more might have been said with regard to the psychological aspect of the great question of Non-violence. Thus, for instance, due emphasis has apparently not been laid upon the fact that the aim of the Satyagrahi is 'to evoke the best' in his opponent by self-suffering ; so that a situation is finally created when the new social order is

brought into being by the *joint* efforts of the erstwhile combatants. He who was an opponent is transformed into a co-worker in a noble cause by the heroic self-suffering of the man of truth and justice. Similarly, the non-co-operation of the Satyagrahi is undertaken, not for the purpose of reducing an opponent to subjection, but purely because non-co-operation becomes a sacred duty when we recognise the evil nature of a certain social institution : it is not so much a tactical necessity as a duty which devolves upon us when we wish to lead a good life and create the necessary social institution.

These are aspects of the question which have not entirely been neglected by the author, but which shimmer through the pages, here and there, in stray sentences and paragraphs ; while the tactical aspects of Non-co-operation and of self-suffering, which then becomes less of an instrument of conversion, has gained more emphasis by the amount of space and thought devoted to it. It is, therefore, likely to lead the unwary reader a little away from the ideal of non-violent non-co-operation which Gandhiji has slowly evolved in the course of his life's experiments.

The account given of the Satyagraha campaigns is the first systematic one that we have in India ; and as such the author deserves to be warmly congratulated. Shri Diwakar has rescued a few half-forgotten Satyagraha campaigns from oblivion and he has also added to it an account of some examples from foreign lands in history. But we believe it would have been better if he had confined himself entirely to a critical study of the Indian examples. Then, movements like those at Patuakhali with regard to a civic right, and at Contai in connection with the boycott of Union Boards, both of which drew India-wide attention at the time, could have been easily included in the volume. There have also been a few more movements, here and there in India, which ended in failure instead of success. These deserve to be studied as carefully, if not more carefully, than the more well-known ones : for it is more from a careful examination of the failures that we are more likely to learn than from our successes about the potentialities and the weak points of organization in connection with Satyagraha than otherwise. Shri Diwakar's chapters on the Satyagraha campaigns sometimes lapse into a chronicle of events ; but we naturally expect more in the direction of criticism from a serious student of his standing.

The slight shortcomings which have been pointed out above are obviously due to the shortage of time suffered by the author in the midst of a busy and responsible public life ; and we can therefore reasonably expect that his treatment of the subject will grow fuller and deeper by the time another edition of the book is called for. And that, we hope, will not be before long. The style has a directness and a freshness of its own, which make the reading pleasant and easy.

The book is prefaced by an essay by Shri Mashruwala which is remarkable both for its depth and originality. We only hope it would be possible to expand it a little more, if that can be done without injury to the main book itself.

THE MODERN WORLD : By Yusuf Meherally.

Published by Padma Publications Ltd., Bombay. Price : Rs. 4/-

IT is a wonderful little book—a “*Political Study Syllabus*” which would be of immense help to those who are eager to know the modern world in its social, political and economic context. It would cater to a great need and can be prophesied to become a best seller of the year.

The author is a scholar engaged in the rough and tumble of active politics. I am not sure, however, that there are not moments in his rather hectic, and always active, life when he is smitten with regret that he took Politics as his companion in life. But like Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, he, too, believes that search for truth is possible only in an atmosphere of freedom. Hence, he is firstly and primarily a soldier in the nation's struggle for independence.

I believe, when the first edition of this book—though in another name—, was published, I had the occasion to welcome it in the pages of this very *Quarterly*—and I repeat my welcome to this new edition, though the book is changed beyond recognition. It could not be otherwise, dealing as it does with such vigorously living and dynamic subjects of study like Socialism, Nationalism, Planning, Unemployment, etc. The discerning author has tried hard to keep his own political bias in the background in the compilation of the syllabus, but perhaps not always with success. Books with a ‘left’ bent seem to have been noticed more. For instance, in the section on England, he includes “*Guilty Men*” by ‘Cato’ but has left out that very readable, and I venture to add, valuable book—Quinton Hogg's “*The Left Was Never Right*”. He certainly knows that guilty men are profusely available in the Left Parties as well and these two books should be read together to get a complete picture of England's perfidious and inane foreign policy during the years between the two wars.

I wish the author had stuck to the old name ‘*What to Read*’—the present nomenclature is a little deceptive. And why should such a useful book be charged such a high price? Let us at least have a cheap students' edition.

Acacia

THE VAISNAVOPANISADA : Translated into English by T. R. Srinivasa Ayyangar and edited by G. Srinivasa Murti. Published by the Adyar Library, 1945. Pp. 498. Price : Rs. 10/-

IT is one of the most important missions of the Theosophical Society to make all shades of the Indian spiritual thought known to the world outside and hence the attempt to present all texts, whether old or of recent origin, in English translation. It is well-known that there is a host of minor or sectarian Upanisads in which attempts have been made by different sectaries to establish a so-called Vedic sanction for their dogmas. The English translations of two such collections—one

entitled the *Yoga Upanisads* and the other the *Samanya Vedanta Upanisads*--were published by the Society in 1938 and 1941 respectively. The present volume is the third in the series and contains English translations of fourteen Upanisads of the Vaisnavite sects.

They will be a great help to all students of the Vaisnava religion and philosophy. We wish the general editor of the series had followed the tradition of Schrader, one of the first workers for the present series. Schrader's *Introduction to his translation of the Ahirbudhnya-samhita* remains an excellent model for all workers in the field. He gives a thorough historical survey of the sect and its doctrines in order to supply the correct historical setting to the particular text studied by him. Such a study, even in the present case, would have been of immense help for the study of the texts translated here.

P. C. B.

FOUNDATIONS OF PEACE : By K. T. Shah. Published by Vora and Co. Bombay, 2. Pp. 204. Price : Rs. 6/-.

IN Europe for a long time the power-balancing politicians and their puppets, kings and Cabinet ministers, acted on the adage, "If you want peace, prepare for war". In recent years, however, we have been witnessing a verification of the reverse of this dictum : namely, if you want war, prepare for peace ! For, what has been the chief cause of the two major wars within the space of a quarter of century, in our times, except Peace Pacts formulated on fundamentally wrong principles, inasmuch as these did not provide for the pivotal basis for brotherhood among the nations, such as, "social equality and economic opportunity (to all) for full self-expression" ?

So Prof. K. T. Shah, the well-known pundit of economics and politics, has done distinct service to the noble cause of world concord by analysing the root-reasons for war and the rock-bottom foundations of Peace. His book is, in a way, an intellectual man's counterpart to the man of faith's vision of the verity and value of mutual amity and understanding among the nations, such as Bahauallah had a century ago. It is, therefore, a running commentary on the present-day ideology and attempts to usher in peace in our war-weary world.

The learned Professor's study, at once searching and scientific, reveals that "the main foundations of peace" are :—

- (a) equality as between the sovereign nations of the world, admitted or recognised as members of the comity of nations ;
- (b) inviolable integrity of these guaranteed against aggression from any quarter by the combined might of the common world organisation ;
- (c) social justice to individuals, so as to ensure freedom from want and suffering, abolish parasitism and ensure happiness and cultural advance-

ment, in return for contribution by work in accordance with the ability, aptitude and training of each ; and

(d) social equality of all individuals in Guaranteed Rights as well as obligations, so as to eliminate exploitation of the masses by privileged classes.

Only by ensuring an honest and honourable observance of these pivotal principles of peace, shall the prayerful wish of Bahauallah be fulfilled : "Let not man glory in this that he loves his country, but let him rather glory in that he loves his kind."

For, truth to tell, peace will descend on our war-torn world when each individual and every nation essays to answer in the affirmative the still-unanswered interrogation of the ages : "Am I my brother's keeper ?"

M. N. G.

KASHMIRI LYRICS : Translated by J. L. Kaul. Published by
Rinemissary, Lambert Lane, Srinagar. Pp. 172. Price : Rs. 3/8/-.

MAN is, by nature, a lover,—of life as well as light. This is the truth, which the poetry of the people,—their highest and holiest style of self-expression,—has expressed and enunciated for centuries. But the lyric, because of its intense and arrow-like emotional upsurge, is the best vehicle of their vision and way of life.

The present volume, therefore, is very welcome. It contains one hundred and forty Kashmiri lyrics rendered into English or, to use Poet Dryden's phraseology, rather 'paraphrased', instead of being 'metaphrased', as so often, unfortunately, is the case with so many of the translations from one language into another.

The main theme of these lyrics is Love, which is a fever, from one point-of-view, but from another, a fulfilment. Sings Nund Ryosh of the former ;—

Love is death of an only son to a mother—

Can the lover have any sleep ?

Love is venomous sting of a swarm of wasps—

Can the lover have any rest ?

Love is a robe dripping with blood—

Can the wearer even utter a sigh ?

And this only a lover knows to his cost and crucifixion and none else.
Sings Lal Ded :

How can the kite hunt like the sparrow—

How can the barren woman feel the ardour of a
mother's love ?

How can the faggot burn like the candle ?

How can the fly feel the martyrdom of the moth ?
When man suffers, then alone he knows.

Sings another poet of the fulfilment of love :

Ras is where love's expanse broadens into an ocean ;
Ras is equipoise mid sour and sweet,
Ras is where there is no trace of sin.

And sings Rasul Mir, in a strain of ecstatic self-realization :

In the garden of love the wounds of my
heart are the flowers,
And my sighs are the cypress,
With tears of mine I shall fill the garden brooks.

There is, therefore, no need to lose faith. Sings Zinda Kaul :

He will send thee another token,
His treasures are full ;
Has He any dearth of love-tokens ?
In the forests thick, on mountains high,
In the flush and bloom of gardens gay,
In the scintillation of the stars—
Thou canst find thy love-tokens.

And, finally, here is a modern poet's picture or 'plan' of Paradise :

I long to go where all have a living faith in God—
One Loving Father, Lord of all—
Where lands are vast and all have room to live ;
Where food and fruit and milk are abundant ;
And all the good things of life are shared by all :
Where all have work to do and none are idle,
Where daughters are loved as dearly as the sons...
Where wars are unknown and the skies serene
do not rain down poison gas and savage death...
To that City Beautiful,
Ferryman, lead me and my countrymen.

And so on and so forth.

Chronologically, the lyrics cover the period of the last five hundred years, while ideologically and emotionally they have a touch of the eternal in man. The translator has done a fine job, for which he deserves hearty congratulations and every student of the people's literatures is deeply beholden to him for his *Golden Treasury of Kashmiri Songs*.

M. N. G.

U. S. S. R.—A HUMAN DOCUMENT: By Sen & Reid. Published by
Sushil Gupta. 1, Wellesley Street, Calcutta. Pp. 159.

Price : Rs. 4/8/-

THE title of the book accurately describes its contents. In twelve chapters the authors present a picture of Russia, her people, and the problems which "faced the young Soviet State and those with which it is still contending". The emphasis of the book is not on those political and economic achievements of Russia about which so much has been written by other authors. The book, rightly called a human document, lays stress on the social and moral issues which give a truer account of the people and help us to know them better and understand their aspirations more fully.

There is no use denying the fact that a good deal of misunderstanding exists throughout the civilised world about Russian concepts of religion, morals, marriage and divorce. The perusal of the book is sure to remove those wrong and vague notions and create an atmosphere of friendliness for this great country which is certainly emerging as a new force in shaping the future destiny of mankind.

The book is not only packed with information but is also filled with sincere human interest. Only towards the end of the book, the author's viewpoint seems to have been slightly overstated. "A time will come when the Soviet Union and the Soviet people will undoubtedly liberate not only the peoples of Europe, but those of the entire world." Such a quotation, as inserted in the book, is a bit unfortunate. Both the Axis and the Democracies aspired to liberate the world, and their conflicting programmes of liberation brought about a second world war. If the Soviets also crusade for world liberation, a third world war may not only be inevitable but also imminent. Therein, therefore, is the rub, and if Soviet Russia is the future hope of the world, it is also its danger point.

The get-up and the printing are quite in good taste, but the illustrations suffer from quality rather than quantity. The price also is a bit too high.

K. N. B.

HANDBOOK OF NATIONAL PLANNING COMMITTEE. Compiled

by K. T. Shah. Published by Vora & Co., Bombay, 2.

Pp. 166. Price : Rs. 2/8/-.

PLANNING has now become a watchword in every country. The idea and the principle have been taken for granted, thanks to the impact of the last war and the devastation it has caused, even by the Governments of every Province and State in India. Right from the Bombay Plan down to the Post-war Plans of the Provincial and State Governments, we have had in the course of the last three years quite a lot of them ; so much so that everyone is now planning-minded.

In these hectic days one is, however, apt to forget the pioneer efforts in this direction. The publication of the *Handbook* is therefore a welcome move by Prof. K. T. Shah to remind the people of the past activities of the National Planning Committee, especially at a time when it has re-assembled to complete the work it started seven years ago.

The publication gives as Prof. K. T. Shah, the Honorary General Secretary, puts it, "the necessary background as well as information already collected in a handy form to facilitate and expedite the work of the Committee." For those, therefore, who are connected with the N. P. C. it will, indeed, be a helpful publication. To others, however, the book will be only of historical interest.

The N. P. C. resumed work in a totally changed world after five years of interruption, in September, 1945. During this period the war has revolutionised our economic thought and policy. The economy of the country has been subjected to unthinkable stress and strain. India's economic status in the international field has been raised from that of a debtor to one of a creditor. Many of the premises on which the reports of the sub-committees were based have, therefore, become faulty and out of date. On the other hand, the Central and the Provincial Governments have drawn up their post-war plans, some of which have already been taken in hand for implementation. These latter will have somehow or other to be accommodated in the National Plan. It is true that all the sub-committees have been asked to revise their reports in the light of the present conditions. But it would be a difficult task and it would demand a much greater measure of practical approach than the N. P. C. has so far adopted. For, it is an admitted fact that mere planning without proper machinery to execute the plan is of theoretical interest. The resolution appointing the N. P. C. envisages the formation of an All-India National Planning Commission for the purpose of giving effect to the recommendations of the N. P. C. The authority of such a Commission in the present political condition of India will at best be doubtful. It can only act in an advisory capacity. The implementation of the National Plan will thus have to be left to the uncertainties of the future political organisation of India.

As regards the objective of planning, there has also been some change in the perspective. The N. P. C. lays down that "for the present the minimum standard which can and should be reached is an increase of national wealth between two and three times within the next ten years." It is unfortunate that the goal has not been more clearly defined. Planning without a definite and clear-cut aim carries us nowhere. Moreover, "full employment" has now been universally accepted as the objective of national planning. The term signifies full employment of the human factor of a country, optimum utilisation of its material and other resources and an equitable distribution of national income. A mere doubling or trebling of the national wealth without any change in its distribution will not appreciably and proportionately improve the standard of living of the masses. It is time, therefore, that the N. P. C. should recognise this fact.

Whatever the shortcomings of the N. P. C. might be, it is undeniable that it occupies a distinct place in India's march towards economic reconstruction,

From that point-of-view, the *Handbook* though it gives only the broad outlines of the work of the N. P. C. in the past, deserves to be studied by every person interested in the economic regeneration of India.

Jyoti Prasad Bhattacharya

NYAYAKUSUMANJALI OF UDAYANACARYA : Books I and II.

Translated into English by Swami Ravitirtha, Published by the Adyar Library, Madras. Price : Rs. 4/-.

THE *Nyāyakusumāñjali* of the famous logician Udayanācārya and the *Īśvarānumānacintāmaṇi* of Gangesha Upādhyāya are the two works in which the category of *Īśvara* has been logically discussed with great lucidity. Of the two works the *Kusumāñjali* is more popular among scholars. Among the commentators of this work Vardhamāna, Varadarāja, Rāmabhadra and Haridāsa may be specially named. Their works are studied and taught in all the Catuspāṭhis which specialise in Nyāya. The book, under review, is an English translation of the first two parts of the *Kusumāñjali*, in which the views of different schools, such as Cārvāka, Mīmāṃsaka, Saṅgata, Digambara and Sāṃkhya have been cleverly controverted by Udayana.

The translator, Swami Ravitirtha, deserves thanks of all English readers. The value of the translation would have certainly increased if the original verses of the text had also been given in it. We hope that the translation will have the desired publicity.

Sukhamaya Bhattacharya

SANGITARATNAKARA OF SARNGADEVA : (with Kalanidhi

Commentary of Kallinatha and Sudhakara Commentary of Sinihabhupala) Vol. II—*Adhyayas* 2-4. Edited by

Pandit S. Subrahmanya Sastry. Published by the Adyar Library, Madras, 1944. Price: Rs. 9/-

THE first volume of this book, containing the first *Adhyaya*, was reviewed sometime ago in these pages (Vol. IX, Part II, Aug-Oct, 1943). The second volume has now been published. It comprises the three *Adhyayas* (i. e., 2-4), with the commentaries of Kallinatha and Sinihabhupala. Three more *Adhyayas* are still to be edited and published. It is impossible, therefore, comprehensively to review the book, in its present incomplete form.

A few interesting facts found in the volume under review, however, may be mentioned. In the time of Sarngadeva solo song was known as *Ekatagayana*, duet as *Yamalaka*, chorus as *Vradgayana* and *Tauruska* or Mohammedan *Raga* as *Desavala* (p. 18). A blending of Hindu and Mohammedan music was already begun, for we find mention of *Tauruski Todi* (p. 92) and *Tauruska Gauda* (p. 97). Sarngadeva has not neglected folk music (p. 128), for his opinion is that an accomplished musician (*Gandharva*) must be versed both in classical (*Marga*) as well as folk (*Desi*) music (p. 137). Provincial modes have also been referred to (p. 100). In the Kalaridhi commentary we find names of musicians like Gopala Nayaka (p. 183). In the second chapter we are told how, even in those days, opinions differed about the form and nature of the different *ragas*.

K. M. S.

BOOKS RECEIVED

INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF THE HINDU DOCTRINES : By Rene Guenon. Luzac & Co., 46 Great Russell Street, London. W. C. 1. Price : Rs. 12-6-0

MAN AND HIS BECOMING ACCORDING TO THE VEDANTA : By Rene Guenon. Translated by Richard C. Nicholson. Luzac & Co., 46 Great Russell Street, London. W. C. 1. Price : Rs. 12-6-0

A GARLAND OF INDIAN POETRY : Chosen By H. G. Rawlinson. The Royal India Society, 8 Victoria Street, London, S. W. 1. Price : 5 shillings.

GANDHI : By Carl Heath. Shiva Lal Agarwala & Co., Ltd. Price : Re. 1-8-0

INDIAN CONTRIBUTION TO ENGLISH LITERATURE : By Srinivasa Iyengar. Karnatak Publishing House, Bombay 4. Price : Rs. 6-0-0

VOICELESS INDIA : By Gertrude Emerson Sen. Indian Publishers, Bonares. Price : Rs. 7-8-0

THE CREATIVE ART OF LIFE : By K. M. Munshi. Padma Publications, Ltd. Bombay. Price : Rs. 2-8-0

THE COLONIAL AND COLOURED PEOPLES : By Professor N. G. Ranga. Hind Kitabs, Bombay 4. Price : Rs. 4-12-0.

AMERICA—THE LAND OF SUPERLATIVES : By Kamaladevi Chattopadhyaya. Phoenix Publications, Bombay 4. Price : Rs. 7-0-0

CULTURAL FELLOWSHIP OF BENGAL : By Sisirkumar Mitra. Culture Publishers, 68, College Street, Calcutta. Price : Rs. 2-4-0

THE TRUTH ABOUT GOD : By D. Y. Deshpande, M.A. Hind Kitabs, Bombay.

Price : Re. 1-0-0

FOOD GRAINS : Compiled by M. H. Kantawala. The Lotus Trust, Bombay. Price : Re. 1-0-0

BATTLE FOR HEALTH (Tata Studies in Current Affairs : 8) : By F. E. James. Padma Publications, Limited, Bombay. Price : Re. 1-0-0

COCONUTS (Things Around Us Series) : Compiled by M. H. Kantawala. The Lotus Trust, Bombay. Price : Re. 1-0-0

I IMPEACH BEVERLEY NICHOLS : By Jag Parvesh Chander. Indian Printing Works, Kacheri Road, Lahore. Price : Rs. 6-12-0

MEET COL. LAKSHMI : By Jag Parvesh Chander. Indian Printing Works, Kacheri Road, Lahore. Price : Re. 1-4-0

OUR NATIONAL FLAG : By Kapila Thakore. Padma Publications, Ltd. Bombay. Price : Re. 0-6-0

SHIVAJI : By C. A. Kincaid. Macmillan and Co., Ltd., Calcutta. Price : Re. 1-0-0

A SIMPLE HISTORY OF INDIA : By C. A. Parkhurst. Macmillan and Co. Ltd., Calcutta. Price : Re. 1-6-0

INDIA THEN AND NOW : By C. A. Parkhurst. Macmillan and Co., Ltd., Calcutta. Price : Re. 1-8-0

BULLETIN OF THE BARODA STATE MUSEUM AND PICTURE GALLERY : VOL. II. PT. I.

THE BEHAR HERALD : 72ND ANNUAL NUMBER, 1946 : 20th Century Publications, Patna. Price : Rs. 1-0-0

JUGNU (Hindi). By Shriman Narayan Agrawal. Kitabistan, Allahabad. Price : Rs. 3-0-0

SUDDEN RETROSPECT AND OTHER POEMS : By Gopal N. Nilaver. Hosali Press, 1-A, South Parade, Bangalore. Price : Rs. 8-0-0

HUMAN EQUALITY IN WESTERN CIVILIZATION : By Seetaram Pandey. Rakhal Das Reading Room, Samlong Farm, Ranchi, India. Price : Re. 1-0-0

ZOROASTRIANISM IN THE LIGHT OF OCCULT PHILOSOPHY : By H. P. Blavatsky. International Book House, Ltd., Ash Lane, Mahatma Gandhi Road, Bombay. Price : Re. 0-8-0

19 SHORT STORIES : INTERNATIONAL STORIES No. 4 : International Book House, Ltd., Ash Lane, Mahatma Gandhi Road, Bombay. Price : Rs. 3-8-0

MISS HARRIET AND OTHER STORIES : GUY DE MAUPASSANT : Translated from the French by T. E. Graham. Susil Gupta, 1 Wellesly Street, Calcutta. Price : Rs. 4-8-0

When the war started, tea, like patriotic men and women, dressed for battle. Tea fought on every front. It followed the Army, Navy and the Air Force wherever they went. Tea was on front-line duty, nursing the sick, comforting the wounded, consoling the homesick and encouraging



the down-hearted. Tea rushed to the help of factory workers and Civil Defence personnel in their fight against fatigue and boredom. Tea brought the message of good cheer to tired fighting men in the burning desert and steaming jungle, in the frozen Arctic waters, as well as blazing tropical plains.

The "Cheering Cup" was in the forefront again when we celebrated the Victory-in-Europe. To mark the end of a grim and destructive global war, another Victory celebration soon followed. This unflinching beverage was there as well to heighten the gaiety of the occasion.



While tea is still in uniform, it is preparing steadily for the quiet and unhurried days of peace when the rhythm of life will once again return to normal. Tea then will be restored to its natural grace as an indispensable article of daily use. You, too, must prepare for that day, and enjoy tea in peace.

In Peace as in War



...rely on



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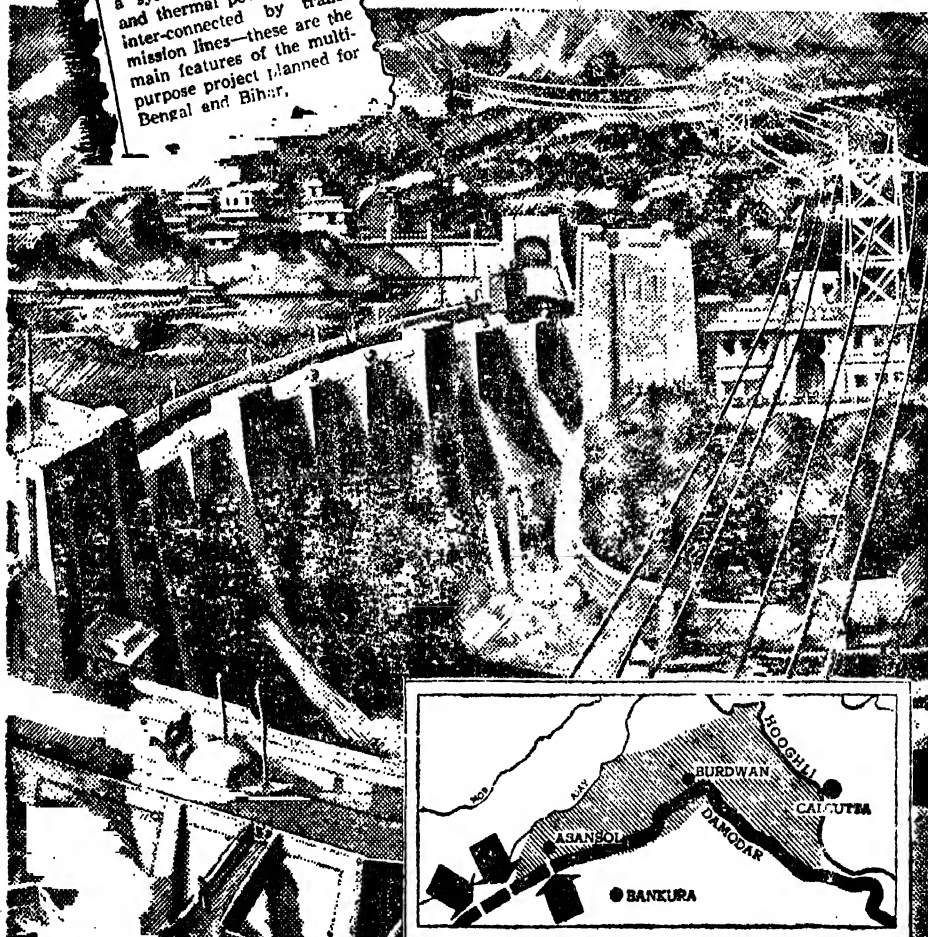
DAMODAR VALLEY PROJECT

7,60,000 ACRES OF IRRIGATION

A series of reservoirs providing flood control, supply of water for irrigation and a system of hydro-electric and thermal power stations inter-connected by transmission lines—these are the main features of the multi-purpose project planned for Bengal and Bihar.

Building a Watershed

Preliminaries are complete and surveys are now being made for the construction of the eight dams and a barrage across the Damodar River. Indicating a capital expenditure of fifty-five crores of rupees, the Damodar Project would be "an example in the multi-purpose development of a watershed for India." Steel will be used for this gigantic project.



This map indicates the main areas which will be affected by the Damodar Scheme. The shaded portions show the present flood-threatened areas while the arrows point to three possible barrage locations on the main course.

TATA STEEL

Issued by The Tata Iron & Steel Co., Ltd.
Head Sales Office: 102A, Clive Street, Calcutta.

INDIVISIBILITY*

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE

"To tell you the truth," said Dipti, "it seems to me that nowadays you are all indulging rather too much in singing the praises of Nature."

"Heavenly maid," said I, "may be, you cannot tolerate the praises of any other than yourselves."

"Since one doesn't get anything much besides", said Dipti, "I cannot bear to see so much of it wasted."

Samir bowed gracefully with a most ingratiating smile and said, "Divine goddess, there is not much difference between singing your praises and those of Nature. You have no doubt observed that those who compose hymns to Nature, it is they who are your high-priests."

"Which means to say," retorted Dipti in a tone of pique, "that those who bow down to images of clay are those who worship us also."

Said Samir, "Since you have misunderstood me so hugely, a lengthy explanation becomes necessary. The Secretary of our Bhut¹ Club, Bhutnath Babu, has written in his diary, an essay on the disturbances created by the wayward thing, called Mind, which you have all read. I have added a few words just below his, which I shall read out with the permission of our members, as it will serve to clarify my thoughts."

With joined hands Kshiti said, "Look here, my dear Samiran,

* Translated by Indira Devi Chaudhurani from the original Bengali essay, entitled "Akhandata", in the *Panchbhut*.

1 A pun on the word *bhut* which means "ghost" as well as "element."

the relation between writer and reader is a natural one—you write as you like and I read as I like, there is nothing to be said on either side ; just as a sword fits into its sheath. But if the sword proceeds to establish a similar intimate relationship with unwilling flesh and blood, then the matter is not disposed of so naturally and pleasingly. The connection between writer and listener is equally unnatural and unpleasant. O Four-headed One,* whatever punishment you may mete out for my sins, in my next birth may I never be a doctor's horse, a drunkard's wife or an essayist's friend."

Byom tried to cut a joke and said, "As it is, friendship means a bond, on top of which if a bond is executed in writing then the knot is twice-tied, like a boil on a swelling, as the Sanskrit saying goes."

"I pray that two years' time for laughing may be granted me," said Dipti, "in the meantime, I shall try and master Panini's Grammar, the Treasury of Words and lists of roots."

"Bravo ! very well said, indeed," laughed Byom, greatly tickled. "That reminds me of a story."

Srotaswini here interposed with, "It looks as if you must let Samir read out what he has written. Samir, go on with your reading, don't pay any attention to what they say."

Nobody questioned Srotaswini's command. Kshiti even took down the diary himself from the shelf and settled down quietly in quite a harmless and helpless manner.

Samir began to read out : "Man is obliged to take the help of his mind at every step, hence he hates it. Mind is a great benefactor of ours, but it is so constituted that it cannot possibly live altogether amicably with us. It is always grumbling, giving advice, coming to preach and interfering with all our concerns. It is as if an outsider had been admitted into the family, whom it is both difficult to get rid of and impossible to love.

It is very much like the British Government in the homeland of the Bengalis. Our ways are simple and national, whilst their laws are foreign and complicated. They do good to us, but do not look upon us as one of themselves. Neither can we understand them, nor they understand us. The natural abilities that we possessed have

* The four-headed deity, Brahma,

been destroyed by their education, and now at every turn we cannot do without their help.

There are certain other resemblances between our mind and the English people. They have been living amongst us for such a long time, yet they have not become settlers in the country ; they are always anxious to fly away. They long to get a furlough at the earliest opportunity and sail across the vast seas to their native land. The strangest resemblance is this, that the humbler your behaviour is, the more you say, 'May it please Your Majesty', with joined hands, the more arrogant they become : whilst if you roll up your shirt-sleeves and shake your fists, if you disregard the commandments of Christianity and return slap for slap, then they become as mild as water.

Our hatred of Mind is so deep-rooted that we praise most highly those actions in which its influence is least apparent. It is true that our moral text-books speak against impulsiveness, but as a matter of fact we seem to have a sincere attachment for it. We don't like the man who carefully considers the *pros* and *cons* before proceeding to act cautiously, but people are fond of him who makes tactless remarks in a free and easy manner, and does the most reckless things with the utmost indifference. People go and ask for loans, when necessary, from the man who saves money extra carefully with an eye to the future, and think he is to blame ; but they go and volunteer to lend money, not always with the hope of being repaid, to the fool who spends whatever he gets immediately with open hands, without caring a thought for his own or his family's well-being. Very often it is thoughtlessness, that is mindlessness, which goes by the name of generosity, and the wise man who obeys the dictates of his conscience and lantern of reason in hand walks in the strait path chalked out by law, with a terribly grim determination,—is dubbed calculating, worldly-minded, narrow-minded and other opprobrious epithets.

He who can make us forget that we have a mind, is called a stealer of the mind. We call that state of mind Joy, in which we do not feel the burden of mind. We would rather overdrink and sink to the level of beasts, rather ruin ourselves, than forego that pleasure even if we have to lie in the gutter for a while. If mind were really our next of kin and behaved as such, should we have felt so ungrateful towards such a good friend ?

Why do we give a higher seat of honour to genius than to intelligence ? The latter serves us every day and every moment in a thousand ways ; without it we should have been hard put to it to preserve our lives whilst genius serves us only once in a way, and often does us disservice. But intelligence belongs to the mind, and has to count its steps while walking ; whereas genius breaks all mental laws and blows like the wind, paying no heed to anybody's bidding or forbidding.

It is because Nature does not possess this mind that she steals away our hearts. There are no wheels within wheels in Nature. The beetle does not dawdle lazily on the back of the cockroach and drain away its life. No foreign body has trespassed and become a nuisance in its immense household, stretching from the earth to the star-sprinkled sky.

Nature stands alone, a complete whole, free from all care and anxiety. On its infinite blue brow there is no sign of intelligence, there is only the eternal effulgence of genius. A perfectly beautiful cluster of flowers unfolds itself with the same ease and indifference that a fierce storm comes and goes, destroying everything like a happy dream. It seems as if every thing is being done at will and not by effort. That will sometimes caresses and sometimes injures, sometimes it sings like a loving nymph, at others roars like a famished ogress.

This singleminded and lawless Will-power possesses a powerful attraction for thought-stricken and doubt-ridden humanity. Loyalty to king and master furnishes an example. The number of people who have laid down their lives willingly for the sake of a king, who can give and take life at will, far exceeds the number of those who sacrifice themselves likewise for the law-bound kings of the modern age.

The minds of those who are born leaders of men are not evident. One cannot immediately grasp the why and wherefore, the reasons underlying their actions ; so sallying forth from their doubt-shaded, narrow cells, men swarm to sacrifice themselves in the flame of their greatness, like moths.

Woman is like Nature. She has not been divided in two by the advent of Mind. She is a complete whole, like a flower. That is why her movements and actions are so naturally perfect. And that is why for doubt-swayed man, woman spells "certain death".

Like Nature, Woman also is pure Will-power,—there is no

argument, judgment or reasoning in her composition. Sometimes she is the dispenser of food with four hands, at others she is out to destroy in her terrifying aspect.† With joined hands her devotees sing her praises : ‘You are the great Illusion, you are Will-power personified, you are Mother Nature, you are Force.’ ”

As Samir paused a second for breath, Kshiti remarked with a grave face, “Bravo, excellent ! But I swear by the hair of your head that I haven’t understood a single word. Perhaps, like Nature, I also am lacking in that faculty which you call mind and intelligence, but nobody has ever praised me for being a genius instead, nor is there any tangible evidence of my possessing the power of attraction in any great measure.”

“You talk like a Mahomedan,” said Dipti to Samir, “it is their scriptures that say, women have no souls.”

Srotaswini remarked thoughtfully, “If you use the words ‘mind’ and ‘intelligence’ synonymously and say we are lacking in them, then I cannot agree with you.”

“What I have said just now is not worth discussing seriously”, said Samir. “The *char** that the river Padma throws up during the early rains is all sand, one gets nothing by ploughing it over and over ; in another two or three rainy seasons when it is covered with earth, then it will respond to the harrow. Similarly, I have just enunciated a proposition, by the way, on the spur of the moment. The next spurt may wash it away altogether, or it may just possibly fertilize it with a layer of earth. Anyhow judgment should be reserved till after hearing what the defendant has to say.

Man’s mind consists of two parts. One is unconscious, vast, hidden and inactive ; the other conscious, active, restless and changeful ; like the continent and the sea. Whatever the sea restlessly hoards and discards is heaped up continually at the bottom in a solid, inert mass. Similarly, whatever our conscious mind daily collects and rejects is being stored in a huge secret receptacle unconsciously, in the shape of tradition, memory and habit. This is the lasting foundation of our life and character. Nobody can dive sufficiently deep into it to discover all its different strata. From

† Reference is made here to the two aspects of the Goddess *Durga*, as *Annapurna* (giver of food) and *Kali*.

* Tracts of rich alluvial land often found as islands in the great rivers.

above it is partly discernible, or else sometimes hidden depths are thrown up and brought to light by a sudden tremor of the earth.

It is in this vast continent that grains, flowers and fruit, beauty and life sprout with the greatest facility. It is outwardly calm and quiet, but a natural skill and secret vitality work unseen within its depths. The sea only swells and sways, it floats merchant-ships and sinks them, it collects and destroys extensively, its strength knows no bounds ; but it is wanting in vital force and fostering power, it cannot bear or rear anything.

If allegory is permissible, then I may be allowed to say that this restless, outward portion of ours is Man, and this vast, hidden, unconscious, inward portion is Woman.

This static and dynamic quality has been divided in society, between man and woman. All the earning and gleaning and learning and teaching of society finds a steadfast resting-place in woman. Hence, her natural intelligence, her inherent charm, her untutored skill. Woman has been created ages ago in human society. That is why her beliefs are so firm and old, and all her duties are performed so easily from ancient habit ; man is being constantly changed in the current of time in quest of temporary needs ; but the history of all these restless old changes is being stored permanently in woman, layer after layer.

Man is incomplete, disconnected, wanting in balance. And woman is like a song that is completed beautifully and roundly on a destined beat ; however many verses and trills may be added, that finishing beat comes and encircles everything in a round and complete boundary-line. The whirlpool spreads its circumference, while keeping in touch with a constant centre, that is why she can attract and assimilate whatever comes to hand so skilfully and gracefully.

This centre is not intelligence, it is a natural power of attraction. It is a point of unity. Where the thing called mind comes and peeps in, this lovely unity is shattered into bits”.

Byom here interrupted impatiently and began to say, “What you call unity I call soul ; its distinction consists in this, that it draws other things to itself and gives them shape and form ; whilst what you call mind is drawn towards other things, and breaks up itself and them in the process. Hence, the foremost stage of self-concentration is the confinement of the mind.

The comparison drawn by Samir between mind and Englishmen is applicable here also. The Englishman goes ahead and drives everything before him. His ambition knows no bounds,—even the sun is supposed to be unable to set after rising in his kingdom. And we cling to the centre like the soul ; we don't want to grab at anything, we want to draw everything closely around us and build it up. Hence, such a well-knit construction is evident in our society, our home and our individual lives. The mind accumulates, while the soul creates.

I don't know all the tenets of *yoga*, but one hears that through *yogic* power *yogis* were enabled to create. The creation of genius is similar. An innate power enables poets to subdue the mind, and half-unconsciously, as it were, by soul-force to somehow gather and store ideas, emotions, sights, sounds and colours, and construct them into a living and well-regulated whole.

The great things that great men do are also on these lines. Everything settles into its proper place drawn together, as it were, by a divine power and, falling into a pattern of line and colour, emerges as a complete and well-arranged piece of work. Not that the last-born, youngest and wayward child of Nature, called Mind, is altogether banished and punished, but it works as if hypnotised under the powerful magic spell of the higher and nobler genius. It seems as if everything is taking place by magic, as if all events and even outward circumstances are falling at random into their appropriate places by dint of *yogic* force. Thus did Garibaldi establish anew the broken kingdom of Italy, thus did Washington draw round himself the America divided by forests and mountains and build it into an empire. All these deeds are *yogic* performances.

As the poet creates his poetry, as Tansen used to construct his songs with melody, rhythm and time, so does woman compose her own life ; just as if unconsciously, just as if by magic. Father, son, brother, sister, guest and visitor, she binds them all together with a bond of beauty and arranges them artistically around herself ; with a skilful touch she builds a home with variegated materials ; not only her home, but wherever woman goes she encircles her surroundings with order and beauty. She invests her own speech and walk and dress and behaviour with an inexpressible form which is called grace. This is not the result of intelligence, but of undefined genius ; not

intellectual power, but the unerring, deep-seated power of the soul. The tune that reaches the exact spot, the word that finds its appropriate setting, the right action that is performed at the right time, all these are like a natural crystal fountain that gushes from the mysterious centre of the universe. That central plane should be called not unconscious, but super-conscious.

That which is beauty in Nature is genius in great and noble men, and grace in woman, that is what constitutes her womanliness. These are only different manifestations in different vessels."

After this Byom looked at Samir and said, "Well, what next? Finish your reading now."

"What's the good?" replied Samir. "You have finished what I had begun."

Kshiti said, "The doctor has finished what the *kaviraj* had begun, now it only remains for us to call upon the name of *Hari* and depart. I have never understood what is meant by mind, intelligence, soul, beauty or genius, but whatever hopes I had of doing so, have been shattered to-day."

As one unravels a tangled skein of wool slowly with bent head and careful fingers, so Srotaswini sat quietly and seemed to unravel these words in her mind with great care.

Dipti also was silent.

"What are you thinking of?" Samir asked her.

"I am wondering," replied Dipti, "how the genius of Bengali women could have produced such rare specimens of humanity as Bengali youths."

"The quality of the clay doesn't always guarantee success in modelling images of Siva," I said.

C. F. A.—“CHRIST’S FAITHFUL APOSTLE”

By MARJORIE SYKES

IN this article I propose to take up the study of Andrews from the date of his arrival in India, in March 1904, and to tell first the story of his inner personal life so far as that can be revealed to the eyes of another. To try to enter into his manifold and unwearied service of his fellow-men without first recognising the religious devotion which always inspired it, would be like studying the lighting system of a modern city without reference to the power-house. The form and colour of this religious devotion, though not its essential quality of single-hearted trust in God, were profoundly modified by the impact of Indian thought and experience.

On his arrival in Delhi Andrews found himself a member of a religious order, the Cambridge Mission Brotherhood—a part of the little Christian church of the Punjab, embracing alike the village peasant and the cultured Christian families of Lahore and Delhi,—and a teacher in the rapidly growing St. Stephen’s College which, in the persons of the non-Christian members of its staff and of its large body of non-Christian students, offered magnificent opportunities of contact with the best thought of India in both Hindu and Muslim traditions. He threw himself with characteristic enthusiasm and wholeheartedness into the work and life of each of these circles of friends. He left his mark on the intellectual and devotional life of the Cambridge Brotherhood of English priests. He pressed eagerly for the study in common of such challenging contributions to Christian thought as Schweitzer’s *Quest of the Historical Jesus*, a study to which he himself as leader made an enormous contribution by his seriousness and his profound theological training and knowledge. Another characteristic contri-

bution of even more lasting value was to plan a book of prayer for use in the daily services of meditation and intercession, observed in the Brotherhood. Its sterling quality is shown by the fact that it is still in regular daily use not only in Delhi but also in other similar religious communities in different parts of India.

The same insight and sympathy with regard to men's deepest needs and highest aspirations marked Andrews' contributions to the Christian life outside the Order. He became General Editor of a series of Commentaries on the books of the New Testament, planned specially to meet the needs of Indian readers and he entered into a careful and detailed discussion of the courses of study most helpful in the training of Indian Christian priests, pleading especially for greatly enlarged scope for study of the Bible in relation to the scriptures of the Indian faiths, and for corresponding reduction of the amount of time given to the study of purely Western manifestations of Christianity. Hand in hand with this contribution to thought went the practical contribution of his personality to worship. As Andrews read the stately and beautiful sentences of the Book of Common Prayer, the depth and truth of their ancient and familiar wisdom came upon his hearers with the power of a fresh revelation—a revelation made possible by the reverent awe in the reader's voice and manner. Familiarity with the things of God never, with Andrews, "bred contempt", nor dulled the sense of wonder; the artist-poet in him leaped in response to the poetry and drama of the Gospel; the result was that time and again the great realities imprisoned in the printed page were released at his touch into a vibrant life which has made the memory of such services an abiding inspiration to those who heard them. It was so in those years at Delhi and Simla, in the prime of manhood; it was so still on that sombre Sunday evening of September 1939, when the aged saint conducted Christian worship in Bangalore under the shadow of Great Britain's declaration of War.

Between 1906 and 1908 a young American Christian, S. E. Stokes, was making courageous experiments in Christian living in the villages of the Punjab. He had felt, as St. Francis did, the call to follow Christ in utter poverty, in service to the needy, in humble dependence on God for daily needs. He went out among the people as a Christian *bhagat*, carrying literally nothing except the few drugs which would enable him to offer them simple medical aid. He

suffered, and he won his way. Two young ardent souls in the Cambridge Brotherhood, C. F. Andrews and F. J. Western, felt the challenge of Stokes’ ideals, and prayed long and earnestly for guidance in their own duty. Western joined the new Franciscan Brotherhood, Andrews did not, but he remained all his life a close friend of its members and shared to the full their longing to be identified in Christ’s name with the poorest, the lowliest and the lost. The influence of their radiant idealism spread far and wide among young Indian Christians and missionaries in India, both through the Summer Schools which they united to conduct on the Simla hills, and through the channels of Andrews’ enormous correspondence and literary work.

This influence among Christians was by no means limited to the Anglican church of which Andrews, Western and Stokes were all members. The ten years which he spent in Delhi brought Andrews the new experience of a close friendship, based on common Christian loyalties, with men whose Christian traditions were very different from his own. As the years went by he grew more and more troubled at the ecclesiastical regulations which curbed his liberty of religious fellowship with such friends ; his love for his own church was burdened by a reluctantly acknowledged conviction that some of its credal statements were inadequate to his new experience of truth, and that its exclusiveness of ecclesiastical practice was ill-adapted to the real needs of Christian life in India. He threw himself eagerly into the movements, then afoot in Delhi, towards closer co-operation between the various Christian churches, and it was largely through his influence that the Baptist Mission, represented by Andrews’ friend, C. B. Young, instituted and gradually increased its co-operation with the Cambridge Mission in the work of St. Stephen’s College, which had hitherto been exclusively Anglican.

This college was the real centre of C. F. Andrews’ life during his ten years in Delhi. It was here, through the contacts it gave him with educated Indians, Christians, Hindus and Moslems alike, that he received from India the first great stimulus to his religious thought, as well as to much else that will appear in subsequent articles. Young India, as a whole, and the student world, in particular, had had its spirit “stabbed broad awake” by Japan’s significant military triumph over Russia, and this event had its repercussions in every corner of national life, in religious thought as well as political aspiration.

Andrews, like other great teachers, was filled with a conviction of the *wholeness* of life and knowledge, of which one corollary was the impossibility of separating off one department of reality, labelling it "religious", and keeping it in isolation from the rest. His lectures on English literature were full of the religious implications of his theme, the applications of the principles involved to life, the parallels between the situation the writer saw and the situation of his young readers in twentieth-century India. Many a class adjourned from the lecture hall to continue the discussion in less formal surroundings outside, or in C. F. Andrews' friendly and welcoming room. His classes in religion had the same vitality and immediacy of appeal. Andrews' own thoughts were continually occupied by the wide questions which the experience gained in such classes raised in his mind, and he shared his ideas freely with his able Indian Christian Principal and friend, S. K. Rudra. Under the leadership of these two friends St. Stephen's was the first Christian college in India to associate its non-Christian with its Christian staff in the courses of religious instruction, planned for its students, and to offer to its Hindu and Moslem students the opportunity for a serious study of their own faiths, along with the Christian, in classes arranged under college auspices. At the same time, Andrews' sensitive spirit was deeply concerned with the question of how far this Christian religious teaching ought to be compulsory for all students, how far voluntary. It is a tribute to the pioneering boldness of his thought that such a question should be raised at all at that time ; it is an even greater tribute that having raised it he finds no easy superficial answer either in universal compulsion or in complete freedom of choice, but goes down to the real root of the matter, discussing the religious policy of the college both in relation to the unitive ideal of the education of the *whole* man, which would be warped and impoverished by the exclusion of all reference to the spiritual aspect of reality, and in relation to the actual situation of Christian colleges in India and their duty to the community in which they are placed. His essay, hidden away in the archives of college Annual Reports, is still a valuable contribution to thought on a subject which is fundamental to Indian education as a whole, for the issues discussed have a relevance far beyond the borders of the Christian community.

This discussion of religious education was one result of the impact on Andrews' mind of intimate contact with other faiths than his

own. From the very beginning of his life in India he deliberately and eagerly cultivated the friendship of devout and cultured men of the Islamic and Hindu faiths. At Simla, in the summer of 1904, there were long walks with his teacher of Urdu, in which we may guess that Andrews made less progress with the language than in reverent understanding of the simple majesty of the Islamic faith. Before the year was out he had formed a close friendship with the aged Moslem saint and scholar, Maulvi Zaka Ullah, of Delhi, and through him with Nazir Ahmed Khan and other pioneer educationists of the Aligarh Movement. From such men, as they talked of childhood memories and the tradition of their families, Andrews learned much. The power to see the living hand of history in the present growth of a nation, which had first been awakened in him at Cambridge, responded to the fascination of the Mogul tradition at Delhi, and gave him an insight into the heritage of the city of his adoption which few foreigners have gained. He learned also to appreciate the currents of hope and idealism which had gone to the making of the Aligarh University, and his personality was at the centre of the friendly relationships which then sprang up between Aligarh and St. Stephen’s. These things and much beside were the fruits of the friendship with Zaka Ullah, but its roots were religious. The English Christian and the Indian Moslem had each in his own faith learned a deep trust in God, which had been tested and purified by sorrow and suffering, and each recognised in the other a kindred soul. Similar friendships were formed by Andrews in other communities. He sought with special eagerness to understand the inspiration of the Arya Samaj and of other living movements within Hinduism. At the Gurukula, at Hardwar, he became first a welcome guest, and then a trusted friend, and his own ardent spirit responded with quick and generous appreciation to the heroic quality of Swami Shraddhananda.

The enthusiasms of personal friendship were supplemented by very wide and regular reading. Andrews became a keen student of Indian history and a voracious reader of a wide range of newspapers and periodicals, which brought him into touch with what was passing in India, far beyond the confines of Delhi. (For, it must be remembered that between 1904 and 1913 Delhi was a comparatively insignificant provincial city, completely overshadowed in Punjab affairs by Lahore.) Prominent among these periodicals was *The Modern Review*,

of Calcutta, to which Andrews was a regular subscriber from its first number. Not only did he read, he also wrote. In a very short time his colleagues in the Brotherhood had recognised his gifts in this direction, and frequent mention is made in Mission and college reports of the desirability of setting him free from routine duties to devote more time to this work. His writings reflect his deep interest in Indian history. It is not the scholar's interest, concentrated on the elucidation of this or that particular aspect of a past civilisation ; but it is the interest of one who, trained in the methods of scholarship and deeply concerned for human welfare in a society developing towards a world-wide geographical unity, knows how to use the results of scholarship to interpret the life of the past, and seeks to illuminate the problems of one vast tract of space and time by the experience of another. Andrews read the history of India as the clue to the present and the key to the future, bringing to bear on it at every point his knowledge of the parallel history of Europe. It became one of his chief concerns that young foreign missionaries coming newly to India should realise the importance of serious study of this kind. In the missionary Summer Schools in the hills he gave series of lectures on Indian history, and he was frequently asked to give similar lectures in other towns.

Sooner or later, a man of such interests was bound to come into intellectual contact with Rabindranath Tagore. Andrews' first personal contact with the "renaissance" in Bengal would seem to have been when he attended the Calcutta Congress in 1906, but he did not meet the poet himself at that time. It is easy to imagine, however, what a delight and stimulus he must have received from the studies in Indian history which Tagore published in *The Modern Review* during 1907-9 and in subsequent years, with their deeply human approach and the high ideals which they embodied. He continued to read with deepening interest everything which the older man published in English, but it was not until they were in England simultaneously in the summer of 1912 that they actually met. The meeting was for both a turning-point in life. It was the genesis of a deep personal friendship, which was coloured, on Andrews' side, by the devoted reverence of a disciple towards his master. For Tagore, this gift of friendship from the West was a pledge and token that his high vision of human brotherhood, transcending barriers of race and creed, was

based on reality and capable of fulfilment. And Andrews sat and listened with a beating heart as Tagore described to him his own inner development, and the adventure in truly free and human education on which he had embarked at Santiniketan. For, in spite of all that he himself had done to bring St. Stephen’s College and the missionary circles in which he moved into touch with the heart of Indian life, he was chafing more and more against the barriers which ecclesiastical discipline and missionary traditions interposed between him and a fuller self-identification with the life of India. His mind eagerly seized upon an avenue of escape into a complete fellowship with Indians, for the realisation of an ideal conceived by an Indian genius, yet to which he, an Englishman and a Christian, could give his wholehearted support, such as he saw in the work of Santiniketan. The break with the Mission, however, was not immediate, and in the autumn of 1912 Andrews returned to Delhi. During 1913, whenever he was free from college duties, he began to visit Santiniketan and to make friends there, but before he finally severed his connection with Delhi another friendship, equally far-reaching in its consequence, had been begun.

For many years past Andrews had followed with intense sympathy the campaign for justice towards Indians in South Africa, which was being led with such power and patience by Mahatma Gandhi. In the autumn of 1913 the call came to him, through G. K. Gokhale’s campaign on behalf of South African Indians, to offer his personal services to their cause. With his friend, Willie Pearson, as companion he landed at Durban on January 1, 1914, and found Gandhi newly released from prison, waiting to meet him. In the discussion of policy on which the leaders at once embarked, the two men, so nearly of the same age, found themselves in deep agreement on the fundamental principles which should govern Indian action and, during the weeks that followed, the foundations of a lifelong intimacy were laid. All Andrews’ loving concern for the weak and the oppressed, which had sent him to live and work among the poor in Birmingham and Monkwearmouth, in London and Delhi, drew him into bonds of admiring comradeship with the heroic and tender spirit of Gandhi. From that time forward these two great friendships, with Tagore and Gandhi, were major factors in his relationships with India. Between what they taught him and what he had learned

and continued to learn from Christ there was constant and fruitful interaction.

In the early summer of 1914 Andrews finally resigned his position in the Delhi Mission and from that time onwards made Santiniketan his Indian home and the centre of his work. The nature of that work will be discussed later. For the present we are concerned mainly with his intellectual and religious development. The years of close association with Tagore gave him a new insight into two great worlds of thought, that of the *Upanishads* and that of Gautama the Buddha. Just as the beautiful spirit of a Moslem had revealed to him the living faith of Islam, so now through the beautiful and sensitive spirit of Tagore he entered into the living faiths of a more ancient India still, and in 1916, accompanying the poet to Japan and visiting Borobudur on the return journey, he saw anew the vitality of Buddhism. Those were years of pioneering and discovery, but they were difficult and often lonely years. As Gokhale had forewarned him, his Christianity had received a great shock in South Africa. It seemed to him that the Christ, he loved, had turned his back on the proud and exclusive 'white' churches and found his home among the meek and lowly of heart, who did not bear his name, whose thoughts of God were drawn from other teachers and traditions. For a spirit so wounded the sentences in the English Prayer Book, which seem to proclaim adherence to certain intellectual formulations of faith as necessary to salvation, became intolerable; and not many months after he reached Santiniketan he ceased to exercise his Orders in the Church of England; that is, he ceased to conduct services of Christian worship which might from time to time involve him in reciting the statements which wounded his conscience. His was a well-known, loved and honoured name in Christian circles in both India and Great Britain, and there was widespread bewilderment and concern when he withdrew from the conventional fields of Christian service at the very time when the deep impression made by his book, *The Renaissance in India*, on the students of English colleges was causing him to be looked on as the rising missionary prophet of the day. Misunderstanding of his action was inevitable among those who were ignorant of the tragic spiritual conflicts which led up to it, and of the heroic ideal which determined it, and there was some harsh judgment. It was said, and believed, that he had ceased to be a

Christian. The echoes of that slander can still be heard occasionally to-day. The pain which it must have caused him can be guessed at when we think of the unswerving devotion to Christ which was the mainspring of his life. At the time he said nothing, but set himself to fulfil the work which was given him to do.

A dozen crowded years followed and then, in about 1929, invitations came to him from both sides of the Atlantic to write down in book form the story of his life. The result was the autobiography, *What I Owe to Christ*, whose very title proclaims his central loyalty. From the date of its publication he was recognised to be one who, out of the travail of his own soul, could speak with authority about the meaning and purpose of life and the central experiences of religion to those who like himself had been nurtured in the Christian tradition. Moreover, his long years of affectionate and intimate association with non-Christians had ripened in an always sensitive mind the understanding of what *is* central and universal in the ventures of the human spirit, and of what is merely marginal or accidental. In this sure grasp of the central things lies the power of his books to speak to the souls of non-Christians also, as hundreds of letters from grateful readers testified. It is significant of all that he was that the request that he should write a life of Christ for Indian readers was first formulated by a Hindu. Andrews regarded with the utmost seriousness this service of souls through the written word, and no part of it more so than this writing of the life of Christ. But the great undertaking was never completed ; only a few draft chapters had been written when “Christ’s Faithful Apostle” laid down his pen for ever.

J. M. KEYNES

By KHAGENDRANATH BHATTACHARYA

KEYNES is a familiar name in the world of both economic theory and practice. Indeed, therein lies his real greatness ; for, economists are rarely gifted with the twofold virtue of keen intellect and abiding inspiration for action. Had he been only a theorist, the interest of the world in him would have been very much limited. If, on the other hand, he had been only a practical economist, the value of his contribution to the betterment of society would have lost much of its wider significance. The really unique thing about him, therefore, was that he illumined his intellect with a fervour for action, and it is this quality that gave him dynamism in character and earned for him a universal reputation.

Yet, the fact should not be forgotten that an intellect, illumined by inspiration, however fruitful in its final results, is in actual experience very difficult to integrate. In the early years of his career, therefore, Keynes had to face inner conflict, bitter disappointment and, at times, complete frustration. For, intellect and inspiration are almost contradictory. Consequently, for a long period he had to suffer for the existence of this element of contradiction in his own nature. It was only in the later period of his life that he integrated the two and achieved ultimate victory. Thus, like all great men, Keynes, too, had to pay a heavy price for greatness.

Traces of this inner conflict are first found in him when he was barely twenty-four years of age. A double first at Cambridge in Mathematics and Economics, and an Adam Smith Prizeman, he passed the Civil Service examination with great distinction. During

the years 1906-08, he was posted at the India Office, London. At that time the world was passing through a financial crisis. And as financial intricacies had for him always a greater fascination than the dull routine work of the office, he decided to resign from service, and after much hesitation he actually did so. Subsequent events have shown that he took the right step, though at that stage of his career the decision was by no means an easy one to make.

Keynes then returned to Cambridge as a Fellow of King's College, a position which he occupied till his death. In the calm, academic atmosphere existing there, far from the madding crowd, he applied himself to intellectual pursuits. In 1913 he published his first book, *Indian Currency and Exchange*, which is remarkable for its lucidity. Even after more than thirty years of its publication, it still remains the best treatise on that abstruse and least understood subject.

But he could not long remain in intellectual seclusion. The war of 1914 called him back to public life. His mastery of economic problems had attracted already wide attention, and so the Government offered him the post of Chief Representative of Britain's war-time Treasury. If he had been loyal to his intellect alone he would have declined the offer. But the idealism in him got the better of his intellect. The fact is that he was never satisfied with pure academic pursuits, for, he felt, that these without being implemented in action, tend to become "high and dry".

Keynes served the Treasury till the end of the war, but resigned from it in 1919, the year of the Treaty of Versailles. The circumstances leading to his resignation were not only historic—his resignation itself also made history. For, though on the political front, the Treaty produced Hitler, on the economic front it paved the way for the coming of Keynes.

As is well-known, in their first flush of victory, the Allies imposed exacting reparations on Germany. Keynes protested, not so much on grounds of humanity, as because of the economic absurdity of the whole reparation plan. With an amazing skill in argument, he pointed out that the huge reparations which were being imposed on Germany were not only unpayable, but that even if they were, they would spell common disaster for Europe and America. But it was all in vain. The Allies were not in a mood to hear him. In righteous indignation, therefore, Keynes dramatically

left the meeting of the Supreme Economic Council of the Peace Conference. The incident caused much flutter, though it produced no immediate salutary effect.

It was believed that Keynes would now withdraw possibly from the turmoil of human affairs and settle down in his *alma mater*. But his inspiration for action had not yet died down. On the contrary, it was re-vitalised. He saw with a prophetic vision that the policies pursued by the politicians would lead the world to economic ruin. Being too much of a fighter to take things lying down, he condemned in scathing terms, the Peace Treaty, and published in 1922 his famous book, *The Economic Consequence of the Peace*, which is considered a classic in economic literature.

The book forthwith drew world-wide attention. It ran into several editions and was translated into nineteen languages. Politicians and publicists poured both praise and ridicule on him. All the same, the economic clauses of the Treaty of Versailles were not changed and reparations were imposed on Germany. Thus though Keynes finally lost the battle yet he gained international reputation.

Before the storm had subsided, however, another significant event occurred. In 1925, under the leadership of Mr. Churchill, England decided to return to the Gold Standard. Keynes again protested. In his small book, *Economic Consequence of Mr. Churchill*, he pointed out with remarkable precision that the time was most inopportune for such a course of action. If England returned to the Gold Standard, he argued, time would soon come when she would again have to be off from it. The harm that would be done in the meantime would be simply irretrievable. However, once again he lost the battle, for Mr. Churchill stuck to his decision. But in the light of subsequent events, it was clear that it was Churchill who lost, because six years later, in 1931, England had to give up the Gold Standard, as will be shown presently.

Having been defeated twice at the hands of vested interests and political leaders, Keynes, for the time being, went into oblivion. For some years, he devoted himself exclusively to intellectual work and divided his time between Cambridge and Bloomsbury. At Cambridge he spent his time in editing the *Economic Journal* and writing several books, which came out in succession. *Treatise on Money* was published in two volumes in 1930, *Treatise on Probability* in 1931

Essays in Persuasion also published in the same year, and *Essays in Biography* in 1933. His home, in Gordon Square, became the centre of a galaxy of eminent persons, most of them hailing from Cambridge, including Virginia and L. S. Woolf, Clive and Venessa Bell, Robert Fry and Duncan Grant and an "assorted eminence of Stracheys".

Then came the year 1931 and Keynes, inspite of himself, was again in the limelight. The economic crisis which he had long foreseen overtook the world. There was an all-round depression followed by cataclysmic fall in prices. Trade collapsed and currency was dislocated. Germany defaulted and a moratorium had to be granted. England, to save herself, went off the Gold Standard, and many other countries, too, did the same. His predictions had thus come to be more than true, but even he himself must have been surprised at such startling accuracy of his forecast of events.

Henceforward, no longer was he the impatient critic battering his head against the wall of ignorant mind of arrogant politicians, but a prophet whose vision and wisdom stood head and shoulder above those of his contemporaries.

From this time onwards, Keynes became a power. He was not only heard with respect, but also promptly obeyed. On his part he, too, was not slow to suggest remedies. America modelled her New Deal on Keynesian technique and England re-organised her economic front on the basis of Keynesian analysis. Economic recovery started and the world was restored to equilibrium much sooner than it was anticipated. And so it came about that Keynes stood on a pinnacle of greatness when the Second World War broke out, in 1939.

From the very beginning of the hostilities Britain and Allied governments used the talents of Keynes for saving their countries on the economic front. He accordingly formulated policies and this time they not only accepted his recommendations but also immediately put them into effect straightaway. But for him the British people would have passed through an inflation, very much similar to the one which brought disaster to Germany in 1917.

At the end of the war, Keynes was engaged in the important task of reconstructing the world currency. He drew up plans for the successful working of the International Monetary Fund and the International Bank. The Anglo-American loan, which he had so

successfully negotiated paved the way for closer international collaboration between the two countries. But before his work could be completed the hand of death removed him from this world.

Such then was Lord Keynes, a genius among men. His life is, indeed, an instructive study in conflict and integration, in frustration, courage and eventual victory.

Maybe, as some believe, that the phenomenal reputation which he gained was conditioned by the history of the times in which he lived. And there is some force in this argument. But though Keynes' prediction of the economic crisis after the First World War arose out of historical conditions, yet the remedies which he suggested for avoiding future crises and trade cycles are not a mere historical phenomenon. They contain in them an abiding truth which rests on a pivotal principle. Briefly stated, the Keynesian technique of fighting trade depression is, that with a low rate of interest and planned budget-deficits, any society can be kept permanently in a semi-prosperous condition. This is almost revolutionary thinking. For, Trade Cycle is a phenomena which has perplexed the economists of all ages ; but whereas they solved the problem by side-tracking the main issue, Keynes not only analysed the causes thereof but also found remedies, with the result that the creation of a level of economic activity that can create conditions for "full-employment" is to-day no longer a hypothetical reality.

The Keynesian technique has provided a new tool for the economic reconstruction of the modern world, except only in Russia. It is discernable in the post-war budgets of all the economically advanced countries. Sitting in the Peers' Gallery in the House of Commons and listening to Dalton's first post-war budget speech, Keynes must have felt, indeed, that it was but an echo of his own voice.

By evolving a mechanism with which to ward off the much vexed problem of the Trade Cycle, Keynes has given to Capitalism a fresh lease of life. For, recurrent over-production and mass unemployment are the two most irremediable evils of the capitalist system of production, and the Socialists have always made much of these two defects and strengthened their position by holding out the promise of a society where there would be neither over-production nor unemployment. The Keynesian technique has, thus, completely

disarmed the Socialists, because now through planned budgets and a controlled rate of interest, capitalist society can maintain the level of full-employment and ensure prosperity.

But strangely enough, the Socialists claim Keynes to be as much their own as do the Capitalists. They often quote from his numerous writings to prove that he believed that Capitalism was in a state of constant disequilibrium. Be that as it may, one thing is clear that Keynes' technique has anchored Capitalism to a new harbour from where it can embark on longer voyages and without much danger ahead.

Keynes was not merely a great economist. He was also a philosopher. For, he regarded the economic problem as secondary and called the problem of want and poverty "a muddle and frightful muddle, a transitory and unnecessary muddle." And he lived in the hope that "the day is not far off when the economic problem will take the back seat where it belongs, and that the arena of the heart and head will be occupied or re-occupied by our real problems—the problems of life and of relations, of creation and behaviour and religion." As some one wisely put it, "This is the real Keynes speaking across the ages, looking beyond his pure theory of money and the trade cycle".

‘Truth when opposed becomes conscious of its
triumphant self.’—*Rabindranath Tagore.*

O SANTAL LAD*

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE

O Santal lad,
a youthful messenger
of the season of rains
darkling with dusky clouds,
You have come at last.

By the bank of the paddy fields
beside the shadows of the *sal* trees,
you pour forth your heart
to the far distant,
even like the far-reaching strains
of your flute.

The blue haze of the farthest east
has defined your delicate form
Your saffron cloth is radiant with the morning sun.
I know not in what early hour
You had left your gift of a *ketaki*
by my door,
O Santal lad.

My songs like a flock of white birds
wing their way with the flight of your song
on this rainy day.
We have met together
in the heart of the *tamala* forest,
restless with the stormy wind.
And so we go raising shadows
under the cover of the clouds,
You and I,
O Santal lad.

JAMIA MILLIA ISLAMIA*

By M. MUJEEB

MAN'S function, his destiny, is to create, not only things of beauty but even more : ideas, institutions, forms of life. We, therefore, find every movement for social reform and political liberty materialising in institutions that satisfy the urge to create. The Jamia Millia is the result of an urge that swept over our people in 1920, and its character still bears testimony to the nature of its origin. It embodies desires rather than their planned fulfilment, an urge forward rather than critical appraisal of achievement. Modern organisation has a prejudice, inspired by capitalist enterprise, in favour of all that is mechanically perfect. But society needs as well movements and institutions which are emotionally sound, and which aim not only at perfection of methods but at an enrichment of human nature.

The Jamia Millia was founded in 1920, at a moment of great emotional exaltation. That was not a time to ponder purely educational matter ; it could only be laid down that in policy and method the Jamia would always keep in view the economy, the cultural character and the emotional structure of a free and independent India. In 1928 the Society for National Education, consisting of members who had undertaken to serve for twenty years, was formed, and it became the governing body of the Jamia. Ever since then the Jamia has been a completely autonomous institution, preferring the hardships of an honorable independence to the enervating security of a Government grant that would frustrate its ambitions. It has also constantly endeavoured to revive confidence and faith in the culture and

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traditions of the Muslims, without denying what is true or rejecting what is useful in the knowledge and culture of the West. It is a religious institution, because of its profound reverence for religion and its belief in the supreme efficacy of the religious impulse as a creative and preservative social force. It is a civic institution in that it identifies moral and civic duty and fosters the public spirit and zeal without which civic life inevitably degenerates into futility and fraud. It is an educational institution because education is the foundation of all virtue, because religion, country, civic aspirations acquire depth and meaning only in the mind and character which is rightly educated.

The Jamia has sought to attain self-sufficiency as well as autonomy. It provides for education from the pre-Primary to the highest degree classes, though of course in the higher classes only a limited number of subjects can be taught. As a necessary part of its educational work it has set up a Public Library and Reading Room and a department known as the Urdu Academy, which organises public lectures and suggests and supervises the preparation of books on the arts and sciences. The publication and sale of books is entrusted to the Maktaba, which works on its own initiative and is a business enterprise on an almost independent footing. There is, further, a printing press conducted on similar lines as the Maktaba.

The Jamia has now two Primary Schools, a High School and a College. The number of students is still not very large, as numbers go in India, but all institutions which comprise the Jamia are filled to their utmost capacity. In the beginning it was suspected of all the fallacies and the eccentricities of which human imagination and conduct are capable ; now it is recognised by opinion and supported by contributions from all over the country. The idea of founding an educational colony at Okhla, six miles outside Delhi, may yet take long to materialise, but a beginning has already been made with two hostels and an institute for the training of teachers. As buildings these have been much admired and may serve to propagate their species.

Owing to the influence of their environment, the founders of the Jamia started with exaggerated notions of the significance of higher education. Happily the mistake was soon realised, and for the last eight or nine years the Jamia has been devoting most of its energy and resources to Primary education. A few of our young men,

who were able to get some training as teachers, took up this part of our work. The Story Method of teaching the mother-tongue in the Kindergarten and pre-Primary classes and the Project Method for instruction throughout the Primary stage were adopted according to need and by degrees introduced. Some of the necessary literature and apparatus was prepared by the school staff or a selection was made from already existing material. Improvements and additions are, of course, necessary and continue to be made, but it may be said that the school now lacks nothing that is indispensable.

Things that are natural or reasonable seldom strike the eye, and at first sight only little in the activities and methods of the Jamia will appear novel or remarkable. But he will find a new spirit at work. He will find respect for humanity, belief in spontaneity and freedom, and emphasis on activities that make the acquisition of knowledge the strong and instinctive impulses which it in reality ought to be. He will find the school a lively place, the children unconstrained and natural in their behaviour. They are responsible for discipline, they organise and conduct meetings held on the completion of their projects, and they have their own monitors and associations and a weekly *panchayat* (or court) to deal with delinquencies. The teacher is there, but not too much; the children do their work because they desire to do it.

The instruction is based very largely but not entirely on the Project Method. This does not mean that the method itself does not answer all needs. Quite the contrary. But it is something so radically different in principle from the prevailing system that compromises will have to be made till the parents give up measuring education with the usual rod. We cannot altogether discard text-books, we cannot ignore the standard of book-knowledge set by other schools—though at what cost to the child! We cannot refuse to teach English in the Primary stage. But we have been able to show such results that parents will soon consent to allow us the freedom we desire, and then there shall be no more compromises.

At present there are three to four projects in which the whole school co-operates and a few which are confined to certain classes. In the Shop and Bank Project only the boys of the fifth and sixth (or final) class participate. The Life of the Prophet, 'Id (Festival), Plants and Birds, Health, Gardening and Jamia Foundation Day are

projects in which all classes have their appropriate share. Records are kept of all the work done in connection with a project and are on exhibition for a year. Some of them have also been published for the benefit of other schools which may care to introduce the method.

Apart from the regular projects, which involve varied forms of activity, there are projects or enterprises suggested by some occasion, and they, too, help to stimulate activity and interest. On the last 'Id festival the boys of the Okhla School, being far out of the city, did not know what to do with the pocket-money which they had drawn from their Savings Bank. A 'Restaurant Project' was suggested, with the result that everyone had his fill of tea, cakes, sweets, fresh and dried fruits, a large number got practical lessons in mathematics, management, salesmanship and a little cooking, the Shop had enormous profits and the Bank recovered all the money it had paid out. Now that the Secondary School has also moved to Okhla a 'Children's Fair' is organised almost every year and has a large number of visitors.

It is unfortunate that so far Secondary education in the Jamia has not been able to strike out new paths. Attempts have been made to introduce the Individual Method, but the total absence of necessary literature has been an insurmountable difficulty, except in two subjects, the mother-tongue and mathematics. Lack of resources prevents us from giving manual activity its due share in the curriculum, although drawing, carpentry and book-binding are taught, and instruction in science has been made to centre round productive activity, constituting a department by itself known as the Jamia Chemical Industries. But, on the other hand, the fact that the mother-tongue is the medium of instruction makes a great difference; and were not the staff so overworked, it might have been possible by now to prepare enough literature for introducing and deriving full advantage from the Individual Method.

Difficulties and drawbacks increase as we go higher up. The Jamia has a small college, and a special syllabus of Islamic Studies, English and Social Sciences has been drawn up. It is as much as we can efficiently teach, but the standard is such that those of our students who have gone abroad to continue their studies have brought credit to the Jamia. As all subjects are taught in the mother-tongue, the students assimilate fully whatever they learn, and do not merely

acquire a thin veneer of alien culture that wears off as soon as the final examination is passed. We do not think the usual question we are asked, "What can your students do after they have finished their studies?" at all pertinent or deserving of an answer, because the insinuation is that Government service being out of their reach, they can do nothing to earn their bread. We think we have done our duty if our students go out into the world able-bodied, self-reliant young men, with a capacity to fulfil the responsibilities of any task and a heart for any endeavour. And in truth we have good reason to be satisfied. Our Primary Schools and our Maktaba (Publishing House and Book Depot) have been built up by our old students, and they have shown courage and perseverance where older men seemed to fail. Those who have not remained with us are doing useful work outside as businessmen, journalists and educationists.³⁴ Indeed, it is difficult for anyone who looks upon employment primarily as a form of social service to be idle, and in India there is far more to be done than in any other country.

A little must be said, in conclusion, on another aspect of the Jamia as a public institution. Our universities, being financially secure because of the grants they get from the Government, do not think it part of their activity to establish contacts with the people. The Jamia has deliberately chosen to depend on public sympathy and support and makes every effort to become part of the people's life. Its Academy organises lectures, publishes two magazines,—one academic, another mainly for children—; the office of the Hamdardane Jamia (supporters of the Jamia) issues a monthly bulletin regarding the progress of our work and the Maktaba another on the books of the month. The Academy has permanent subscribers to whom select publications are sent every month. Above all we endeavour to win public sympathy for our work, for the methods of education we have adopted and the ideals that inspire us. The success that has so far attended our efforts encourages us to hope that one day the dream that we should live in the people and they in us will be realised.

GEOGRAPHY OF ANCIENT BENGAL—I

By PRABODH-CHANDRA SEN

VANGA

It is well-known that VANGA was the name of a *jana* or tribe of people after whom the province of modern Bengal has eventually come to be known. But the Vaṅga tribe did not occupy the whole tract of land, now known as Bengal. They occupied only a part of it, the other parts being occupied by other *janas* or tribes. It was the *janapada* or the part of Bengal which was inhabited by the Vaṅga-*jana* that came to be known as the Vaṅga country or Vaṅga-*janapada*. Which part of modern Bengal, then, originally constituted the Vaṅga-*janapada* ?

It appears from the various literary references to the Vaṅgas that in an earlier period these people lived somewhere in Lower Bengal, forming the Gangetic delta ; but in a later period they seem to have lost their importance in that region and their name came to be confined to eastern Bengal, which is even now known as the Vaṅga country *par excellence*.

In early Sanskrit literature the Aṅgas, the Vaṅgas and the Kalingas are very often mentioned together ; and there are some reasons to believe that it is not merely for the sake of alliteration that they are so bracketed. Racial affinity and geographical proximity seem, at least to some extent, to account for this usage. In the *Mahābhārata*, ii. 44. 9, Vaṅga and Aṅga are referred to as forming one *viśaya* or kingdom. This seems to indicate that Vanga could not have been very far from the Aṅga-*janapada*. The Jaina *Bhagavati* also mentions Aṅga and Vaṅga together, though as separate states

(Weber, *Ind. St.* xvi, p. 304). Again, in a list of peoples in the *Baudhāyana Dharma-sūtra* (I. i. 30) Vaṅga and Kalinga are put together in a compound word (*Vaṅga-Kalingān*), while the other peoples are mentioned separately. This also shows, probably, that in the time of Baudhāyana Vanga and Kalinga formed one *viśaya* or kingdom. From this, then, it is permissible, perhaps, to infer that the Vaṅga-*janapada* was in early times situated somewhere between the Aṅga and Kalinga *janapadas*.

Furthermore, there are also other confirmatory references. In the *Mahābhārata*, ii. 30 (the account of Bhīma's *digvijaya*) Vaṅga is preceded by Puṇḍra and Kauśīkikachchha and followed by Tāmralipta and Suhma. That Vanga was really somewhere near Tāmralipta is corroborated by the fourth Jaina Upāṅga, styled the *Prajñāpanā* (Weber, *Ind. St.* xvi, p. 397 ; *Ind. Ant.* xx, p. 375) which makes Tāmralipti the *chief city* of the Vaṅgas. The account of the conquests of Raghu given by Kālidāsa (*Raghuvaṃśa*, Canto iv. 25-28) fully supports the evidence of the *Sabhāparvan* and the Jaina *Prajñāpanā*. Raghu conquered the Suhmas first and then he led his victorious armies against the Vangas, who were occupying the tract within the streams of the Ganges (*gaṅgāśroto'ntareṣu*), that is, the Gangetic delta. This fully agrees with the account in the epic, of Bhīma marching just in the reverse order ; after conquering the Puṇḍras Bhīma fought with the Vaṅgas and then he subdued the Suhmas. Again, after conquering the Vanga country in the Gangetic delta, Raghu had to cross the river Kapiśā, which is identified with the modern Kasai or Kansai that flows through the district of Midnapur, in order to reach the country of the Kalingas, his path being shown by the Utkalas. This indicates that the river Kapiśā was the western boundary of the Vaṅga territory and Kalinga was not far off.

Now, as the river Kapiśā or Kasai flows into the sea through the district of Midnapur, a little to the west of Tamruk or Tāmralipta, which in former times stood on the Ganges, it would be reasonable to suppose that in the time of Kālidāsa as well as in the time of the Jaina *Prajñāpanā* Tāmralipta formed part of the Vaṅga kingdom. On the other side of the Kapiśā was the country of the Utkala-Kalingas ; and this fact lends support to the conclusion already drawn from Baudhāyana's reference to the Vaṅga-Kalingas that

these two peoples most probably lived in close geographical proximity.

Thus, in former times Vaṅga comprised the tract of the Gangetic delta and sometimes included even the country round the city of Tāmralipti, extending at least up to the river Kapiśā. But, in later times, Vaṅga seems to have ceased to comprise the Gangetic delta and gradually came to denote eastern Bengal or the lower Brahmaputra Valley. In the *Daśakumāra-charita* (seventh or eighth century A. C.) it is stated that Dāmalipta was a city of Suhma, which shows that the Suhma country must have expanded so as to include that important city which, as said above, was included in Vaṅga even in the time of Kālidāsa. During the time of the Sena kings of Bengal Vikramapura, in the Dacca district, was a part of Vaṅga (*Vaṅge Vikramapurabhāge*). There is a statement in the *Sakti-saṅgama Tantra* to the effect that the whole region from the sea to the Brahmaputra was called the *Vaṅgadeśa* ; and as this river “till last century flowed round the south side of the Garo Hills, and then southward through the districts of Maimansingh and Dacca”¹, the above statement should be taken, perhaps, to mean the country on both sides of the Brahmaputra. For, if following Yaśodhara’s commentary on Mallanāga Vātsyāyana’s *Kāmasūtra*² Vaṅga is taken to denote the country lying to the east of the Lauhitya (*Vaṅgā Lauhityāt pūrvēna*), then even Vikramapura, (which definitely belongs to Vaṅga)³, or at least a large part of it as well as the modern district of Faridpur, which formed the Vanga country *par excellence*, would be excluded from Vanga, as those tracts do not, or did not in former times, lie to the east of the Brahmaputra river. Hence, perhaps, Yaśodhara’s statement is inaccurate.

In olden times, therefore, Vaṅga was really the country which is surrounded by the branches of the Ganges, that is, the deltaic tract of southern Bengal, and in later times this name denoted eastern districts of modern Bengal, which lay on both sides of the Brahmaputra. There is no evidence to show that, at least down to the time of Kālidāsa, Vaṅga stretched to the east of the Brahmaputra,

1 F. E. Pargiter, *Mārkeṇḍeya Purāṇa* (Bib. Ind.) p. 298.

2 Chowkhamba Sanskrit Series, Benares, 2nd edition (1929), p. 269.

3 The country of Bang included Sonargaon according to the *Tabakāt-i-Nāsiri*.

nor to show that in later times any portion of the Gangetic delta has been anywhere called Vaṅga.

UPAVANGA, PRAVANGA AND VANGALA

The question which naturally arises is, if the term Vaṅga really ceased to denote the Gangetic delta in later times, by what new name did this region, then, come to be known? There is some reason to believe that this region was called UPAVANGA in later times. In the *Digvijaya-prakāśa* of Kavirama we get this account of Upavaṅga,—“Upavaṅga extends over five *yojanas* to the east of the Bhāgīrathī and includes Yaśora and other regions which are covered by forests.” This clearly shows that the Gangetic delta, including the Sundarban region, the very region which was originally known as Vaṅga, latterly came to be designated as Upavaṅga or Vaṅga Minor. There is a reference to this Upavaṅga as early as the time of Varāhamihira's *Bṛhat-sambhitā* (Ch. xiv. 8) where Kalinga, Upavanga and Vaṅga are mentioned together, perhaps, because these three countries formed a belt along the coast of the Bay of Bengal. Further, in the *Mārkaṇḍeya* and the *Vāyu Purāṇas*, another people, known as PRAVANGA¹, that is, “those who are in front of the Vaṅgas”, is mentioned and this exactly fits in with the position which, as stated above, was occupied by the Upavangas. So one is justified, perhaps, in identifying Pravaṅga with Upavaṅga, the two terms having almost the same meaning. Pravaṅga seems to be again referred to in Bharata's *Nāṭya-śāstra*², where we find a list of eastern peoples which very closely agrees with that of the *Mārkaṇḍeya Purāṇa* (Canto lvii). The *Vāyu Purāṇa*³, which also gives a very similar list, mentions the Pravaṅgas together with the Vaṅgeyas, *i. e.*, the Vangas.

Again, in an Ablur inscription⁴ of Vijjala (c. 1145-1167) of the Kalachurya dynasty Vaṅga and VANGALA have been mentioned to-

1 Cf. *Pra-Suhma* (*Mahābhārata*, *Sabhā*, 80/16) : vide “Some Janapadas of Ancient Rājāṇa”, *Indian Historical Quarterly*, 1932, Vol. viii No. 3, pp. 521 ff.

2 Ed. by Joanny Grosset (1898) p. 224 ; Ed. by M. Ramakrishna Kavi (*Gaekwad's Oriental Series*), Vol. ii (1934), p. 209 footnote 6.

3 *Vāyu Purāṇa*, Bib. Ind., Vol. I., 45. 122.

4 *Ep. Ind.*, Vol. V, p. 257.

gether, thus indicating that these two terms denoted two geographical regions. This view is confirmed by the evidence of the Dākārṇava where Vanga is mentioned side by side with Vangālā. Thus the evidence of the Dākārṇava shows, as much as the Ablur inscription of Vijjala, that Vanga and Vangālā were two separate *janapadas*.

What part of the country was, then, called Vangālā, as distinguished from Vanga ? The Tirumalai inscription of Rājendra Chola seems to furnish an indication about the position of Vangālā. It is clearly stated there that the Chola monarch first came upon *Dakṣina* Rāḍhā, then he passed over to Vangāladeśa¹ and then after defeating the Pāla king, Mahīpāla, perhaps, at some place to the north of Vangāladeśa, returned (across the Bhāgīrathī) to *Uttara* Rāḍhā from where he proceeded to the banks of the great Ganges which, and not the Bhāgīrathī (*i. e.*, the modern Hughly) that forms the eastern boundary of the Rāḍhā country, was the great object of the campaign of the Chola emperor. Now, as this account of the northern conquests of Rājendra Chola speaks of kingdoms which were adjacent to one another, it is apparent that Vangāladeśa was in the immediate neighbourhood of northern and southern Rāḍhā, to the west of the river Hughly, which seems to have been the boundary between the two regions and to the south of the kingdom of Mahīpāla who, as is well-known, was monarch of Varendra or northern Bengal. This leads one to think that the Vangālā country comprised the deltaic portion of southern Bengal, that is, the country which lay between the streams of the Ganges (*Gangāsroto'ntareṣu*), which was formerly known as Vanga and later came to be designated Upavaṅga or Pravanga. Thus, it seems that the Vangālā country was identical with Upavaṅga or Pravaṅga². There is, incidentally it may be mentioned, nothing in the inscription to show that Rājendra Chola crossed the Gangetic delta in order to reach Vangāladeśa in eastern Bengal.

The king ruling in Vangāladeśa at the time of Rājendra Chola's invasion was Govindachandra, who has been taken by scholars to

1 Cf. Bhīma's progress from Vaṅga to Suhma, *i. e.*, South Rāḍhā.

2 The suffix *āla*, which is apparently un-Aryan and un-Sanskritic, seems to have been taken as an equivalent of the Sanskrit prefix *upa* or *pra*.

belong to the Chandra dynasty of eastern Bengal. However, from the Rampal grant of Śrīchandra, it is clear that the Chandras were originally kings of Chandradvīpa, that is, the modern district of Bakharganj and the adjacent regions on the seashore, though later on they became rulers of Vaṅga as well with a centre at Vikramapura. Govindachandra of the Tirumalai inscription may or may not have been a ruler of Chandradvīpa, but his dominions, as already said, seem to have extended up to the eastern limits of northern and southern Rāḍhā. Hence, it seems that Chandradvīpa was either an integral part of, or a separate district in the immediate vicinity of, Vaṅgāladeśa of which Govindachandra has been called the king in the inscription.

(*To be continued*)

History slowly smothers truth
 but hastily struggles to revive it
 in a terrible penance of pain.

Rabindranath Tagore

PLOT AND THEME

A NOTE ON BENGALI FICTION

By BUDDHADEVA BOSE

THE last time I sat at Rabindranath's feet, I heard him talk on the sequel to *Jogajog* as he had thought it out but was never able to write. The synopsis of the story, the development of the leading characters, a sentence or two of essential dialogue, the drama, the tension and the crashing *finale*—all, all in a brilliant torrent of words. At that time, death was only three months away—an unrealisable, or rather an inadmissible, proximity. Yet did I feel a certain uneasiness, a certain hidden pang that this was perhaps the last time I should be looking on this image, this marvellous image of the Poetic Being ; and, therefore, all the time he was talking, I was perhaps more intently engaged in *seeing* him, in hearing his voice rather than listening to the words he uttered. In fact, it seems to me now that I did not listen at all : else how is it that I remember nothing of the discourse except one or two words here and there ? Nor do I rue it ; in a sense I think it just as well. For *Jogajog* does not—and only a few of Rabindranath's stories do—belong to that class of fiction in which it would not be disastrous to sever the skeleton from the body, the substance from the form, the 'plot' from the writing of it.

The above process is permissible only in stories containing definite anecdotes, anecdotes that would have some value even if indifferently written or repeated by word of mouth. Of this class Maupassant's *The Necklace* is a glorious example. But Rabindranath's stories are more essentially his : in his case, the story and the writing of it are identical. If Maupassant, before undertaking the process of

transcription from brain to paper, had told some friend the *story* of *The Necklace* (to take one typical example), and if that friend had been enterprising, ambitious and not over-conscientious, it would have been possible for him to misappropriate quite a coverable fraction of Maupassant's reputation. The story, in this case, being all in all, and the words only an indispensable clothing, the supreme excellence of those words is not an invariable condition of success. In other words, it cannot be argued that Maupassant, and none else, could have written *The Necklace* : granted the good luck of this extraordinary piece of invention, nearly everybody could put it into at least a workable shape. On the other hand, the novels based on stories which Rabindranath in his plenitude had given away to Bengali writers of the last generation can in no way be compared to *Galpaguchchha* : the difference is immeasurable. For a story conceived by Rabindranath but not written by him, our only prayer should be that it be lost, lost for good. And this holds also for the second part of *Jogajog*.

Fiction easily falls into two classes : stories of plot and stories of theme. The difference between the two has been well brought out by the English poet, Walter de la Mare : a plot can never be repeated, whereas one theme might engender numerous and various works, of which each is distinctive and each different from the other. Let us press this point further and say that a plot is born once and once only, so that when it dies, it dies for ever. It must be added that the majority of plots are not born, but made, or rather, manufactured ; the staple fiction of the world, displayed sumptuously on railway stalls, might be said to represent a manufacturing district with its Mayfair of Maurice Dekobras and its East End of Edgar Wallaces. Considering the work of these authors, one has again to conclude that plot is sterile and entirely bound up in itself. All is over with a crime story as soon as it is made ; and in order to write another, one has again to arrange the jigsaw puzzle in an unprecedented manner. That accomplished, little remains to be done, for the merit of the work, whatever that may be, lies in the very fact that it is unprecedented. Such works, therefore, are results of purely cerebral activity ; they are dissociated from the author's mind, from his *being* ; and it does not much matter how the story has been written or who the writer is ; enough if one can produce a concatenation of events such as has

not been before. If one is too busy, or too lazy, or if the appetite of fiction-gorgers is gargantuan, one might get the writing if it is done as well by some other person : Edgar Wallace, it is said, actually did so towards the close of his career. But of course this is not the only aspect of the story of plot, for it can change abode from the brain's workshop to the intellect's tower, from blood-and-thunder to romance, and from romance to realism. Yet even at its highest it does not change character ; it is valid once and for once only, so that any resemblance between any two stories, even if accidental, makes the chronologically later liable to suspicion. In fact, this is the only sphere of literary activity where the question of plagiarism is not altogether irrelevant.

A theme, on the other hand, is of infinite progeny. The same theme may be traced from the earliest to the latest literatures, flowing and circulating in numerous shapes and names all over the world, and still it is endless and inexhaustible. A plot, once allowed on board, must take upon itself the duties of the captain, whereas a theme is the steam, is simply the power that makes the vessel move. It provides impulsion (inspiration, in old-world phraseology), but claims nothing for itself : it leaves the intellect of the writer where it should be, that is, in control of the engine. To change the metaphor, the nature of a theme is not dissimilar to that of water ; it is indivisibly continuous, one can never say that here is the beginning and here the end, and thus it is perpetually new. Like water, it changes colour and shape in accordance with the container : as we move in time, place and mental climate, it is possible to have such unanticipable variations of the same theme as are commensurate only with infinity. How many memorable works in the world's literature have just jealousy for their theme ! Or, for that matter, the much defamed 'eternal triangle' ! What incalculable richness of human genius is revealed by even a brief survey of any one of these ! We must pity those who, on coming upon *Ghare-Baire* after *Anna Karenina*, put down the book saying : "Oh, the same old triangular stuff !", and weep for the sweated toil spent upon finding out points of resemblance between *Jogajog* and *The Forsyte Saga*. For, the subject is only an occasion, a provocation, perhaps, the exciting factor with whose aid the author expresses that mind of his which in each case is unique. The mind, we all know, is not manifested except through the body, and yet the body is not the mind : in the same way, a

thematic story cannot do without some sort of a 'plot', and yet the plot is not the story. Therefore, it is not bound to be 'different' each time ; on the contrary, resemblances with works of the past, present and future are taken for granted, and naturally with many such as the author did not, or could not, see or hear of. It has no need to be 'new' in the sense a manufactured commodity is—for true originality is only a reflection of the writer's individual mind—and the services of the mechanical brain or inventive cunning are easily dispensed with. It is only a machine that can be really unprecedented ; all living things, all organic substances have a past—a past which is not an obstacle to newness but rather a means to attain it. Mere plotcraft cannot take cognisance of this past, so that in most cases it has to depend on cleverness alone ; which is an excellent means for those who have not lit the lamp of the intellect, but have quick brains and a ready pen. If three such men write out the same plot, we should have three interchangeable versions of the same story, of which the best-written might be retained and the others rejected without any loss. On the other hand, when the same theme, garbed by essentially the same story, brings forth three different works from three different intellects, the similarity between the three will not be apparent at all ; it will never strike anybody that one is a repetition, or a substitute, of the other, or that one has detracted an iota from the other's merit. And though we may analyse them and discover a fundamental unity, to our perceptive mind each will be irreplaceable and supreme. Are not the stories of *Hamlet* and Maupassant's *Pierre et Jean* fundamentally the same, and of *Othello* and *The Kreutzer Sonata* ? If--a fantastic conjecture !—Rabindranath had written *Madame Bovary* and *Jude the Obscure*, what could he have written except *Payla Nambar* and *Shesher Ratri* ? And in these cases, we cannot think of abandoning the one for the other ; we do not even *feel* any relation between the two ; on the contrary, the two worlds appear to us utterly dissimilar. Here, each author represents a world of his own, and sometimes these worlds, like different planets belonging to the same sun, shed light on one another, and sometimes they are like two suns in the spatial infinities with an immeasurable distance lying between. Perhaps it should be added that the difference between Shakespeare and Tolstoy is of the first order, and that between Rabindranath and Flaubert or Hardy of the second.

It is not only that the same theme has served its turn with different authors, it is even not rare to find the same author treating the same theme over and over again. Of this many of the great are examples : here let us pursue Rabindranath. Rabindranath has two stories about a little vagrant boy whom a family found easy to be kind to but not so to accept, and three about the agony of a woman who has to gaze on as her husband succumbs to the attraction of another ; and each of these affects our minds in different ways. Starting from the same point, they have journeyed along the dim-lit tunnels of the unconscious, discovering the fabulous geography of the mind—here a mountain, there a cave, and there the hot molten metal of human passion. Such stories are new and newly perceived each time : but Maupassant himself could not have written *The Necklace* twice. Where there is a theme, the ‘plot’ is more or less like the words in our classical music—something one cannot quite do without, but of which a very little suffices. That it need not even be the author’s own invention is a measure of its insignificance. In all well-known narrative and dramatic poems, or nearly all, the stories are borrowed from epic, history or folk-lore, a singular exception being those epics themselves, but what is an epic except a collection of current history and folk-lore ? Shakespeare, as everybody knows, stole plots for thirty-six out of his thirty-seven plays. Indeed, it would appear that invention of plots is really the journeyman’s job ; the master has no time for it ; and thus it is that we seldom find in poetic drama a story that had not been heard before.

Bankimchandra, the first Bengali novelist, introduced the story of plot, and for rather a long time, Rabindranath reverentially followed him, and that, one must say, in violation to his own nature. Else, how could he, after the daring psychological adventure of *Chokher Bali*, lapse into the crude coincidences of *Naukadubi*, and allow obstreperous events to disturb the purity of his vision ? Despite *Gora*, where he succeeded in combining intellectual sanity with an almost sensational plot, this conflict between nature and habit, between current literary fashions and his own inclinations darkened many a page of his earlier fiction. *Galpaguchchha* is representative of several types : there are stories of outright plot and pure psychology, of mystery and fantasy and of parable-like simplicity. Rabindranath, in this period, did not despise plotcraft : rather, he served it faithfully

and long, and went to the length of devising a few 'thrilling' plots, though, thanks to his innate poetry, the stories became thrilling in a different sense. All the time, however, he was struggling to free his mind from the fetters of plotcraft, and sometimes, in the attempt, went over to the other extreme and wrote brief essays in psychology, or parables, much too disembodied to be stories in the proper sense. The gates of the Tagorean heaven were flung open only where his nature triumphed completely, where he eschewed plot, but retained form, where incidents were left out, but the story did not suffer in warmth or colour. Such a story is *Kabuliwalla* and such, to a higher degree, is *Nashta Neer*. One small fault we have to find with *Kabuliwalla* is that we have to make a detour of the prison-house to reach the paradise of the father's heart ; but *Nashta Neer* is flawless ; for there is not a single moment when incidents cast a shadow on its crystal. *Nashta Neer* illustrates, as very few stories do, how much omissions can express and silence convey.

Sabujpatra emboldened Rabindranath finally to throw plotcraft overboard. The theme grew increasingly prominent, but this did not yield equal results in every case. The concentration of *Chaturanga* is as remarkable as the prolixity of *Ghare-Baire*. In *Strir Patra* the theme got better of the form and made of it altogether an essay. *Payla Nambar* is the only story of this period in which form and content are perfectly harmonised—unless we take the first chapter of *Chaturanga* as a story by itself, which we as well might. *Chaturanga*, it is true, is an excellent piece of harmonisation, though it must be admitted that the subsequent parts have not the terrible inevitability of the overture. Hitherto, Rabindranath's fiction had consistently followed the course of simple, unaffected narrative, but as soon as he abandoned plot, he started experimenting with *form*. Letters, dialogues, diaries ; the tender whispers of *Shesher Ratri* where the lines of narration, few as they are, seem out of tune ; the dramatic breathlessness of *Chaturanga*. But this interest in the form of fiction came to a rather abrupt end, one is inclined to think that it started and stopped with *Sabujpatra* ; and for some years the Poet did not write a single prose story. When, in his seventies, the stream began to flow again, he appeared determined, more than before, to give new forms to fiction. *Shesher Kavita*, when it first appeared, stunned us with its word-wizardry, so that it took us long to realise that what was

truly Rabindranath's achievement in it was the discovery of a new *form*, a form 'loose but distinguished', like Amit Raye's European clothes, a form of fiction that exclusively claims the pen of a poet, where poetic energy, all that it is and means, may fully be released to unending advantage. It is this form that has negated the obvious faults of the book : its looseness of construction, its lack of balance, its adolescent conclusion—not only negated them, but partly turned them to virtues, so that a new mode in Bengali fiction has sprung from it. Tagore himself in his last years hardly wrote any prose which was not in some way or other, reminiscent of *Shesher Kavita* ; only *Jogajog* stands out toweringly aloof. Here Rabindranath had taken a really great theme, and had made gigantic preparations, but, alas, the book opens on a birthday of the 'hero', goes back to recount the past, and closes just as his mother is expectant with him, though 'expectant' is hardly the word here. That Rabindranath, who has throughout seen to the end whatever he has undertaken, permitted himself to leave this only work incomplete, is one of the major misfortunes of our literature, for *Jogajog*, if completed, would probably have been the crown of Bengali fiction.

There is a further reason for lamenting this. From the beginning, the Bengali novel has been led astray by the ideals of the English novel of the nineteenth century : Rabindranath himself could not help but bear the fruit of Bankimchandra's *Poison Tree*. If Kaliprasanna Sinha had lived long enough, or if our grandfathers had admired the Bronte sisters instead of George Eliot, or if they came in direct contact with French literature instead of imbibing English prejudices about it—if any one of these possibilities had materialised, then, by now, our novels might have reached up to our short story, and our short story to our poetry. No doubt our novels are the weakest part of our literature, and the reason is a grave misconception about the art of the novelist. A novel, we have thought, must have a great number of pages, a great number of characters and incidents, plenty of room for current topics and, along with these, a structure loose enough to permit serial publication in magazines. This notion has once produced the grandeur of *Gora* and often the shipwreck of *Shesh Prashna*. The Victorian novel of England has been a particularly unsuitable model for us, because scope for events and variety is limited in Bengali life, very much so. From the beginning, our

tendency should have been towards psychology, for, however narrow the ambience, the mysteries of the human mind are always and everywhere infinite. If with our own material in hand, we had aimed at form, proportion, construction, instead of invention, surprise and mere bulk, we could have made up in sincerity what we lacked in range. But the seductions of Scott and George Eliot ruined that chance : we looked outside ourselves and not inside, we regretted the thinness of our accessible material, and in our attempts to produce lengthy and eventful novels, mistook the unnatural to be wonderful and the unbelievable to be original. This has meant a considerable waste of our literary energy from Bankim's time to this day ; and, what is more, has beguiled authors to be their own works' executioners. What a pity to think that, of the few memorable novels we have, many have been dragged by their authors to the gallows of sequels : would, we ask, the last two parts of *Sreekantha* have been possible, or *Aparajita* after *Pather Panchali*, unless length was thought synonymous with excellence ? This false ideal is still leading us, so that, despite our manifest success in the short story and the short novel, we are still being tempted to write voluminous novels with complicated plots. When they are published, we are asking one another what is wrong with them, and are tirelessly repeating one another's mistake.

No, our conception of the novel must change. It won't do any longer to think of it as a hold-all for our literary wayfaring—a capacious hold-all in which we might pack up our ideas and prejudices about the external world. We must learn to think of it as an art, a fine art. Let us banish from it journalism, polemics and pious plans for a better world ; let the novel aim not, like newspapers, at merely today, but, like poetry, at posterity. The time has come to say good-bye to the formidable H. G. Wells and his brood, and boldly declare that in their mighty hands the novel has become a poor day-labourer, worked nearly to death. If it is to live again, it must, first of all, be released from the clutches of those who are either lackeys of public fancy or ministers of public welfare. Why should not the novel free itself from the temptations of a plot, why should it languish under a ponderous mass of material, why tolerate haste, patchwork, irrelevance ? Why should it not seek the fire in the flint, the symbol in the representation, and in the process, be beautiful, completely

harmonious ? Very often, what we admire in a novel is the author's virtuosity, and most people confuse virtuosity with art. A work of art is of a piece, which novels, even celebrated ones, seldom are. Here there is a certain strain, here a little disorder, here, we feel, the author has gone out of his way, and here he does not know what he is talking about. In making these remarks, I am thinking specially of English literature, for, the English novel has always been rather deficient in form, and it is only rarely that we find in it the noble architecture of Thomas Hardy or the subtle weaving of Virginia Woolfe. Here, too, as in many other fields, we have done ourselves harm by trying to imitate typical Anglo-Saxon manners.

Another thing. The medium of literature is language, and in literary art, language has a value of its own, irrespective of the matter it embodies. It is possible for the same reader to enjoy such dissimilar authors as Vidyapati and Bharatchandra, or Rabindranath and Pramatha Chaudhuri, only because each of these is in his own way a master of language. In novels, generally speaking, this mastery is least to be found. Of the great masters of English prose, the majority are not novelists, or, at any rate, not novelists only, but poets at the same time, or simply essayists, or poet-essayists. And this is true also of Bengali literature. The reason for this is that, most of the time, the novelist is a slave to plot : the telling of the story is his chief concern, and if he can somehow manage that, he can get off with a hundred faults of style. The reader, absorbed in the 'strong' plot, has little time to notice anything else. It is not uncommon to find in the works of our own novelists—I mean the quite respectable ones—bad grammar, dead sentences and useless adjectives, not to speak of mere mannerisms ; yet not only is the general reader unaware that anything is wrong, but those who call themselves critics are unperturbed. This has led to a corruption in taste which, in its turn, is causing further deterioration in our prose.

Really now we must wake up to the fact that a novelist is an artist, an artist in words, in prose, and as such, rhythm, order and beauty of language are his concern, in the same way as, if not as much as, the poet's. If, in prose as in poetry, we learn to value words for their own sake, that is, to pay proper attention to the *sound* of words, the form of our novel will change rapidly and radically. This is what the later Rabindranath did ; his prose claimed of him the

same scrupulous care as his poetry, so that he may be said to have reversed Ezra Pound's dictum and asserted that prose must be at least as well-written as verse. And, indeed, his later prose is memorable and even memorisable, is such as we might taste on our tongues, and murmur to ourselves, and read a hundred times over and yet feel we have not quite done with. This prose, the oftener we read it, the more we get out of, for it is inexhaustible as poetry is, and prose should be. To pursue this ideal in prose is to relieve the novel of the repressive burden of events and comments, and once that is done, it will become slender and graceful in shape, it will reveal and not merely report, and take on beauty instead of bulk. In our language, Rabindranath has created certain forms of fiction leading to these results, certain patterns of prose where these conditions have been fulfilled, and the redemption of Bengali fiction lies this way.

“When I am writing a story, my contemporary experience is woven into its fabric and also my personal likes and dislikes. But their coloured threads, tinged with life's own colour, are simply the materials which the artist has in his hands to use. If you read any object into the work, it is not mine but your own”.

Rabindranath Tagore

TORU DUTT

By PRAMILA CHAUDHURI

THERE have always been outstanding women in Indian life throughout the centuries. Some have achieved recognition in their own times, others have had to await the verdict of posterity. Some, again, have been widely known and recognized beyond their own country, while others, though they have influenced only a few of their fellows, have yet been outstanding in every sense of the word. Toru Dutt comes into the latter category. Her fame is established, if not widespread. The French critic, Darmesteter, says of her :

“This daughter of Bengal, so admirably and so strangely gifted, Hindu by race and tradition, an Englishwoman by education, a Frenchwoman at heart, poet in English, prose writer in French ; who at the age of eighteen made India acquainted with the poets of France in the rhyme of England, who blended in herself three souls and three traditions, and died at the age of twenty-one in the full bloom of her talent and on the eve of the awakening of her genius, presents in the history of literature a phenomenon without parallel.”

There can be no more accurate summing up of the life and work of Toru Dutt than this.

Toru Dutt was born in 1856. She was the youngest of the three children of Mr. A. C. Dutt, having a sister and a brother. Mr. Dutt came of an old and distinguished family. He had been greatly influenced by the influx of higher education into Bengal. This education was given in English and so he and his fellow-students had acquired a command of that language. At one

time he held a good post in the Government of India, but he resigned from this after a short time, and devoted himself to the cultivation of literature. He and his many friends formed a select circle, who were interested in art and literature and all the various events and movements of their time.

Mr. Dutt's family had become Christian in his father's time, and he was a devout follower of his creed. He did not believe, as many of his countrymen did, that the English education served only to undermine the ancient faiths cherished in India, but saw in it the hope of a renewed intellectual life and a means of uplift for the country that he loved so well.

Toru was, thus, brought up in an atmosphere of pure belief, broadminded ideals and unswerving patriotism. To this was added an all-pervading love for, and appreciation of, literature and music. She was also skilled in all the domestic arts and, though her literary studies were the mainspring of her life, she never despised the little things of everyday. Her home was in Calcutta, and up to the age of thirteen she lived either in the family house at Rambagan or in the garden-house of Baugmaree, away from the town.

Her brother died in 1865, and this sorrow drew the family even closer together. Life went on as usual until, in 1869, Mr. Dutt decided to take his wife and daughters to Europe. This was something almost unheard of at the time. They left India in 1869 and went first to Nice, where Toru and her sister were sent to a French school for a few months—the only school to which they ever went. There Toru's love of France and its literature was born. The next step on the journey was Paris where a prolonged stay was made and much enjoyed. The family then moved to London. Here they met many of the well-known people of the day, and gained many friends and admirers. "Literary work and religious studies were still the sole occupations of Govind Dutt and his family", says their cousin, Mr. R. C. Dutt, but they seem to have included many other things in their stay.

Toru and her sister were fond of reading novels. Once the former told Lord Lytton, who asked them to read more history. "No, novels are true and histories are false." This remark was later quoted by Mlle. Bader in her preface to Toru's book, *Le Journal de Mlle*

d' Anvers, as showing that the authoress was a true daughter of the poetical Hindu race, who preferred legend to history.

In 1871 the family went to Cambridge. Here the two sisters attended the Higher Lectures for women with zeal and enjoyment. Their wide knowledge of European life and thought was further increased. The free life of the students there also appealed to them. And the days, passed in Cambridge, stood out in their memories with a cameo-like distinctness.

The Dutts returned to India in 1873. The four remaining years of Toru's life were spent as Edmund Gosse says, in "a feverish dream of intellectual effort and imaginative production." As before, her days were passed partly in the town and partly in the garden-house. She began to learn Sanskrit, a far-from-easy language to master, and devoted herself to translations from the French and essays on various French writers. She also wrote a short novel in French. The wide range of her reading in this language is astonishing.

In 1877 she came across a copy of *Women in Ancient India*, by Mlle Clarisse Bader. She wrote at once to the author for permission to translate this into English for the benefit of the Indian readers. Mlle Bader willingly gave her consent and letters were exchanged between the two authors, which showed a mutual esteem and affection that would have ripened into a warm friendship, had Toru lived longer.

While in England Toru became friendly with a girl of about her own age, Mary Martin, daughter of the Vicar of St. Andrews the Great, in Cambridge. On her return to India she kept up a very steady correspondence with her friend. In these letters, which luckily have been preserved, we see her as "the living, breathing woman." We learn of her life in the garden-house, surrounded by her pets—animals of all kinds, ranging from horses, dogs and cats to birds and guinea-pigs, fishing in the ponds and playing croquet. We read of her interest in the smallest domestic details, and of her passionate appreciation of scent and colour. Her remarks on contemporary events, both at home and abroad, are full of shrewdness and show the wide range of her powers of comprehension. These letters are natural and sincere with a certain quiet humour in them. They also tell of her students and literary output, showing how

keenly she devoted herself to them, in spite of her failing health, and she forced herself to go on with them even when in pain and sorrow. They show her modesty, her courage and her fortitude, worthy of her intelligence.

In 1874 her sister, Aru, who had been ill for a long time, died of pthisis. The shock of her sister's death weighed heavily on Toru who, herself was threatened, and later overcome, by the same fell disease. She tried to comfort her parents, but she who had, when in England, been described as "beaming and vivacious, abundant curly hair falling over her shoulders, dark eyes full of fire, a picture of health and strength", grew gradually weaker. She did not, however, give way, but struggled on to the end. The frail body at last succumbed and she died in 1877.

Such are the principal outward events of a short life, which was sedentary from necessity and unremittingly industrious from choice. But they give little indication of the rare character of her intellect and imagination.

Turning now to Toru's literary activities and achievements, her first work, which was a monograph on Le Comte de Lisle, was published in 1874, in a Bengali magazine, It was followed by another on Josephine Scudery.

In 1876 *A Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields* was published by the Bhawanipore Press. A copy was sent to *The Examiner*, a London paper. Edmund Gosse, the well-known man of letters, described it thus at the time :—"a thin and sallow packet with a wonderful Indian post-mark on it a shabby little packet that seemed destined to find its way hastily into the waste-paper basket." But when he opened it, what was his surprise and "almost rapture" to come upon the following lines :

"Still barred thy gates ! The far East glows,
The morning wind wakes fresh and free !
Should not the hour that wakes the rose
Awaken also thee ?"

The *Sheaf* consists of translations from nearly one hundred French poets, mostly romanticists of the nineteenth century, a wide range for a girl of twenty. The translations have much that is

individual and beautiful. They are a wonderful mixture of strength and weakness. To quote Gosse again, "The English verse is sometimes exquisite and at other times the rules of our prosody are completely ignored," while Edward Thompson remarks, "It is hard to tell which to admire more, the range of reading, or the independence and masculinity of criticism." The notes attached to the translation further reveal her profound knowledge of French literature. The book received adequate notice in French from M. Andre Theuriet on the *Revue de Deux Mondes*, and Mr. Gosse sounded a note of welcome to Toru from England.

After Toru's death, it seemed, that she would be remembered only by this single book. On going through her papers, however, her father found several completed works. There was a selection from the sonnets of the Comte de Grammont, translated into English, also some fragments of an English story which, subsequently, found a place in some of the Calcutta magazines.

Then, astonishingly enough, came a complete romance written in French, *Le Journal de Mademoiselle d' Anvers*. This was published in France in 1878 under the editorial care of Mlle Bader. The book is an attempt to describe scenes from contemporary French society. The *Journal* begins after the heroine has left her Convent school and ends with her death two years afterwards, in the first year of her married life. The tragedy in the story is brought about by the "ungovernable passion of two brothers for a beautiful and placid girl, a passion which leads to fratricide and madness." It is, indeed, an extraordinary and melancholy tale, but Toru never sinks to melodrama and there is nothing sordid in the details. The writing of this book in perfect French is an extraordinary feat. But what stands out is the revelation of the author's own personality. There is nothing really French about the characters, they represent Toru's own countrymen and women in another setting. To quote Mlle Bader, "Her personages remind us of exotic flowers transplanted in our country which, though they may be acclimatized, keep the very scent of their native soil." But what an achievement for an Indian girl! The book was reviewed appreciatively in France and as M. Adrien Desprez remarks, "It is a soul that we find here, a soul that appeals to us like a sister."

The *Ballads and Legends of Hindustan* is the last and most mature

of Toru's writings. Here she does not turn to Europe for inspiration, but to the legends of her own race and country. The verse is often rough and uneven, but it shows that she was advancing in her mastery of English verse.

There are half a dozen intensely personal poems, which follow the ballads, and these are of remarkable strength and beauty. "Our Casuarina Tree" describes her garden-house in Calcutta. The sonnet to Baugmaree has these beautiful lines :

". . the white lotus changes
Into a cup of silver. One might swoon
Drunken with beauty then, or gaze and gaze
On a primaeval Eden in amazc."

Her love for France and her grief at the tragedy of 1870 are felicitously expressed, also her faith in her recovery :

"Gleam bright the star that from her brow
Lightens the world. Bow, nations, bow,
Let her again lead on the way."

Although Toru Dutt died very young her achievements are outstanding. It was only under force of circumstances that she expressed herself in the medium of two foreign languages but she was gradually growing into her own nation and its thought. The "fragile, exotic blossom of song", as Gosse called her, has carved, indeed, for herself a permanent place in the literatures of France and England, as only few women can claim to have ever done.

CASTES OF INDIAN MYSTICS

By P. C. BAGCHI

It is said that once the king of the Sākya of Kapilavāstu decided to join the Buddhist Order and become a *bhikṣu*. So he abdicated his throne, gave up his kingdom, left his family, had himself shaved and put on the monkish robes. He then approached Buddha, who was at the time in audience with his disciples, for a complete ordination. The king entered the hall, bowed to all excepting one, went up to Buddha and sat on one side. The person excepted by him was Upali, one of the chief disciples of the Blessed One, and second to none in his spiritual attainments. But the king could not forget that he was formerly a barber of the Sākya kings. "Why did you not show due respect to Upali, oh king?" asked the Blessed One. The king replied, "Oh, Lord, I was the king of Sākya and he was my barber. How can I bow to him!" Buddha took him to task and said, "You are a foolish person. Do you not know that a monk is houseless and casteless?"

This was, however, no special view held only by Buddha, as Indian tradition in all ages has looked upon the *aranyaka*, the *yati*, the *yogin* and the *sanyasin* as "houseless and casteless". And they themselves, too, are expected to forget their previous avocations completely, because such forgetfulness alone can lead them to the world of bliss from which there is no return. For, a recrudescence of egoism often binds them to those very fetters which they want to destroy. It is, therefore, improbable that the leading mystic teachers of medieval times like Kabir and Dadu ever said anything about the castes to which they originally belonged. Yet quotations from the writings of these teachers are not wanting to prove that Kabir was a

weaver (*julaha*), Dadu was a cotton cleaner (*dhunia*), Raidas was a cobbler (*chamar*) and Namadeva a tailor (*darzi*).

Tradition varies about the caste of Kabir. Ordinarily he is believed to have been a weaver. But there are others who ascribe a Brahmanical origin to him. He is said to have been the son of a young Brahmin widow, abandoned, picked up and brought up by a weaver family. Thus he learnt the weaver's profession. And certain sayings of his are quoted in support of the tradition. Thus he says in one place :

जाति जुलाहा मति को धीर । हरषि हरषि गुण रमै कबीर ।

"A weaver by caste, wise by temperament, Kabir sings happily the merits of Rama."

And, again,

मेरे राम की लभैपद नगरी कहै कबीर जुलाहा ।

"Kabir, the weaver, says that the secure feet of Rama are my city."

तु ब्राह्मण मैं कासिक जुलाहा जुलह मोर पित्तना ।

"You are a Brahmin, I am a weaver of Kasi, try to gauge my spiritual knowledge."

जिउ जलु जल महि पैसे न निकलै तिउ दुरि मिलिओ जुलहो ।

"As water enters water and does not come out, so also the weaver has been united with you."

He also gives a more detailed description of his art and speaks of his loom, shuttle, shuttlecocks, warp and the web of the cloth, spinning, and the spinning-wheel :—

हम घर सूत तनहि नित ताना ।

"In my house the weaving (*lit.*, warp and web) always goes on."

कहत कबीर कारगह तोरी । सूतै सूत मिलाए कोरी ।

"Kabir says : the warp is yours. The weaver always joins thread with thread."

बुनि बुनि आप आप पहिरावउ ।

"I weave and weave and clothe myself."

These sayings, taken out of their contexts, may yield the sense in which they are usually taken. But it should not be forgotten that

Kabir was a mystic, and a mystic rarely makes use of the plain language to communicate his mystic experiences. Like all other mystics, therefore, he has employed a lot of symbols to explain his *yogic* practices and experiences, though many of these symbols are not understood by those who are not familiar with the ways of the mystics.

If the passages concerning weaving and spinning are read in their proper contexts, the futility of interpreting them literally stares one in the face. Thus he speaks of his weaving :

उलटि जातिकुल दोउ विसारि । सुन सहज महि बुनत हमारि ॥
हमरा भगारा रहा न कोउ । पंडित सुनौ छाड़े दोउ ॥
बुनि बुनि आप आपु पहिरावउ । जही नही आपु तहा होइ गावउ ॥

(*Varma's Edition* : p. 212.)

"My caste and family are retroverted. Both have been forgotten. I weave (my cloth) in the midst of nothingness and *sabhaja*. I have no misgivings. I have given up both the *pandit* and the *mulla*. I weave and weave and clothe myself. I sing from there where there is no self."

कोरी को काहू मरमु न जाना । सभु जगु जाति तनाइत ताना ॥
जब तुम सुनि ले वेद पुराना । तब हम इतन कुप सरओ ताना ॥
धरणी आकास की करगह बनाइ । चंदू सुरजु दुइ साथ चलाइ ।
पाइ जोरि बात कै कीनी तह तांती मनुमाना ।
जोलाहे घरत अपना चीहा घटही रामु पछाना ॥
कहतु कबीर कारगह तोरी ।
सुतै सूत मिलाए कोरी ।

(*Varma's Edition*, p. 126)

(*Nagari Pracharini Edition* : p. 279)

"You do not know the mystery of the weaver. I have spread my web in the whole world. When you listen to instructions of the *Vedas* and the *Puranas*, I go on spreading my web. The earth and the sky are the warp. The sun and the moon are the two shuttlecocks which are thrown into action. The two feet are joined and placed in position. I then become a full-fledged weaver. The self has been discovered in the weaver's house. Rama has been discovered in the pot. Kabir says: the warp is yours and the weaver joins thread with thread."

Such songs clearly show that Kabir is not speaking of any

ordinary weaving. His "weaving" is done in a state of meditation when the knowledge of the objective world disappears and the *sahaja-samadhi* is attained. It is a state when all the faculties are retroverted and placed in consonance with the Absolute.

Kabir not only weaves but also spins. His spinning-wheel, however, again is no earthly spinning-wheel and so few can see it. But he who sees it and spins with it gets freedom from coming and going ; *i. e.*, transmigration :

कहै कबीर सुनहु हो संतो चरखा लखै को कोय ।
जो यह चरखा लखि परै आवागवन न होय ॥

If these sayings are taken literally to prove that Kabir was a spinner and weaver (*julaha*), there are also other sayings of his which may be similarly interpreted to prove that he had taken to other avocations in worldly life. Thus in one place he introduces himself as a cultivator. He says :

गंग तीर मोरी खेती भारी जमुन तीर खरिहाना ।
सातौं विरही मेरे नौपजै पंचुं मोर किसाना ॥
कहै कबीर यहु अकथ कथा है कहतां कही न जाइ ।
सहज भाइ जिहिं उपजै, ते रमि रहे समाइ ॥

(*Nagari Pracharini Edition* : p. 93)

"I have my lands for cultivation on the banks of the Ganges and my storehouse on the bank of the Jumna. I have five tillers but my tilling is such as cannot be described in words. It is so mysterious that even if I wanted to speak about it I could not do so. It is a state which gives rise to the *sahaja* bliss in which Kabir remains immersed."

In the following song Kabir gives a complete list of his avocations and explains them simply as so many mystic practices for the attainment of the Absolute :

कुभरा है करि बासन घरिहुं, धोवी है मल धौऊ ।
चमरा है करि रंगौं अधौरी जाति पाति कुल खोज ॥
तेली है तन कोल्लू करिहौं पाप पूंजि दोउ पोरौ ।
पंच वेल जब सूध चलाऊं राम जेवरिया जौरुं ॥
छत्री है करि खड्ग संभालुं, जोग जुगति दोउ साधुं ।
नउवा है करि मन कूँ मूढूँ, वाढ़ी है कर्म वाढ़ूँ ॥
अवधू है करि तन धूर्तौं वधिक है मन मारुं ।
वणिजारा है ततकूँ वणिजूं जुवारी है जम हारुं ॥

तन करि नरका मन करि खेवट रसना करउ वाड़ाहं ।

कहि कबीर भौसागर तिरिहूं आप तिरुं वप तारां ॥

(*Nagari Pracharini Edition* : p. 217)

“As a potter I make utensils. As a washerman I wash dirt. As a cobbler I tan (the skin), giving up my caste and race. As an oilman I press oil. Merit and demerit are my two seats. When the five bullocks go straight I attach a cord (to their necks). As a *Ksatriya* I hold the sword and kill (?) both meditation (*yoga*) and reasoning (*jugati-yakti*). As a barber I shave the head of my mind. As a carpenter I perform the carpenter’s job. As an *avadhut* I purify my body. As a hunter I kill the mind. As a grocer I carry on the grocer’s business. As a gambler I cheat the god of death. I make a boat of my body, a helm of my mind and an oarsman of my tongue. Thus do I, Kabir, cross the ocean of transmigration and make others cross it.”

All this was, however, nothing new in the history of Indian mysticism. For, the early medieval mystics of the 11th and 12th centuries A. D. also had among them mystic weavers, hunters, musicians, fishermen, etc.. Kabir and his contemporary mystics were simply following the old tradition. They assumed names which were significative of their special *yogic* experiences and not of their castes.

For instance, there was the weaver, Tantripada (*tanti*—weaver), who lived in the 11th century. His original song, though lost, has been preserved in Tibetan translation. The Tibetan tradition says that he originally belonged to the Brahmanical caste. Tantripada is the name which he assumed when he became a mystic *sanyasi*. His song speaks of weaving. He represents himself as the weaver (*tantri*), his shuttle measures three and a half cubits (symbolising the body); the stool on which he sits firmly is the diamond-seat (*vajra*—the psychic force called *kundalini*), the yarn he uses for weaving is indescribable and consists of whole consciousness. He says that his warp and web are strongly made and his weaving leads to the attainment of *bodhi* knowledge.

Then there was an oilman among the mystics of the 11th century. He called himself Tillipa (*Tilli*—oilman) who originally belonged to a Brahmin family of Chittagong. In Tibetan paintings he is represented as making oil by grinding sesamum.

None of his original songs has come down to us. But there is a collection of his sayings called *Dohakosa* which deals with *yoga* and the method of attaining the *sahaja* knowledge. His grinding-stone and his oil-making also symbolise his special *yogic* practices.

Again, in Bhusuku, who was originally a prince, we have a hunter. He, too, had left the throne and become a mystic *sanyasi*. One of his songs is available to us and it gives a description of his hunting. Bhusuku is going a-hunting. He kills the five (the five senses) and he catches the doe (*barini*) in his net. The doe is called "doe of illusion" and stands for the unpurified state of mind in which the illusory character of the world dominates.

There was a cotton-carder, whose name was Santipada, who originally belonged to an upper caste. In one of his songs he gives a complete description of the carding process. In course of carding, the cotton is first reduced to fibres which ultimately are reduced to nothingness. This nothingness (*sunya*) is objective as it amounts to a complete retroversion of one's nature and brings about a knowledge of the Reality.

Dombipada was an untouchable who was originally a prince. He assumed the name of an untouchable only after turning out a mystic *sanyasi*. In his song he is represented as mixing with a *dom* woman. This *dom* woman steers his boat. The boat has five oars. The sun and the moon are its wheels and a pail of nothingness (*sunyata*) is used to pump out the water entering through its leakage. The song is highly mystical. The *dom* or untouchable woman symbolises the psychic force of the *sadhaka* and so he represents himself as an untouchable (*domipada*).

But it is needless to multiply such examples. For, among the mystics of the 11th and 12th centuries there were many who had assumed such peculiar names, not to speak of their castes but to give an idea of the special *yogic* methods they had chosen. These methods, no doubt, were numerous as they varied according to the aptitude and inclination of each *sadhaka*. It is, therefore, impossible not to take the sayings of Kabir and of the other saints (*santas*), which speak of their professions, in this light. The truth of the matter appears to be that such a tradition among the mystics was a continuous one and so the *santa* movement was not unconnected with the mystic movement of the early medieval times.

H. G. WELLS

By HIRENDRANATH DUTTA

H. G. WELLS, who died in August last, was essentially a journalist. As he himself said on one occasion, "I would rather be called a journalist than an artist". That is how Sri Aurobindo also characterised him a few years ago. And a journalist by the very nature of things must have his limitations. It has been truly said, indeed, "A journalist is a gentleman in a hurry."

H. G. Wells was always in a hurry. Naturally, therefore, there must be gaps and lapses in his line of reasoning, and his conclusions were not always convincing enough, nor were they likely to stand the test of time. *Apropos* of this, the famous novelist, W. Somerset Maugham, tells a story that once when Wells was staying with him, the latter, running his fingers along the many volumes of his complete works of which he had presented an edition to the former, remarked, "You know, they are dead. They dealt with matters of topical interest and now, of course, they are unreadable."

And instances are not rare where he ran away with a certain idea and never paused to ponder. Early in 1939 he foresaw catastrophe in the concentration of power in the hands of a few monomaniacs, in the tank, the air *blitz* and the atomic bomb and felt that the fate of hundreds of millions of people hung upon the unchecked impulses of a handful of men. "You could pack the whole lot of them in an ordinary aeroplane", he said, "It would be a tumultuous load, but if you could contrive a crash for it, the alleviation of human trouble would be disproportionately vast." Now the crash is there, those handful of people have been liquidated ; but are we any nearer the

end he had expected? The fact of the matter is that one or two individuals can not possibly alter the whole tenor of human affairs. Wells ought to have seen that the disease was not so superficial; it was far more deep-seated.

This is just one instance of how Wells missed the point, but there are others where he actually avoided the issue. Some time before the outbreak of the last war he was on a tour in the East. He found everything wrong with the British colonial system; British imperialism was rotten to the roots. But when in Bombay he was confronted by an Indian journalist, who asked him if he sympathised with Indian aspirations, he answered, "I hate aspirations." It is difficult to imagine how a man of his wide human sympathies ever could have said this. The only possible explanation might be that he was much too pre-occupied with the gigantic world problem to be sufficiently interested in localised problems. Wells, however, wanted to know India's intentions and then went on to answer the question himself, "At present there are no intentions. There are merely the disapproving, non-co-operative poses of Gandhi and Tagore." It is, indeed, amusing to find how Wells failed to understand either Gandhi or Tagore. His fling at Pandit Jawaharlal a few months later was also equally unfortunate and wide of the mark.

Intellect often may betray us, but instinct hardly ever does. While Wells' intellect failed in a full appraisal of the Tagorean values of life, the poet's instinct was invariably correct in estimating the human value of the Wellsian doctrines. It will be interesting to recall in this connection how the two men met for the first time more than thirty years ago (1912-13). It was at Rothenstien's house. Wells was asked to dinner to meet the poet. A restless western intellectual foaming in the mouth, coming to meet the eastern savant, serene and sedate in his *Gitanjali* mood! Tagore had his misgivings about intellectuals who, according to him, were a ruthless sect with a hardened crust over them. He once even compared them to porcupines with pointed quills on end. But Wells came and Tagore at once felt reassured. The poet saw through the crust; the heart within was not stifled by sterile intellectualism. The intellectual bore within him an extremely sensitive heart, responsive to human sufferings in any part of the globe. Not that the intellectual remained subdued in the presence

of the poet. No, the poet felt exhilarated by the brilliance of his talk—words coming like sparks from a flint ; nevertheless, that was the least part of the man. A genuine lover of mankind, the poet felt sure, this man certainly was not going to exhaust himself in mere intellectual fireworks.

How worthily did Wells fulfil the poet's anticipations ! It must be noted, however, that at that time, he had not fully developed his international outlook. He had not yet started on his *Salvaging of Civilization*, far less did he dream of a *World Pax*. He was then a scientific romancer—a Jules Verne in the realm of science. Besides these he had given us sarcastic pictures of social life as he saw it with glimpses of life as it might be or as it ought to be. Probably he had not yet made up his mind till then but was slowly feeling his way up. But Tagore made no mistake, he knew the international mind at once.

About twenty years later the two met again, in 1931. The budding internationalist had in the meantime developed into a full-fledged one. This time, therefore, the two met on common ground. Both recognised the necessity for a new worldwide human order, although there was bound to be some difference in outlook between the two. While Wells advocated a complete break with the past to make a fresh start by liquidating the older civilizations, Tagore believed that "the unity of human civilization could be better maintained by the linking up in fellowship and co-operation of the different civilizations of the world." They discussed also the possibilities of one common language for humanity. Only Tagore thought this common language probably would not exclude national languages.

"We have to create the new psychology needed for this age. We have to adjust ourselves to the new necessities and conditions of civilization," said the Poet.

"Yes, adjustment, terrible adjustments will be needed," replied Wells.

It was this new psychology that Wells wanted to create and it was these adjustments that he was striving to bring about. It will be interesting, therefore, to trace briefly the evolution of the Wellsian doctrines.

The Great War of 1914-18 was theoretically a 'war to end war'. Wells and other intellectuals looked forward to a radical change in

the old order of society. But disillusionment came soon enough. There was some talk of reconstruction and rationalisation for some time and then the big Powers resumed their favourite old game of preserving the *status quo*. The more they talked of changing the more they remained the same. Wells' internationalism was forged out of this disillusionment and the sure knowledge of a far bigger catastrophe overtaking mankind at no distant date.

In the meantime, scientific inventions had brought about tremendous changes in our social conditions. Man had failed to adjust himself to these changed circumstances. As in the animal world failure to adapt themselves to altered environments led to the extinction of a good many species, Wells feared, similar failure on the part of man would ultimately result in the extinction of the human race also. Hence, his initial approach to the solution of the problem was a biological one. He felt the necessity of re-conditioning man to the altered conditions of society. Again, scientific inventions had made wars immeasurably more destructive than before. Mankind was not likely to survive many more shocks of a worldwide war of such colossal destructiveness. Man's first care, therefore, ought to be to eliminate the possibilities of war which, Wells thought, were inherent in the prevailing economic system of the world. Disruptive finance, on the one hand, and destructive science, on the other, would be the final undoing of mankind. Wells saw the coming Armageddon and set himself furiously to the task of building a new world which would be politically, economically and culturally one single unit. He was, in fact, one of the pioneers of the 'One World' theory.

Perhaps, more than any other writer in recent times he unceasingly harped on the dangers inherent in the dwarfish politics of narrow nationalism and insolent imperialism. Mankind was materially one community and no problem was to be dealt with in an isolated manner except in the context of the general human problem. It was time, he felt, men sank their national differences in a universal effort. There could be no hope of a World Pax so long as people believed in the 'chosen people' theory of history and stuck to their old patriotic traditions. History, as has been taught so long, is a poisonous stimulation of the latent possibilities of suspicion, hate, racial egotism and religious fanaticism in the human mind. What was needed was

a clean-up of the old order and a worldwide re-education of mankind on a common basis. And in the present state of world affairs, nobody can question the need for a strenuous intellectual effort for a vast renaissance of education with a view to preparing the human mind for a saner co-operation among the peoples of the world.

Indeed, few authors have been so sincere in their insistence on this re-education of mankind as Wells was. His *Outline of History*, *The Science of Life*, *The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind* form a trilogy in which he formulates and amplifies his ideology of what he calls his New Education for Mankind. At one sweep he takes in the whole panorama of human life—man's origin and growth, the biological possibilities of life and the economic motives which underline all human endeavours. A very brave attempt, indeed, to say the least about it. Later, in *World Brain*, he gave us a fresh and full survey of what, in his view, every citizen of the modern world should know. The book was intended by the author to be a kind of a Bible of modern civilization.

How far this ideology will influence the future of man, time alone can show. At least Wells himself was not very optimistic. "I shall have the same faith in the rightfulness and reasonableness of that possible good world, but I am less assured of its realisation." Pathetic words these, coming from a man whom one had learnt to associate with unbounded vigour and virility.

His place in literature, too, will remain uncertain for some time to come. Literature is not creative literature unless it transcends argument, unless it soars above controversy. Unfortunately there is much that is controversial in his literary work. His scientific fantasies, on the one hand, and his obsession of world re-organisation, on the other, have most certainly interfered with his literary art, though for bold and audacious imagination, not many authors of our age could even compare with him. His chief merit as a writer will lie, perhaps, in stirring widespread curiosity in problems of Time and Space. There was something Elizabethan in his zest for knowledge. Like a mediaeval knight Wells journeys through the realm of fancy in search of the Holy Grail which, to him, was nothing but knowledge illimitable.

As in the case of his new World Order, so also Wells passes judgment on his own literary work :

"I have become a student of resistance and inadequacy inspite of myself. Even my novels are studies in frustration, from Kipps the under-educated to Dolores the uncontrollable egotist and Rud Whitlow, the man who was so terrified by life that he could not feel safe until he was dictator of all mankind."

Again, there is the same sense of frustration as in the previous confession. But his scientific romances, it is believed, will continue to stimulate interest by the very irresistible virility of their presentation. It is, however, tragic that, though he predicted things with amazing precision, he never enjoyed the distinction of a prophet,—at least in his own land. Maybe he lacked that prophetic vision, that divine frenzy (his was at least a Delphic frenzy) which makes all the difference between a seer and an astrologer and curiously enough he referred to his forecasts as world's "horoscope".

For one thing, however, the world will ever remain grateful to H. G. Wells. His was a challenging spirit who lived, struggled and died in an unsafe world which nevertheless he strove in every possible way to make safe for humanity. Indeed, what he says of Brittling in his *Mr. Brittling Sees it Through* may well apply to himself :

"His was a naturally irritable mind which gave him point and passion, and moreover he had a certain obstinate originality and a generous disposition. So that he was always lively, sometimes spacious, and never vile. He loved to write and talk. He talked about everything. He had ideas about everything, he could no more keep having ideas about everything than a dog can resist smelling at your heels. He sniffed at the heels of Reality."

IN MEMORIAM

By KAPILA CHATTERJI

H. G. WELLS is dead ! It is hard to believe it. For, how can Wells be dead ? He was so much a part of the life of our generation ; more than that, he was one of the creators of this age, gifted with the Excalibur of an overtowering intellect, bejewelled with a heart of diamond, a soul as broad as the infinite sky ; a genius whom no artificial frontiers, or petty barriers of custom, prestige, caste, creed, prejudice or sectarianism of any kind, could ever entrap or bind in its narrow casque. With this flashing Excalibur, Wells advanced against the encrusted superstitions, prejudices and hypocrisies of the present-day social system, brandishing his sword fearlessly and almost alone against a world, massed up against his lone prowess.

Taking his stand on the clear foundation of Reason and a rational, unconquerable spirit, Wells dedicated his magnificent life to a ceaseless onslaught against capitalised Ignorance, boosted Inefficiency and barbaric Senselessness, masquerading as the Governments of the World, which place at the helm of the destinies of Man, the most irrational and inefficient men, while humanity's finest intellects and spirits languish in obscurity or in the prison-cells, and as War. This tragic state of the world was brilliantly portrayed by him in a short story, "The Country of the Blind."

Wells utilised the world's great store of scientific knowledge for the uplift and benefit of all mankind. He was an Englishman, but his mind was singularly free from any insularity, because he worshipped at the altar of Humanity. And English culture, no less than world culture, is immeasurably richer for having produced such a star. At the bar of History, when the contribution of

every culture and nation to mankind's progress will be judged, it will be Britain's good fortune to count among her great sons, Bertrand Russell, Charles Andrews, Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells.

There must be, however, something fundamentally wrong with a world which had no place for a man of the standing of H. G. Wells. Instead, there rose up "leaders" of people in the persons of Hitler, Mussolini and Churchill. And it is a tragedy of the first magnitude that power has been blindly put into the hands of persons, who cannot even control their own individual passions and prejudices ! One can only wistfully imagine what a haven of peace, progress and achievement this world would have been if H. G. Wells had been at the helm to put into effect his ideas of world reconstruction in all spheres of life !

His intense rationality and breadth of vision naturally made him a true friend of India and her aspirations. He recognised in her philosophy and culture a new hope for mankind, now groping blindly in the dark. He heard in the voice of India's tallest leaders, such as Mahatma Gandhi and Rabindranath Tagore, the same note of breadth, universality and freedom from narrowness of every kind, as his own. That is why he prophesied that it would be from India and China that the light of a new civilisation would flood the rest of this dark world.

The learning and intellectual achievements of Wells were simply encyclopaedic. His contributions to History, Philosophy, Biology, Economics, Politics, Literature, Science and Education are invaluable and have already made him an authority in these varied branches of knowledge. Like all pioneers in great causes, he was, however, the most hated man in his own country, but also the most loved and respected spirit among all those groups of people, scattered all over the world, who comprehend the essential oneness of Man. Perhaps, it would not be very wrong to say that in spirit H. G. Wells is much closer to India than to any other country.

Wells will ever live in his multitudinous books and in his universal outlook. For, as J. B. Priestley said when the remains of the great novelist were cremated, "This was a man whose word was light in a thousand dark places."

EVOLUTION OF RABINDRANATH'S ART

By BENODE BEHARI MUKHOPADHYAYA

UNLIKE his literature, which is linked with certain set literary traditions, Rabindranath's paintings cannot be associated with any Indian or foreign traditions in art. In other words, his values of art have no relation with the aesthetic ideals inherited by us. But, simply on that account the artist Rabindranath cannot be kept out of court, so to speak. On the contrary, his art, enriched by his extraordinary genius, has to be recognised and respected.

Often critics of his paintings, influenced one way or another by his personality, indulge either in off-hand appreciation or in disparagement of his work. Most of his French critics, for instance, can be placed in this category. Then there are the German critics who, seeing his work, have tried to understand and evaluate it intellectually. In India, there has been the discerning criticism by Nandalal Bose and Prof. Stella Kramrisch. The present article, however, tries only to trace the different stages in Rabindranath's art.

The first rung in the evolution of his art is seen in the scribbings Rabindranath made in his manuscripts, while correcting an occasional caligraphic mistake. His efforts to cover up their ugliness, born of their lack of harmony with the context, resulted in rhythmic movement of line. Gradually, they took on the suggestion of forms, from which was evolved appearance. Ultimately, his paintings, actuated by realism, knocked at the door of the known and of Nature. Thus, Rabindranath's pictures can be divided into four types : (a) linear decoration ; (b) formal motives ; (c) beginning of forms with realistic tendency and (d) natural.

Later on, the linear movements of these scribbings, which gave

the initial hint of his skill as an artist, became "mechanical ;" that is, they were made without any conscious intention of making a picture. Afterwards, however, when the scribblings were deliberately attempted as well as for the purpose of delight, they took on an abstract movement and they showed a rhythmic sweep in various directions at its highest. The monotony of lines changed into the abstract pattern, however, in the measure he could bring these mechanically originated linear movements into the sphere of rhythm. This revealed the artist in the poet Rabindranath.

But as yet these "forms" were not an artist's creation. But their beauty as such was realised as soon as through suggestion, these creative patterns assume natural forms, because the abstract forms are either independent of any realistic appearance or they are just an indication of it. Such geometrical patterns, however, cannot be easily comprehended as they have no emotional appeal or content.

But Rabindranath by his rhythmic movements of line and grace of forms created such an extraordinary atmosphere that before long it led to a conflict between his creative faculty and inventive instinct. However, these forms, suggestive as they were of forms in Nature, were really creative.

The first three types of Rabindranath's art, as mentioned above, were mainly done in black ink with an emphasis on line and its movement. But their continuous linear rhythm infused life in them. As a result of his mastery in execution the colour mass only increased the creative aspect and attractiveness of forms ; the feeling for colour was not yet so marked, it being only secondary. In the fourth type, which is the later work of Rabindranath, there is a combination of various colours. These were natural and realistic, but they were still not meant to be objective. They were mainly for the purpose of giving light and dark tones. It only means that in the early paintings of Rabindranath there was colour mass but no movement, the latter being in line and form, but now the colour had life and force, while in comparison the forms became rigid. The pictures of this type, however, though they have the sensation of real Nature, are still basically invented abstract forms.

It is with this moving force of colour that the gesture and the expression of objects were achieved. Later on the "human" became the principal subject of his pictures. Though there was nothing new

in the originality of these forms yet the variety in gestures and poses was conspicuous. As, on the one hand, the colourful decoration, the play of light and shade, carried his paintings towards realism, on the other, they created a world of weird beauty where, on the ever mysterious stage the different characters, whether known or unknown, performed a pantomime before the footlights. The result is that in these paintings simultaneously both realistic and dramatic effects are to be seen ; that, is, in these works, though expression and light and shade aim at objective reality, yet, not being able to forego entirely the influence of pre-planned formal conceptions, they have not achieved perfection in realistic expression.

All works of Rabindranath depend on the texture of line. For, the artist Rabindranath was unconsciously influenced by the writer Rabindranath. And who does not know the unsurpassable power and beauty of Rabindranath in the field of calligraphy ? His art, therefore, sprouts from the movement of line and colour into varied colourful forms.

Fortunately, the later pictures of the series, done in colour, were rarely independent of the texture of lines. For, if this linear texture were taken away from them, it is difficult to say how far that would detract from their beauty. But even when Rabindranath had taken to colour, it was through line, in black ink, that he did so many landscapes and human figures, in which strength and skill in technique are remarkable.

Lastly, one thing has to be emphasised specially. As long as Rabindranath's pictures were meant only to link the corrected portions of his writings and his lines were directed mechanically towards that end the line had a propelling power. Afterwards, too, while making continuous lines, when they got form in their movement and rhythm, they had the same power. But they became static and had the pattern of light and shade, when he tried to improvise consciously these forms, whether prompted from within or consciously evolved. In the black ink sketches of later period, therefore, the uninterrupted reflection of light and shade is obvious. And though, due to their realistic trends, they have grace, yet previously it was through suggestion that they had achieved beauty of form.

Thus, Rabindranath's art reveals a new outlook in, and approach to, Art, and, as such, it needs a close and comprehensive study at the hands of all dynamic artists.

SOME THOUGHTS ON ART

A SYMPOSIUM

“O ! the Beauteous One ! Open Thy heavenly gates
And let mortal eyes visualise celestial forms.
Let the Formless pulsate in rhythmic form
And the Mind have its play in graceful lines !”*

Rabindranath Tagore

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(2)

I HAVE expended much thought on Art. And a good deal of what I have thought has found its way in print. But I would not have any one believe that I know everything that is to be known about Art or that I have finished saying everything I have known about it either. Even now when I take up a flower for painting I find I have yet to find the key which would unravel the scent of colour to me. The wings of butterfly with their variegated colour scheme are still a despair to me. How often do I not feel baffled at the attempt of giving expression to what I feel !

I gaze with wonder at the works of the great artists who have preceded us. And I am also wonder-struck at Man standing in the midst of creation, in the midst of trees and plants, beasts and birds, the sky, the cloud, light and air—even as I never cease to wonder at a butterfly sitting on a flower, a bird touching the fringe of the distant cloud with its out-spread wings, a chameleon sunning itself by the forest grove, changing its colour every minute and creating a different rainbow effect each time ! Where to draw the line of Vision ? Where is the end of the need of Expression ? I keep my eyes open day and night and my wonder never ceases !¹

Abanindranath Tagore

* Verses composed by Rabindranath Tagore on the occasion of his opening the present Santiniketan Kala-Bhavana Museum, in December 1929,—translated from the original Bengali by Haridas Mitra.

1 This and the second and fourth essays were contributed to the newly-started Kala-Bhavana Bengali manuscript magazine by their respective writers. The first and the fourth have been translated from the original by Kanti Ghosh, while the second has been translated by Sisir Ghose. The third has been contributed by Hazari Prasad Dwivedi and translated by Mohanlal Bajpai.

(3)

For every artist the road to his objective is different. This difference of paths notwithstanding, it may yet point a finger of light with regard to the journey itself.

True art-creation tries to exist with the same effortlessness with which a flower unfolds itself. But there are many obstacles that stand in the way of this simple becoming. There are external difficulties, no doubt, but the greatest to avoid or overcome are those of the mind itself. It is when the mind acquires equanimity, grows calm, that the artist's inspiration can work with power. For, on a still and transparent mind the stamp of inspiration is always more distinct.

Painting is, therefore, possible only with the help of the mind ; and yet it is the mind, again, which is a hindrance to such an activity. The *Shastras* have laid down many disciplines for quieting the mind. The more steady and one-pointed the power of inspiration the more steady and one-pointed will the mind also grow. It is extremely difficult to keep a wheel standing on its axis, but that becomes possible when force is added to it. This will be at once clear when we see the potter making his pots on the moving wheel. And once the inspiration has stabilised itself the artist can easily overcome all outer obstacles.

Inspiration comes from a sense of suffering ; the deeper the pain the more dynamic the inspiration. When it becomes rooted and compact *rasa** or sensibility emerges, and the result is delight. And in the expression of that delight is art's fulfilment.

And if there is a difference between one thing and another it is due to *rasa*. It is again, *rasa*, which unites and harmonises things with one another. In the deep experience of an equal and indivisible *rasa* the separateness of things disappears and true bliss is born. That is why though a good picture cannot be totally analysed in detail yet it can be enjoyed fully.

Nandalal Bose

* "For the universal soul all things and all contacts of things carry in them an essence of delight, best described by the Sanskrit aesthetic term, *rasa*, which means at once 'sap' or 'essence of a thing and its taste'."—*Sri Aurobindo*.

(4)

There are three characteristic ways in which every aesthetic pursuit could be approached ; viz, (1) its philosophical basis, (2) its imaginative extension and (3) its historical tradition. The philosophy is either wittingly or unwittingly followed ; when unwittingly followed, it is called convention. A study into the genesis of the historical traditions of the aesthetic pursuits of a race helps one to unmask the convention and re-discover the philosophical truths behind. The imaginative extension of these truths is, indeed, the creative joy that moves the heart of man in his pre-occupations with the Beautiful. It is an index of the native tendency of a race to follow particular channels of creative delight in preference to others.

In the *Āgamas* and the *Tantras*, the term *kalā*—"art"—has also been contemplated in its philosophical import. *Māyā*, which is the source of obscuration, veils the Pure and the Perfect One who now appears in His impure and imperfect form. The transcendental Siva begins to feel itself, sense itself as the *jivatma*. Prior to this influence of *mayā*, the relations of the universal experience to the universe are perfect. They could be briefly enumerated as those of Co-evality (*nityatva*), All-pervasiveness (*vyāpakatva*), All-completeness (*purnatva*), Omniscience (*sarvajnatva*) and All-authorship (*sarvakartritva*). These perfect relations are observed and limited under what are called the *kāncukas* or the veils of *mayā*. These typical veils are also respectively five ; viz, Time (*kālā*), Restriction or Regulation (*niyati*), Limited Interest (*raga*), Limited Consciousness (*vidyā*) and Limited Authorship (*kālā* and art). This obscuration causes the original Perfection to undergo a state of oblivion, a sort of vague, shadowy, 'sleepy' awareness of its own quintessence. Thus, for instance, under the influence of *Kālā*, the fifth veil of *mayā*, the Experience begins to restrict its all-authorship to a state of limited authorship ; it begins to enjoy limited creations, devices or inventions, technically termed as artistic pursuits.

These five veils are real and they enwrap every being with their obscurity. But they are not necessarily of the nature of limitations ; they may as well serve as means to liberation. When one keeps oneself perpetually enshelled within one's ego, these *kāncukas* are for him a veritable bondage. But when they release him into the

freedom of the Beyond, they become a means of liberation, even final liberation. In the Indian spiritual lore, attachment to a *kancuka*, for its own sake, is never upheld as a worthy ideal. It is worthy only when it leads one to the transcendental realisation. Art for art's sake is, to the Indian genius, an insipid philosophy. Art must be for the sake of Self-realisation, a means to lead the individual soul on its upward march : "The art that seeks its consummation in *bhoga* is unacceptable as art *pe se*. Only that art which merges the soul into the Delight of the Absolute, is the highest art."

Hazariprasad Dwivedi

(5)

To me "style" seems to be only an aspect of genius, which finds expression through technique. Therefore, it is, like genius, essentially individualistic, and one cannot really define or lay down rules for it in a general way, as one can do in matters of technique. For, technique with all its limitations, has more or less, a general application. Both Abanindranath and Nandalal, for instance, can be said to follow the Eastern technique, but in their mode of expression each is different from the other. Each has his own style.

Therefore, it is not difficult for any diligent student of Art to master the technique of a particular school, but he can hardly aspire to acquire the style of the different masters. One can imitate, no doubt, but imitation, apart from its valuelessness, often degenerates into mannerism and mannerism always kills Art. For, one cannot imitate what is called *rasa*, nor force it into expression. It is something spontaneous, self-born, individualistic. It is the same with style, whether in writing or painting, in dress or in deportment.

Further, in order to master the technique one has to pass through certain discipline, even though it may not help him to develop his style. The discipline, however, is necessary in order to clear the path, as it were, for style to walk in. Therefore, in the domain of art one can only study reverently the styles of the different masters.

K. G.

REVIEWS

ECONOMIC TRANSITION FROM WAR TO PEACE IN INDIA—

By V. K. R. V. Rao.

*CAN PLANNING BE DEMOCRATIC—*By Herbert Morrison,

Barbara Wotton. T. W. Agar, C. E. M. Joad, Joan

Robinson and G. D. H. Cole.

*INDIA SPEAKING—*Edited by Sir Manilal Naravati and C. N. Vakil.

All published by Vora & Co., Bombay 2. Prices : Rs. 2/8/-

Rs. 2/12/- and Rs. 8/- respectively.

DR. RAO has written on planning for transition from war to peace. Increased production is what he advocates. He believes in private enterprise and asks the State to adjust its policies in the matter of controls from war to peace, so handle disposal of surplus stores as to fit in with the plan of transitional economy and re-orientate its policy of taxation to grant tax-relief to industry. As the State's direct and active contribution he recommends such productive activities as irrigation, construction of roads and buildings, transport, soil conservation and the like. Lastly, he stresses the need of a planned economy for the post-war period.

These are well-known principles and are generally accepted. Dr. Rao has placed them in a presentable form, useful to students of economics. He has done service in drawing attention to disposal of surplus stores, which matter still lies in obscurity and has not received as much attention from our public men as it deserves.

But India needs studies in practical economics. It is little use talking of increased production in the transition period when it is well known that the means of production are not within our reach. What Dr. Rao advocates is a practical proposition for an industrialised country, which has only to switch over its production from war-time goods to peace-time demands. But where machinery is not available and cannot be had from manufacturing countries for love or money, or due to economic manipulations of the ruling powers, preaching production of consumer goods and increased production leaves one cold. Dr. Rao, so close to the Imperial Secretariat, should know that even in textile the industry in the United Kingdom is not prepared to despatch machinery in less than two years from the date of order. It is, therefore, surprising that Dr. Rao has not turned to the cottage industry as an alternative source of production, at any rate during transition, to a balanced economy.

On the question of employment of demobilised technicians it should be clearly recognised that there is and will be little room for them for many years to come, placed as we are in the field of industrial development.

As an example of studies in practical problems is the little volume of essays, *Can Planning be Democratic*, written for the Fabian Society by eminent public men and scholars. Vast concentrations of economic power, which have resulted

in the industrialised countries of the West, are a political menace, says Herbert Morrison. As an extreme example he cites the highly cartelised industries of modern Germany and adds that literally it was difficult to say whether the Nazis were running industry or industry was running the Nazis. Centralised production, centralised control and centralised management are inevitable in large-scale industry. But if service to the country is the goal, centralised management cannot be left in private hands because exploitation to line one's own pocket is equally inevitable. The exploits of our own textile magnates are still before our eyes and India needs no convincing on that point. We also know how concentration of economic power in about a dozen hands has already come to pass in India and of their influence on politics, though, fortunately, in the political field it has so far been favourable to the cause of the country. What is the remedy? Russia has shown the way—public management. This is inescapable. But Britain in India believes in "hastening slowly" and Britain at home "is ready for speed so long as it is speed with order". Therefore, Morrison advocates socialisation, public control, and private enterprise in medium and small industries; in other words, a mixture of Socialism and Capitalism. But, perhaps, there is wisdom in it, too. The phlegmatic Briton does not believe in violent revolution, it is not in his character. One must not forget that his national drink is beer and not vodka! Perhaps, India will do well to remember this.

But even socialisation will be meaningless without some measure of workers' control of the industry. Then alone can it be said that we are moving towards industrial democracy. The term, 'worker', however, is not to be viewed in a narrow sense; it includes all workers, managerial, supervisory, scientific and technical, manual and operative. In this context Agar rightly deplores the lack of interest of trade unions in the management. He says management should no longer be the sole concern of the proprietor. Selected technicians with the flair for leadership should be given specialised training to undertake management as in the U. S. S. R. This is as it should be.

India is busy planning. True, we have started late but it has its advantages. We need not live others' experiences. We should take lessons from them and see that we do not begin where they began. There is need for stressing this point. Fortunately in this country, the need of planning has been accepted on all hands and, though planning does not necessarily connote Socialism, politically conscious part of the country is not frightened of Socialism. Vested interest in India is still mainly feudal and has not yet scented the danger it faces from Socialism. Barbara Wotton has given some sound points which our planners will do well to remember. The most important is that there should be common agreement on a plan to secure its continuity through political changes.

But should planning be confined to the economic field? Should education in culture, which really amounts to how to utilise leisure without being bored, form a function of the State? Joad in his delightful essay points out that people will realise, and more so in an idealistic socialist State, that man cannot live by bread alone and, therefore, the State should deliberately educate people to take full advan-

tage of the heritage, left to mankind through the ages. So thought also Hitler ; he had his own idea of the heritage, and we know with what result. And so with Stalin today. But do we want regimentation in culture ? I do not know if we have yet found an answer. One should have thought individual freedom alone is conducive to acquiring culture and I do not know who is preaching individual freedom today except Mahatma Gandhi and, perhaps, Bernard Shaw in his own way.

In planning one should always remember its origin. Failure of private enterprise to make full use of all the resources of the country in man-power, land and equipment has turned men to planning. The most glaring example of this failure is un-employment. Losing their faith in private enterprise people have turned to the State for a fuller utilisation of the existing resources. But this is not possible for orthodox finance which insists on balanced budget, a point which Joan Robinson makes with remarkable lucidity. Adequate utilisation of resources should be the principle concern of the nation and the Exchequer has to budget accordingly. Loan Account should be an important feature of the budget which should keep up Loan Expenditure on National Development to maintain full employment of all resources. Budget deficits need cause no worry. These are problems which merit the closest attention of our financier-statesmen, who will tomorrow take up the reins of the Exchequer in their hands.

In any planning for democracy, in which the State fully occupies the stage or is the principal figure thereon, the Civil Servant is an important element. In India we know the Civil Servants too well, but it is surprising to find the Civil Servant in the United Kingdom no better. The file system there is as inelastic as it is here. Hidebound by precedent and traditions, the fear of making mistakes acts as a deadweight. Add to this, their isolation from the rest of mankind. G. D. H. Cole argues that this type and the system that breeds it will not do if socialised control is extended to a considerable number of industries and services. Time is coming when the subject will have to be made a live issue here in India as well and we shall then profit from the suggestions made by Cole.

It is pleasant to turn to our own problems from those of Great Britain. *India Speaking* is a presentation of the Indian problem in all its manifold aspects before the American public. Culture, scientific achievements, economic problems, including public finance, banking, exchange have all found place in this volume, each subject being dealt by a man of eminence in his special field of studies. Thus, among the contributors are Radhakrishnan, Raman, Purshotamdas Thakurdas, Nanavati, Ginwala, Vakil, Krishnamachari, B. C. Roy, Kumarappa and others. It is a most useful publication for consumption in India so that an intelligent person may know what are the problems that face us. Gyan Chand and Chandrasekhar have brought out the salient features of India's human resources. Some of us in India have yet to learn that Labour is India's wealth. With a large percentage of creative labour frozen it is no wonder that malnutrition is so appalling and health of the nation at such a low ebb as we find it. India is essentially rural and it is the problems of rural life that we have to tackle. Agriculture and industry must be balanced and in industry we must strike a happy balance

between power, industry and cottage industry. On this Kumarappa's article on "Handicrafts and Cottage Industries" and Ginwala's "Industrial Development in Relation to National Resources" are excellent. But so long as control of fiscal policy, currency and exchange, and banking are in alien hands only very small progress can be made in economic development of the country. Since the book was published during the war, defence and politics have also received attention.

The book, undoubtedly, is of value to us in India and the material served out is excellent. What I dislike, however, is that it should have been conceived as *India Speaking to America*. Why must we speak of our household problems to another country? Other countries do not present their problems to us. They let their achievements speak. I am reminded of Tagore's chastisement of our national weakness : আবেদন আর নিবেদনের খালা বহে বহে নত শির—"the head for ever cast down under loads of prayers and petitions."

SUNAM

INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF THE HINDU DOCTRINES :

By Rene Guenon. Translated from the French by Marco Pallis.

Luzac & Co., London. Price: 12s. 6d.

THE works of Mr. Rene Guenon are unique in the modern West. His contempt for Western so-called civilisation and its modes of thought is complete and unambiguous, while his description of the intellectual superiority of the Eastern civilisations (mainly, the Islamic, Hindu and Chinese) is masterly. For Mr. Guenon, the destiny of man is spiritual: it is only through metaphysical knowledge that he can achieve the aim of his existence. Religious, social or philosophical conceptions and institutions should be applications of a knowledge of principles. Only then can they lead man towards his goal. These principles, which form the subject of metaphysics, are one, though applications may be many. If, therefore, the principles are understood, the different applications no longer seem to oppose one another but, on the contrary, are seen to be complementary, and thus all conflicts vanish. This is the case with all the great Eastern civilisations, which are based on true traditional knowledge and are, therefore, one in essence; and it is by the study of their metaphysics alone that this true unity can be recognised. Western civilisation, on the other hand, has lost sight of principles and this accounts for its disorderly activities and the calamities it brings upon mankind. It is remarkable that the explanation of Hindu doctrines by Mr. Guenon who though French, is a Muslim, is probably the only one in a Western language which orthodox Hindu *pandits* can almost

unreservedly accept. His approach should, therefore, be pondered by those who wish for a greater understanding between the main Eastern cultures.

The exposition of the Hindu doctrines (Part III of the book) concerns itself chiefly with the *Darshanas*. These are not, as modern scholarship tries to make out, different philosophical schools, originating from individuals, but represent, on the contrary, the different "points of view," from which the human mind can approach metaphysical Reality. Each of these points of view is strictly legitimate and true in its own field. It is only through this multiple approach from distinct but complementary points of view that the human mind can grasp the nature of Reality. The clear analysis of these different modes of knowledge is a typical example of the thoroughness of the Hindu intellectual method.

Mr. Guenon has hard words for Western Orientalists, who study Eastern texts as if they were purely grammatical or historical documents, with little regard for their meaning. They, further, completely disregard and ignore those traditional scholars of the East who still possess the keys to these texts. It is in this way that Orientalists have prevented the spread of Eastern knowledge in Europe. "The works of Orientalists are utterly inadequate for bringing about the comprehension of any idea whatsoever and they are at the same time useless, if not in some cases actually harmful, as a means towards promoting an intellectual understanding between East and West" (p. 68-69). A *rapprochement* between East and West cannot be attained by a Westernisation of the East. The attempts at a compromise between Protestant Christianity and Hindu traditional knowledge, which have appeared in recent times, cannot lead to useful results : it is the West that will have to change—or be destroyed. "Truly it is not for the East to approach the West through copying its mental deviations or by yielding to the insidious but vain persuasions of the propagandists of every hue that Europe sends out to it ; but it is, on the contrary, for the West to return, when it is able and willing, to the pure sources of intellectuality which the East, for its part, has never deserted." (p. 325)

Three possibilities remain for the West. Either "abandoned to its own fate" it must "sink into the lowest forms of barbarism" (p. 339), or "representatives of other civilisations ; namely, Eastern peoples, rescuing the Western world from this incurable decay, would assimilate it by consent or by force" (p. 340), or "a return to true and normal intellectuality...by turning its civilisation into something comparable with those of the East, would allow of its occupying in the world, not a position of preponderance to which it is not entitled and which it owes at present only to its employment of brute force, but at least the position that it would lawfully occupy as one civilisation among others, a civilisation which would cease to be an element of maladjustment and of oppression for the rest of mankind."

The other three parts of the book are : I. Preliminary Questions ; II. The General Character of Eastern Thought ; IV. Western Interpretations.

First published in French in 1921, this book had a deep influence in certain circles, but, in the complacent and self-satisfied world of France between the two

wars, it failed to arouse the recognition it deserves. It is to be hoped that in the much wider English-speaking world this work will help to bring about a deeper recognition, both in the West and the East, of the unrivalled contribution of India to human knowledge.

The translation is quite adequate. Mr. Marco Pallis must be congratulated on his successful rendering of the sometimes difficult expressions used by Mr. Guenon.

A. Danielou

VOICELESS INDIA : By Gertrude Emerson Sen.

With Introductions by Pearl S. Buck and Rabindranath Tagore.

Revised Edition. First Indian Edition.

Indian Publishers, Benares.

Price : Rs. 7/8/-.

GERTRUDE Emerson Sen's *Voiceless India* is one of the finest books that I have read on India. In order to understand the Indian people and their civilization, she did a very courageous thing : she chose a comparatively small out-of-the-way village in the United Provinces, and lived her life in intimate association with her rural neighbours. Naturally, it took some time for the ice to break ; but when it broke, as it did through the daily service rendered to the sick and the stricken, the author found revealed before her a picture of the Indian people in the fulness of its lights and shades. She realized how deeply ignorance and poverty had been corroding the life of rural India, particularly, of her women and children ; but she was also fortunate in being able to discover broken elements of a higher culture, which gave to the life of her humble neighbours some kind of imperishable worth.

The chapters devoted to the economic, social and cultural aspects of village life show that she has also studied deeply from books : but it is her personal observation and the actual act of sharing the life of the common people which have served as a commentary upon what she gathered from books. While reading the present book, one is often reminded of Sister Nivedita, for the author displays the same kind of sympathy and self-effacement which the Sister found necessary before one could penetrate into the essentially human core, which lies behind an alien civilization. While discussing either the strength or the weakness of her neighbours, the author never tries to parade the one or to gloss over the other ; she never permits herself to lapse into sentimentality. It is this strikingly healthy attitude which has given the book the essential stamp of Truth.

Nirmal Kumar Bose

GANDHI : By Carl Heath. Shivalal Agarwala & Co. Ltd., Agra.

Price : Rs. 1/8/-

GANDHIJI always holds on to the path which he considers morally right, even when worldly wisdom may dictate otherwise. It is this single-minded devotion to Truth, and a courageous reliance upon spiritual values, which have given him a position unique in the modern world. But in spite of his sympathy with the moral and social activities of Gandhiji, the author of the present pamphlet finds himself unable to subscribe to the latter's political views in the midst of war. He has also doubts about the usefulness of his economic programme. Mr. Carl Heath is, however, sympathetic towards India's national aspirations.

N. K. B.

RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS : By Sir C. H. Setalvad. Padma Publications Ltd., Bombay. Price : Rs. 12/8.

POLITICAL memoirs are rather rare in our country and we are grateful to Sir Chimanlal Harilal Setalvad for giving us some interesting and informative reading in his "Recollections and Reflections." Sir Chimanlal is one of our Elder Statesmen and in his own light, he has served his Motherland with conspicuous ability and consistency. It certainly does not deflect from his greatness that he belongs to a political group which today, by the march of events and force of circumstances, has become for all practical purposes extinct. The Indian Liberals have outlived their historic function but, let it be admitted, they have considerably helped the evolution of democracy in India.

Success is writ large in the life of Sir Chimanlal. Excepting the membership of the Government of India, which seems to have miraculously slipped through his very fingers, he has had everything which a public man could look forward to in the pre-Gandhian era. So in the golden evening of his life, he can look back with satisfaction upon his achievements, as indeed he does. But he is evidently not very happy with the present developments in our politics and in his reference to Mahatma Gandhi he betrays a disapprobation which is at times rather jarring.

The book is full of interesting anecdotes and will prove useful to students of Indian political evolution. His reflections would, however, not appeal to many to-day, even though they are 'the result of honest convictions and balanced thinking' of a bright intellect.

A. K. C.

AMERICA : The Land of Superlatives : By Kamaladevi. Phoenix Publications, Bombay, 4. Price : Rs. 7/-

KAMALADEVI has given us a very dependable and close survey of the Land of the Streamlined Civilisation. It is not a Baedekar but a good interpretation of the socio-economic life of the New World. She virtually agrees with Ethel Mannin that America is a country without a soul, a land where human beings act like machines and machines think like human beings.

The book is replete with important statistics and is fully documented. An actual observer of social phenomena, she has not remained at all satisfied with mere appearances but has looked into everything with the eyes and awareness of a sleuth. Even the spectacular philanthropy of the "Rulers of America" does not blind her to the fact that they are "as much of a labyrinth of by-paths and shady lanes of their commercial net-works."

A. K. C.

I IMPEACH BEVERLEY NICHOLS : By Jag Parvesh. Indian

Printing Works. Lahore. Price : Rs. 6/12.

A BADLY written book in refutation of a bad book.

A. K. C.

FEATHERS AND STONES : By Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramayya. Padma

Publications Ltd., Bombay. Price : Rs. 7'8/-.

THE author was one of the twelve members of the Congress Working Committee who were arrested in Bombay on August 9, 1942, and kept without trial in the Ahmednagar Fort for nearly three years. This book is the fruit of that enforced leisure. While Jawaharlal Nehru was re-discovering India and Maulana Abul Kalam Azad was reviewing his eventful past, Dr. Sitaramayya was gathering feathers and stones—stones from the hard soil of the fortress, hiding the secret of centuries, and feathers flitting in from above and beyond the walls that shut him and his colleagues from the living world. Hard facts and light fancies, pedantry and frivolity are jumbled up in these four hundred pages without a systematic plan or artistic unity. The book is not a diary in the sense that it carries a faithful account of the day-to-day life of the author and his colleagues in the Fort. Had it been such its interest to the reader and value to posterity would have been greatly enhanced. But the author has told us almost next to nothing of their feelings and thoughts and general reactions to outside happenings during those tragic and eventful thirty-two months. He has given us an amusing description of their journey under police escort from Bombay to Ahmednagar and occasional anecdotes about some of his colleagues. The rest is a collection of his observations, now learned, now cursory, on the tit-bits of information and gossip gathered from newspapers and books. The insight that these pages give us is not into the mind of a revolutionary, who is languishing in dungeon while his country is going through a harrowing life-and-death struggle, but of a genial old man gossiping to his grandchildren. now wise, now garrulous, now entertaining, now boring, but always kindly and tolerant. There is plenty of wisdom and learning in these pages but the reader has to wade through or skip over bundles of trivialities to get at them. The author suffers from a too facile pen. The book would have gained considerably in merit if at least half its contents had been judiciously omitted.

K. K.

POLISH SHORT STORIES : Edited by Uma Devi. Indo-Polish
Library. Distributors : Padma Publication Ltd., Bombay 1.
Price : Rs. 4/-.

TWELVE stories by as many Polish writers have been included in this selection. The first six of these were written before the First Great War, two stories during that war and the last four after 1939. Among the writers there are two Nobel Prize winners and several masters of Polish letters. Quite a good number of these stories are of gripping interest and show high literary excellence. Incidents and situations in the life of a nation in travail, the treatment of which might easily have degenerated into propaganda or journalese, have, in some of the stories, been lifted beyond the interest of the particular, as in "Banasyooa", which recalls the art of Gorky, and in "There Where the Last Gaunt Gallows Stands and Beckons", which remains a powerful story, in spite of the heavy burden of long exhortative speeches it has to carry. The more recent stories by the youngest generation of writers serve the purpose for which they were chosen ; namely, providing glimpses of the Polish situation. "Impossible" and "The Visitor", two stories included in the first section seem, to contribute very little to the total effect of the selection. The translation is at places excellent and mostly good, although here and there one may come across some doubtful phrases. There are many errors in printing. But the get-up is attractive. The book may be said to have largely fulfilled the purpose of The Indo-Polish Library, which is "to create among Indian readers interest in Poland, her life and art, literature and culture."

S. C. Sarkar.

*BULLETIN OF THE BARODA STATE MUSEUM AND PICTURE
GALLERY* : Vol. II.—PT. I.

THE editor and the various contributors are all well-known in their respective fields of research. Indian Art has been presented, therefore, from the archeological historical and critical standpoints. No doubt, research into classical and mediæval periods in the history of Indian Art has still a very wide range to cover, but a detailed study of the nineteenth century is in no way unimportant. For, to be truly conscious of the importance of his own age, the artist must have some knowledge of his immediate past. And the Baroda State has enough material to provide valuable information in this connection, such as, the paintings in the Sirke Chjawada Koti, of which the learned editor is certainly aware. The contents and the printing are up to the mark. The editing is commendable.

B. M.

THE MOVING FINGER : Edited by V. N. Bhushan. Padma Publications Ltd., Bombay 1. Price : Rs. 8/-.

"INDO-ENGLISH literature is an accomplished fact," says the editor. That may or may not be, but all the same, along with Dr. K. C. Iyengar, he has done well to draw public attention to this literature. The volume, under review, is the second of a series of collections of "essays in literary and aesthetic criticism by Indian writers."

Most of the essays included in the anthology, as expected, are competent ; a few are outstanding. Tagore, however, ought not to have been included, for he does not stand or fall by his contribution to Indo-English criticism. An essay by Ananda K. Coomaraswamy, admittedly the best exponent of Indian art, and also some essays from the works of earlier critics, like Brajendranath Seal, should have found a place in the compilation.

There are introductory and even biographical notes about the writers. No doubt, they are necessary in a work like this, but a note of restraint is equally essential.

There is a useful Bibliography of books and essays by Indo-English writers, though in the nature of things it is incomplete.

The editor and the publishers are to be congratulated on their venture. But it is to be sincerely hoped that the anthology will be recast in a better form when the second edition is brought out, the explanatory details being reduced to a minimum, and a more artistic cover-paper and drawing being used.

S. K. G.

SIMILES OF KALIDASA : By K. Chellappan Pillai. Visva-Bharati Research Publications, 6-3, Dwarkanath Tagore Lane, Calcutta. Price : Rs. 2/8/-.

WHEREIN lies the excellence of Kalidasa's similes ? This is the query that the author has tried to answer in the brochure, under review.

The characteristics of a significant and successful simile are spontaneity, power to charm the reader into self-forgetfulness and suggestiveness. Kalidasa's similes have all these, as the poet feels, kindles and communicates a higher joy than the earth owns. The quality of balance, the sense of propriety and the art of personification are, however, the special features of his similes. Through them he has very skilfully linked up Nature and Man in a bond of mutual relationship.

The book is an index of the poet's similes, which will be found very useful for purposes of ready reference by students of Kalidasa. An aesthetic exposition of the Poet, however, still remains to be essayed by our critics. Mr. Pillai is to be congratulated on his laudable attempt.

Nagendranath Chakravarty.

A GARLAND OF INDIAN POETRY : Chosen by H. G. Rawlinson.

The Royal Indian Society, 3, Victoria Street, London, S. W. 1.

Price : Five Shillings.

HERE is a "garland", worthy equally of India to offer and of the West to accept. For, the flowers with which it has been woven have all been plucked from the Garden of India's ageless genius as it has evolved through the centuries. The thirty poems translated mostly by European scholars from the original, of which the anthology consists, give the reader a bird's-view of this blossoming of her soul in beauty, from the time of the *Vedas* to that of Akbar. The compiler has evidently published the present selection now with a view to promoting deeper mutual cultural understanding and appreciation between the East and the West—a highly praiseworthy aim, than which none, indeed, is more urgent to-day. One sincerely wishes and hopes, however, that before long there will be published also an anthology or anthologies of European or Western poetry, as chosen by an Indian or Easterner, as it were to respond to this gesture of goodwill. For, in this way alone the language of the heart, (and is not this what poetry means in popular parlance ?) which unites, as against that of the head, which divides, will become universal and a man realise that, to quote Akbar, "In every language I hear spoken people praise Thee".

X

THE BEHAR HERALD (72nd Annual Number) : Edited by M. C.

Sammaddar. "The Behar Herald" Press, Patna. Price : Re. 1.

A varied bill of literary fare, delicious as well as easily digestible ! The *Annual* has essayed to cover within a brief compass all the important activities of our current National life,—from art to economics. Nor has it forgotten the children while extending invitations to the feast, for they, too, have been suitably catered for.

X

ZOROASTRIANISM : By H. P. Blavatsky. International Book House,
Fort, Bombay. Price : As. /8/-.

THIS small booklet is a reprint of answers originally published in the *Theosophist* to questions stirred in the mind of an earnest Parsi, on hearing a lecture by Col. Olcott on the "Spirit of Zoroastrianism". It is the conclusion of Col Olcott, maintained and substantiated in these replies by Madame Blavatsky, that modern Zoroastrianism is but a lifeless mask of the pristine Magianism, though the latter has not been wholly stifled within the mask. The appeal is made to the earnest

Parsi to re-discover the ancient faith and the key to that discovery is offered by Occultism, the truths of which have, however, still to be made available to the general public. But Madame Blavatsky claims to show authority for every one of her statements in this little volume.

S. K. G.

LEADERS OF INDIA—VOLUME TWO : By Yusuf Meherally. Padma Publications, Ltd., Bombay I. Price : Re. 1/-.

A gallery of the pen-portraits of Mahatma Gandhi, Subhas Bose, Kamaladevi, Aruna Asaf Ali, Achyut Patwardhan, Dr. Khan Sahib and Master Tara Singh, drawn by a literary artist, endowed with exceptional talents, imagination and insight. In half-an-hour in the course of your round, you see the seven personalities in the context of their own intrinsic, evolutionary idealism and arduous activity. And when you come out, all that you can say with legitimate pride, beaming forth from your eyes, is, "All are servants and stalwarts of my beloved country !" Gandhiji's one lifelong aspiration is "to wipe every tear from every eye" ; Subhas has a flair for intrepidity and organisation ; Kamaladevi is an artist, turned patriot by the logic of historic necessity ; Aruna is reckless courage incarnate, hitched not to the wagon but rocket of India's political redemption ; Achyut is impatient to build a Socialist's Jerusalem here and now on the sacred soil of his Motherland ; Dr. Khan Sahib is an ardent Pathan with passion for freedom as his practical religion ; and Master Tara Singh is a schoolmaster, metamorphosed into a saviour of the community of his adoption. Salutation to every one of them.

M. G.

SHIVAJI : By C. A. Kincaid. Macmillan and Co. Ltd., Calcutta ; Price : Re. 1/-

THE intention of the author was to write a simple story book for Indian boys about the great Maratha king, Shivaji, who, in his opinion, was an equal of King Alfred and King Charlemagne. He has succeeded to a great extent in gaining his object. The book is well written. The author's accounts of the capture of Sinhadgad and Shivaji's coronation at Raygad, for instance, are very interesting. The achievements of Shivaji, the soldier and the ruler, are described in some detail, but the human side of his character does not stand out prominently. The book is illustrated and the illustrations have been judiciously selected. It will be a welcome addition to the juvenile section of every school library.

P. R. Ghose

SRIKANTA ; By Sarat Chandra Chatterjee. Translated from the original Bengali by Kshitish Chandra Sen. Indian Publishers, Benares.

Price : Rs. 3/14/-

THE DELIVERANCE : By Sarat Chandra Chatterjee, translated from the original Bengali by Dilip Kumar Roy. Nalanda Publications, Bombay I.

Price : 3/4/-

Srikanta is one of Sarat Chandra's masterpieces and is believed to be largely autobiographical. The original book is in four parts, each part complete in itself. Mr. Sen has translated only the first part, perhaps the best in the series. It is a relief to find that it is not a literal translation, though a faithful one, being, as the translator rightly claims, as close to the original as possible and consistent with the demand of the English usage. This is, indeed, the most rational way of presenting an Indian story to the European reader. From that point of view Mr. Sen's efforts have been eminently successful.

Mr. Dilip Kumar Roy has chosen one of the best known works of Sarat Chandra for his translation. This translation is also a faithful one and has been "revised by Sri Aurobindo". The translator's note contains a short life-sketch of Sarat Chandra.

K. G.

MEN AND RIVERS : By Humayun Kabir. Hind Kitabs, Bombay.

Price : Rs. 5/-

MR. Kabir has chosen in this book to tell a simple story, based on an ancient legend of East Bengal and he has told it very simply. The simplicity of his style, however, conceals a masterly treatment of his theme. The story itself has got a human appeal and that touch which in all cases makes the whole world kin.

K. G.

GODAN : By Premchand. Translated from Hindi into Bengali by
Priyaranjan Sen and Swarnaprabha Sen. Saraswati Press,
Benares. Price : Rs. 5/8/-

SHORT STORIES OF PREMCHAND : Translated into English by Gurdial
Mallik ; Nalanda Publications, Bombay I. Price : Rs. 4/14/-

PREMCHAND'S appearance in the field on Hindi fiction was a red-letter day for Hindi literature. For, it was he who released the Hindi short story and the novel from their airy castles and planted them on the rich "soil of the Indian village with its prehistoric past." *Godan* is a marvellous study of the eternal Indian farmer, exquisitely wrought, deeply understood and delicately portrayed. It is stranger than fiction because it is truth itself.

The job of translating from one Indian language into another is comparatively less difficult than that of translating into an alien tongue. The present Bengali translation is very satisfactory, though one feels that, if pains were taken, it could have been brought still closer to the idiomatic phrasing of the original, in which Premchand was an adept.

The other book is a collection of eleven short-stories of Premchand into English. Premchand wrote a most breezy, racy, idiomatic prose, combining the gravity of Hindi with the elegance of Urdu prose styles. The transplanting of these on to an alien soil has, therefore, certain inherent obstacles. But within these initial limitations the present translator has done a good job. He has been at once close and cautious, faithful and free. The unmistakable sapidity of the original has been served at the English table. The selection is quite representative, encompassing all the various aspects of Premchand's genius which, as a story-writer, are said to have surpassed those of his as a novelist.

In view of the desideratum that there should be an increasing mutual appreciation of one another's literatures, the publication of the two books, under review, is to be welcomed, indeed.

M. Bajpai.

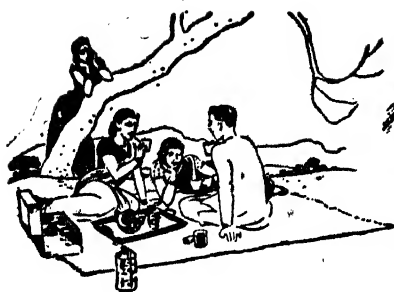
JUGNU : (Hindi) : By Srimannarayan Agarawal. Kitabistan,
Allahabad. Price : Rs. 3/-.

THIS is a collection of two dozen 'short and light' essays which are, as the title of the book purports to suggest, aglow, like fireflies, with their own perception and insight. Thought-provoking and interesting as they are, their unfailing didactic note takes away, to some extent, their native interest and charm or the intended satirical effect. However, they are direct, simple and fresh, and at times unexpectedly delightful, too.

M. Bajpai.

BOOKS RECEIVED

- THE PROBLEMS OF INDIAN YOUTH* : By Dhurjati Prasad Mukherji. Hind Kitabs, Bombay—I. Price : Rs. 2/-
- ETHICS FOR EVERYMAN* : By D. Y. Deshpande. Hind Kitabs, Bombay—I. Price : Re. 1/8/-
- I. N. A. AND THE AUGUST REVOLUTION* : By M. N. Roy. Renaissance Publishers, P. B. No. 580, Calcutta. Price : Rs. 2/-
- LEADERS OF INDIA, VOL. II* : By Yusuf Meherally. Padma Publications Ltd., Bombay—I. Price : Re. 1/-
- TOWARDS STRUGGLE* : By Jaya Prakash Narayan. Padma Publications Ltd., Bombay—I. Price : Rs. 6/8/-
- FAZL-I-HUSAIN* : By Azam Husain. Longmans Green & Co., Ltd, Calcutta. Price : Rs. 15/-
- GORKY ANTHOLOGY* : Kutub Rublishers, Bombay—5. Price : 6/8/-
- HISTORY OF ORISSA* : By L. N. Sahu, C/O. Servants of India Society, Cuttack. Price : Annas Eight only.
- FALL OF MEWAR* : By Dwijendra Lal Roy. Translated by Harindranath Chhattopadhyaya and Dilip Kumar Roy. Nalanda Publications, P. B. No. 1353, Bombay. Price : Rs. 3/12/-
- GITA ACCORDING TO GANDHI* : By Mahadev Desai. Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad. Price : Rs. 4/-
- VIRANGANA ARUNA ASAFALI (HINDI)* : Translated by D. G. Lad. Vora & Co., Publishers Ltd., Bombay—2. Price : Rs. 2/-
- FREUD & MANSAMIKHSAN (BENGALI)* : Translated by Sunil Chandra Bishi, Sanskriti Baithak, 17 Panditia Place, Calcutta. Price : Re. 1/8/-
- MAHATMA GANDHI* : By B. K. Akkad. Vora & Co. Publishers Ltd., Bombay—2. Price : Re. 1/8/-



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CLARITY*

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE

REFERRING to a well-known English poet Srotaswini said, "I don't know why, but I don't like his poetry".

Dipti seconded her opinion more vigorously.

Samir does not as a rule openly contradict any woman. So he hesitated a little and said with a smile, "But many great critics place him in a very high rank."

"It is not necessary", said Dipti, "to have any critic's help in order to understand clearly that fire burns,—it can be understood quite well with the tip of the little finger of one's own left hand. If I can't understand the goodness of good poetry similarly off-hand, then I don't think it necessary to read its criticism."

Samir was aware of the burning power possessed by fire, so he kept quiet : but poor Byom was innocent of any *savoir-faire* about these matters, so he began to soliloquize out loud.

He said, "The mind of man outstrips him, very often one can't catch up with it."

Interrupting him Kshiti said, "In the *Treta Yuga*† the hundreds-of-miles-long tail of Master Hanuman used to far outstrip him ; if a flea sat on its tip, then he had to set up a relay of horses in order to scratch it. The mind of man is longer than Hanuman's tail, so sometimes he cannot reach it without the horse-relay of the critic. The difference between the tail and the mind is that the mind goes on

* Translated from the *Panchabhut* by Indira Devi Chaudhurani.

† The age following the *Satya* or Golden Age.

ahead, while the tail is left behind—that is why in this world the tail is so stultified and the mind is so glorified.”

When Kshiti had finished, Byom resumed, “The object of Science is to know, and the object of Philosophy is to understand ; but things have so turned out that the knowing of Science and the understanding of Philosophy have become more difficult than all other knowing and understanding. What a lot of schools and books and apparatus have become necessary for the purpose ! The object of Literature is to evoke joy, but it is not so easy to obtain that joy either,—various kinds of teaching and help are required for that also. That is why I was saying, the mind advances so rapidly that one has to use a ladder to reach it. If somebody says in a huff, that which can’t be known without education is not Science, that which can’t be understood without effort is not Philosophy and that which does not give joy without culture is not Literature, then he will have to lag far behind with traditional maxims, proverbs, and doggerels.”

“Everything tends to become increasingly difficult in men’s hands,” said Samir. “Savages get excited by shouting anyhow, but it is our misfortune that we cannot be satisfied with anything short of music, which entails special practice and cultivation ; worse luck still, one cannot even sing well without being taught. As a result, that which was once public property, gradually tends to become the private property of the practised performer. Everybody can shout, and every uncivilised man in the street can feel pleasurably excited by shouting ; but every one can’t sing, nor does everyone enjoy singing. Hence, with the progress of society two distinct classes of initiated and uninitiated, *connoisseurs* and outsiders are being created.”

Said Kshiti, “Poor man has been so created that the more he tries to adopt easy methods, the more entangled he becomes in difficulties. He invented machines in order to do his work easily, but the machine itself is a highly intricate affair ; he organized Science in order to arrange easily all our knowledge of Nature, but that very Science is difficult to master ; Law was evolved in the process of trying to find an easy method of doing justice, but eventually a long-lived man is required to sacrifice three-fourths of his life in order to understand Law properly. Money was created as a means of easy exchange, but in the end the problem of money has

become such a big problem that it defies any one to solve it. In attempting to simplify everything, man's learning and teaching, eating and drinking, enjoyment and amusement, everything has become hopelessly difficult."

"Poetry has also followed suit and become difficult," said Srotaswini, "Mankind has now become distinctly divided into two classes : now few are wealthy and many are poor ; few are talented and many are talentless ; now poetry also is not for the general public but for the select few. I understand all that. But the fact of the matter is, that the particular poem which has given rise to the discussion is not at all difficult ; there is nothing in it that even people like us can't understand, it is quite simple. So that if we don't like it, it is not the fault of our understanding."

Neither Kshiti nor Samir felt inclined to say anything after this. But Byom went on unblushingly, "Because a thing is simple, it doesn't follow that it is easy. Very often it is that which is most difficult, because it doesn't adopt any kind of trumpery means to explain itself ; it remains standing quietly ; if you don't understand it and go away, it does not tempt you back with any artifice. The distinctive quality of clarity is that it establishes a direct connection with the mind,—it has no intermediary. But for those minds which cannot accept anything without the help of an intermediary, which have to be attracted by blandishments,—clarity is extremely unintelligible. The clay *bhisti* (water-carrier), modelled by the craftsmen of Krishnagar, with its colouring and its water-skin and pose, readily finds its way into our mental senses and habits,—but Greek statuary has no colours or postures, it is clear and absolutely effortless. But that is not to say that it is easily intelligible. Just because it disdains to attract by any contemptible outward trappings, it must possess all the more innate wealth of ideas."

"Bother your Greek statuary," said Dipti with marked annoyance. "We have heard a great deal about it, and if we live, we shall hear a great deal more. The worst of good things is that they always have to remain in the public eye, everybody talks about them, they have no covering, no veil ; they don't need to be discovered, to be understood, to be observed carefully : one has only to hear and repeat stock phrases about them. Just as the sun should remain hidden behind the clouds sometimes, otherwise the splendour of the uncloud-

ed sun cannot be realised, so I think famous things should occasionally be obscured by the the screen of neglect. It should be the fashion to slander Greek statues now and then, it should be demonstrated publicly that Chanakya is a better poet than Kalidasa. Otherwise it is becoming intolerable. However, that is by the way. What I want to say is, that very often rudeness of behaviour and poverty of ideas are mistaken for simplicity ; very often inability to express oneself is supposed to be the sign of excessive feeling,—one should also remember that.”

I said, “In works of Art simplicity goes hand in hand with a high order of mental culture. Barbarity is not simplicity. Barbarity is largely attended by pomp and circumstance. Civilization is comparatively unadorned. Excessive ornamentation attracts the eye but repels the mind. Both in our Bengali newspapers and high class literature a lack of simplicity and moderation is evident. Everybody is fond of talking in too loud a voice and with too much gesticulation ; nobody cares to express the truth clearly and without bombast, because a primeval barbarity still exists within us. If truth comes to us simply clothed, we cannot realise its depth and distinction. Unless the beauty of ideas is loaded with artificial jewellery and every kind of exaggeration, we do not give it its due appreciation.”

“Moderation is one of the chief signs of courtesy,” said Samir. “Well-bred people never advertise themselves blatantly by any kind of pushing and excess—they preserve their dignity through modesty and self-control. Very often fussiness and effusive manners seem more attractive to the ordinary run of people than well-controlled, dignified courtesy. But that is not the fault of courtesy,—it is the misfortune of ordinary people. Moderation in literature and behaviour is a sign of progress. Barbarity consists in the attempt to catch the eye by means of exaggeration.”

I said, “I must be excused for using an English word or two. As in polite society, so in literary, there are manners but not mannerisms. No doubt good literature has a form and quality of its own, but that form does not specially strike the eye. It possesses a certain spirit, a certain influence, but not any extraordinary style. Very often for want of splashing waves on the surface, the inner perfection is lost sight of. Again, very often where there is no perfection, people are moved by the splashing of the waves, but let nobody, therefore, make

the mistake that the plainness of perfection is easy and the gesticulating of shallowness is difficult."

Turning to Srotaswini I said, "Very often it is difficult to understand high class literature for this reason that the mind appreciates it, but it does not try to explain itself."

"I salute you," said Dipti, "we have learnt enough to-day. We shall never again proclaim our barbarity by expressing our opinion of high-brow literature to high-brow *pundits*."

Mentioning that English poet Srotaswini said, "However much you may argue and rail against us, I can't abide that author's poetry."

"My song has put off her adornments. She has no pride of dress and decoration. Ornaments would mar our union; they would come between thee and me; their jingling would drown thy whispers."

—Rabindranath Tagore.

**“TOUCH MY LIFE WITH THE MAGIC
OF THY FIRE”***

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Touch my life with the magic of thy fire,
And with its burning gift of pain
 make it precious.
Use this, my body, as a lamp to hold up
 in thy temple,
And let its flame burn in song through
 the night and through the day.
Let stars thrill out of my darkness,
 Along the course of thy touch
 Through all the watches of the night.
The black mist will vanish from my eyes,
 Wheresoever they turn they will see all
 in thy light,
My pain will leap up high to thine altar
 in a burst of flame.

* The Poet's own rendering of his song "Aguner Parashmani" (অগুনের পরশমণি হোঁকাও প্রাণে)
in *Gitali*.

THE TWO*

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE

FROM sunset horizon upsurge
 colour-rays ecstatic.
The two sit side by side.
 Their body and mind absorb
 the message of the sky.
Eyes steadfast, silent they sit,
 all restlessness stilled.

Once they had started on their journey together,
 their hearts a-flutter
 with ineffable joy.
Before the eyes of one living moment
 was their love-knot tied.
Full was the moment and perfect,
 unfettered, serene, fearless,
 from misgivings free.

Rounded was the moment
 like flute notes ;
Infinity caught in an instant.

* Translated from the original Bengali poem, "Dujan", in *Bithika*, by Kshitim Roy.

The narrowest source-head
was that supreme point of time,
Pouring down in rapture all it had to give :
Its dower of dance and song,
The sunlit laughter of its gurgling foam.
Lost is that moment now in the far away,
where sounds the ocean's chant.

There in the distance
is the mighty throne set
for the Great One,
in the spacious court of Time.
All grief, all joy
mingle there
in a mighty union.
There on the canvas of the sky
sunrise and sunset paint
magic pictures
framed by the deepening shadows
of Night.

The two wayfarers look on,
calm and silent,
at the far distant sky.
They know not why their eyes
well up with tears,
nor what unspoken word,
What cry from the depths beyond thought.
make their hearts tremble.
Do their eyes see,
In the great epic of Nature
written in mystic script,
how few are the lines that tell
their little tale of love ?

C. F. ANDREWS—A FRIEND OF THE POOR AND THE PARIAH

By MARJORIE SYKES

UP to the end of 1913 the story of Andrews' life, rich as it is, is a comparatively simple one. The current runs, as it were, in one channel, passing in its course through continual variations of scenery and enriched by tributary streams of thought and experience. Through Birmingham, Cambridge, and the slums, back to Cambridge and on to Delhi, its course is clear: at any given time during those forty years the energies of that river of life were concentrated in some one place, on some one unit of work. But from 1913 onwards the story is like that of a great river whose life-giving waters spread in a delta of linked and interdependent waterways over an increasing area of human life. The unity of spirit and purpose remains, but the operation of the spirit is seen in a vast diversity of interests. The school boy, copying a delta system from the map, finds that the best method is to trace out one main channel after another from the first point of divergence to the sea, and may easily fail to reproduce the network of cross-channels which connect them: the narrator of Andrews' life is in the same way driven to return again and again to 1913-14, to the "point of divergence" of his multifarious interests. And one must beware lest this inevitable simplification of the problem should fail to show how constantly these interests acted and reacted upon one another.

In 1913 Andrews paid his first visit to Santiniketan, his future "Indian home." Before the end of the year he had thrown himself into G. K. Gokhale's campaign on behalf of the Indian community in

South Africa in a way which led direct to his first unofficial mission to that country in the company of W. W. Pearson. On January 1, 1914, he came face to face with Mahatma Gandhi on the quay at Durban, and so with his destiny as interpreter of Gandhi's ideas and work to the West. South Africa made him aware of the evils of indenture on the sugar plantations ; it also showed him how the racial prejudices which affected the Indian were at work on a much larger scale in the relations between White and Black. Yet not one of these interests was wholly new. Bishop Westcott's teaching at Cambridge, and countless Indian contacts since, had prepared the way for Tagore ; Mazzini's influence for Gandhi's ; the shipyards and slums of England and the bazaars of Delhi for the cause of Indian sweated labour ; and as for the colour bar, bitter experience in the Punjab and elsewhere had made him a passionate speaker and writer on this question as early as 1905. But after 1914 the sweep of his vision and the reach of his influence in these things became worldwide.

Many of his friends believe that Andrews' greatest single achievement was the abolition of indentured labour in British dependencies. He was very far from being single-handed in the struggle, but the work he did had enormous and possibly decisive influence on the action of the Government of India between 1916 and 1919. In Natal, in 1914, he had not himself made any special study of indenture, but Pearson had done so and had much to tell him. A few months later his attention was drawn to a Hindi publication, *Twenty-one Years in Fiji*, by Pandit Totaramji. It is the autobiographical record of an exceptionally sturdy and intelligent indentured labourer, and Andrews lost no time in seeking out the author. In the summer of 1915, convalescing at Simla from an almost fatal attack of cholera, he brooded over the sufferings of which he had heard and strained his frail strength in endeavours to rouse the responsible departments of the Government of India to a sense of the seriousness of the situation. The pitifulness of the stories told him haunted his prayers, and his conviction that he had a personal call to service was clinched by a waking vision. He saw, vividly real, the sorrowful face of an indentured 'coolie' raised in silent appeal, and as he looked the ravaged features took on the lineaments of the face of Christ—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one

of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me." That autumn, as soon as he was strong enough to travel, he and Pearson started on the long voyage to Fiji, backed and financed by public-spirited Indian merchants, to undertake an independent investigation of the conditions there. The result of months of strenuous travel, which included visits to the head offices of the Colonial Sugar Refining Co., the employing body in Australia, and brief but enjoyable rest in a sister's home in New Zealand, was a joint report published in February 1916 immediately after the return of the travellers. It is a masterly piece of work, a fine example of Andrews' grasp of essentials and power of marshalling relevant facts, and it made a great impression in India. Things began to move; Lord Hardinge, now at the end of his wise and sympathetic viceroyalty, declared himself for abolition of a vicious system. In 1917 Andrews paid a second visit to Fiji, this time alone, and collected further evidence to reinforce his arguments. Even so, the abolition of indenture was not carried through without a struggle. Commercial interests did their best to have it extended for a further five years, but public opinion in India was roused, Mahatma Gandhi threw himself into a country-wide campaign of protest, and the fight was won. On January 1, 1920, indentured labour came to an end within the British Empire.

As the reports of Andrews' activities on behalf of distant and half-forgotten indentured labourers filled the press, there were Indian friends who spoke to him like this; "You have travelled thousands of miles to expose evil in South Africa and Fiji, do you not realise that the same evil is rampant here in India, in our own cities, among our own industrial populations?" The words were sufficient. From 1918 onwards Andrews became as widely known at home as abroad, as the "friend of the poor." There was no indentured labour in India, but the men driven by grim circumstance to leave their village homes for the great city mills were only too often as badly housed, as disastrously cut off from healthy family life, as ruthlessly exploited, as those on the great sugar estates. If they were not so hopelessly isolated by distance and the ocean from old ties, they were often worse off than the indentured labourers in the nature and circumstances of their work. The sugar fields were preferable to the stifling heat and filth of the factories, and the surroundings of the most disgraceful 'coolie lines' were cleaner and sweeter than those

of a Bombay tenement. Again and again Andrews went and lived among the labourers, experiencing so far as possible their conditions, examining their complaints, sifting their grievances. In 1918 he was in the mill district of Madras ; then with tea garden workers in Ceylon ; at the tragic exodus from the plantations of Assam in 1921, at the focal point of one after another of the series of labour strikes that followed—living in the men's quarters, listening patiently to endless and indignant discussions. His experience in these years convinced him that the All-India Trades Union Congress was essential to the workers' interests and he took an active part in its work from 1924 to 1928, being twice elected its President, and a member of the Executive Committee. In later years, when the Congress was split by warring political ideologies, and a large section of its leadership rejected the principle of legal and non-violent action against injustice, he could no longer follow it, and it was natural that those who believed that justice could only be won by violent revolution should regard his "humanitarian" influence as a hindrance to their work, though they respected his character.

Andrews' attention was never confined, however, to the more organised labourers of the industrial centres. He took up with equal enthusiasm the campaign against "forced labour" in various parts of the Indian hill tracts, and spent some weeks in November 1920 with his friend, Samuel Stokes, investigating the forms of *begar* (forced labour) which were still then being practised in the Simla district. In 1924 and 1925 he crowned a long campaign against the abuses of the liquor and drug traffic by his work on the report to Congress on "Opium in Assam". The report, though not entirely his own work, bears the marks of that combination of qualities which gave his writings such an influence—the intellectual grasp of the essential facts of a situation, the unswerving moral judgment, the literary gifts which made his writing at once lucid and compelling, accurate and warmly human. And throughout the remainder of his life disasters by flood and pestilence found him at hand. Again and again he visited poverty-stricken Orissa in monsoon floods, or flooded and famine areas of Bengal, and his ready pen sent out descriptions of suffering and appeals for help over the length and breadth of India.

Andrews' unique influence in these stormy distresses was due

to his own complete integrity and disinterestedness and to the disarming friendliness of his personality. Courteous, unruffled, gently persistent, he would stay on terms of affectionate personal intimacy, a beloved, if sometimes an embarrassing, guest, with the very officials whose public policy he was bound to condemn in no uncertain terms. And on more than one occasion, when his investigations showed that ignorant labourers had been persuaded to strike on an insufficient pretext, or to make unreasonable conditions for a settlement, he opposed the popular voice, and earned the gratitude and the confidence of intelligent employers when with infinite tact and patience he succeeded in bringing about a just and honourable peace. Further, he not only set himself, as each particular difficult dispute arose, to find the fairest possible settlement, but he also, like a good doctor, sought throughout to diagnose and prescribe for the industrial disease of which the discontent and the strikes were the external symptoms. It is often said that Andrews' sensitive pity for immediate human suffering sometimes clouded his judgment, and that he was easily imposed upon by glib tales of misery. There is some truth in this where his personal charity to individuals was involved; he had decided in Monkwearmouth and Walworth that it was better to be sometimes cheated than to be always suspicious, and that he would rather run the risk of being deceived than grow callous towards the deserving. But when larger issues were at stake this criticism is rarely, if ever, justified. Andrews could and did listen for hours with patience and friendliness to narratives whose exaggerations were quite clear to him, but long experience had taught him how to seize on the fundamentals and his perception of the moral issues was keen. By private letters, by ably-drawn memoranda, and above all by personal interviews, he never ceased to press these fundamental issues upon the attention of the Government officials and managing directors who had it in their power to remedy the wrong. The railway workman might have been in the wrong, often was in the wrong, in his immediate pretext for a strike; but until reasonable security of employment and the benefits of a provident fund were open to him, until decent family life was possible in his quarters, above all, until the galling racial distinction between Indian and 'Anglo-Indian' had been brought to an end, the sense of injustice which made the workman a victim of irresponsible agitators would

not be removed. These were the points which Andrews fixed on and expounded, educating public opinion at the same time by cogent articles in the press. Similarly, his writings from flooded areas of Orissa are not only concerned with immediate relief, they diagnose the trouble in the uncontrolled reaches of the Mahandi river and seek to concentrate public attention on the prevention of flood by competent engineering.

On one issue, which arose in various forms, Andrews took a stand for which he had to suffer much misunderstanding and abuse. He set his face on principle against the tendency to exploit the bitter grievances of the poor for the sake of any political end, however desirable in itself, which was outside the range of their own understood needs. In May 1921 the great tide of indignation at the inhuman treatment of the half-starved plantation labourers streaming into Chandpur, found expression among railway and steamship employees in a strike of sympathy. It was the only way they saw open to them to demonstrate their anger effectively in public, and as one-day token demonstration of sympathy it might have been admirable. But certain elements seized on the strike and prolonged it as a political weapon, and while cholera ravaged the hastily improvised camps at Chandpur, the trains and steamers which should have carried the poor sufferers back to home and health lay idle day after day, and Andrews watched in bitterness of spirit the privations endured by 'coolies' and railwayman alike, and wondered whether those responsible had counted the cost in the hunger of the poor. A few years later he was writhing in agony of mind with the same question in another form. A South African Municipal Council was preparing a re-housing scheme for its Indian poor. Politically conscious Indians opposed it because it was based on the principle, as obnoxious to Andrews as to themselves, of racial segregation. Yet Andrews knew the utter squalor and wretchedness of the hovels from which these proposed new homes might provide an escape. He knew, too, in shame and sorrow, that some of the worst of these hovels were the property of Indian landlords. It was not possible for him to feel that the chance of more human living conditions for a number of actual human beings was an insignificant or irrelevant consideration. Before the vivid experience of their actual misery and need the imposing theoretical arguments against the principle of

segregation seemed pale and weak—and yet he knew that in another time and place he would see that segregation as a bitter, intolerable insult to human dignity. When in letters and reports from South Africa he pours out the torrent of his doubt and pity and misgiving, we have glimpses of the greatness of his tortured soul.

The race question—the colour bar—that evil growth of contempt and arrogance, which in India poisoned the relations between Indian, ‘Anglo-Indian’, and British, which separated caste and out-caste, which in East and South Africa set the British and the Boer against the Negro and the Indian, which left to the United States the black legacy of the slave-trade, which was beginning, in the nineteen-thirties, to swell and grow in Europe into new horrors of persecution for the Jew, hourly agonised Andrews’ soul. So he followed with passionate understanding and sympathy Mahatma Gandhi’s campaign against untouchability. He saw the Vykom Satyagraha. He rejoiced where he saw his own Christian brotherhood, faithful to its Master’s teaching, triumphant over ancient wrongs. He mourned when he saw the Church succumb to the poison of race. In 1929 he visited the United States and the West Indies, and saw the Negro race in its western home, and made friends in the great Negro foundation of Tuskegee. In 1933 he wrote over and over again to Mahatma Gandhi in such words as these: “You feel that you must fight to the death, if need be, for the human rights of the outcastes of your own Hindu society; I believe that in the same way God is calling me to fight this hydra-headed monster of racial untouchability in my own Christian religion and among my fellow-countrymen of the West.” And so, indeed, he did, as he had already done for years, but with increasing Christian insight and power. He fought on many fronts, but the underlying purpose was the same. At the end of 1938, at the conference of the International Missionary Council at Tambaram, Madras, he addressed what was perhaps the most representative assembly of the worldwide Christian Church which has ever been gathered together. He began with the words which the Roman Governor, Pontius Pilate, in all his arrogance of Roman blood, had thrown out at the trial of a certain Galilean carpenter in Jerusalem,—“Am I a Jew?” In quiet, simple sentences, Andrews brought home the full weight of that cold contempt, brought it home to the hearts and consciences of his

hearers. It was the speech of one who stood in the true succession of the great prophets, spoken as once more “the lights went out over Europe”, and it was his fitting testament to the Christian brotherhood he loved. And not to Christians only, for it was not a Christian who had written those words in which Andrews found, from the time he had first read them, daily joy and inspiration :

“Here is thy footstool and there rest thy feet where live the poorest and lowliest, and lost.”



CONFIDENCE BETWEEN COMMUNITIES

By ELEANOR M. HOUGH

IN September last, when the Hindu-Muslim riots were in full swing in Bombay, an Indian friend told me that the work of his publishing house was handicapped by the inaccessibility of his paper stocks. No default of the paper mills or of the railways was involved, it seemed. The paper needed was right in Bombay. But it was in an area dominated by the rival community and, such was the tension prevailing, that neither his employees nor himself would care to venture there to get it. "We have lost confidence in one another," he explained.

He seemed to me to have put his finger on a root cause, not only of the communal disturbances in India, but also of much of the friction between individuals and between other groups, and even of international misunderstandings. We are far, indeed, today from that "confident conviction that our neighbours will no more work to hurt us than we would think of harming them," given which, Madame Helena P. Blavatsky wrote nearly sixty years ago, two-thirds of the world's evil would vanish into thin air.

Mutual confidence—never, alas, complete—has waxed and waned with the advance and decline of cultures. It is not a good portent that it is at so low an ebb to-day, in India and elsewhere, and it is of the first importance to analyze the situation so that we may act intelligently to correct it.

The tendency to divisiveness, ubiquitous today, has played its part in narrowing man's horizon, in making it more difficult to recognize one's brother-man behind whatever mask. It expresses itself in modern science in the greater emphasis on analysis than on

synthesis, at the expense of the comprehensive view. An example is furnished by the increasing dependence upon specialists in the healing art, which has relegated the general practitioner to a lower rank. The latter, nevertheless, though with less knowledge, perhaps, of specific organs, has often a better comprehension of their interaction. But even he is still far from Paracelsus' concept of the whole man as the patient, and not only his physique. Modern psychosomatic theory is only beginning to feel its way in that direction.

In the religions more and more we find sect within sect, all offering the stone of schism for true Religion's bread of brotherhood. And in society the accent is on difference between group and group, in the name of distinctive cultures or of interests assumed to be diverse, as though the part could ever permanently benefit from that which hurts the whole !

The wider outlook, the right point of view on human relations, needs to be cultivated and the responsibility for cultivating it rests primarily upon the privileged and educated classes. The masses' mental wear is cut to the pattern, in thought and attitude, of those to whom they look up as fit exemplars. The latter, then, must recognize how basic is mutual trust to any civilization worthy of the name. It cannot, naturally, obviate the need for wise statesmanship. Just political and economic decisions are necessary to the maintenance of right relations between nations and between classes. But without the background of a measure of mutual confidence, those decisions can hardly be made or, if made, be carried out.

Almost all our dealings with each other rest on mutual trust, a reflex of the trust that man has learned to place in Nature's changeless laws. The banking system, to take an obvious example, rests on trust. No bank has ever enough in liquid assets to meet at once all possible legitimate demands. A run upon the soundest bank, with all its depositors in a panic, demanding all their money, can force it to close its doors, unless other banks come to its rescue. And forcing the bank thus to fail will mean that it can never meet more than a fraction of its obligations—the penalty that all will have to suffer for their want of trust.

The instinctive recognition of how basic is mutual confidence to mutual transactions explains the greater obloquy attaching to larceny after trust than to ordinary theft. It explains also the universal

resentment at being cheated, be the amount involved however small ; a resentment all too often aroused, alas, in these days of the creeping dry-rot of corrupt practices !

Without a measure of trust, community or even family life would be impossible. Trust is natural to the human being. Contrast the infant's quiet confidence in whatever arms hold him with the strained apprehensiveness of the wild bird, so painfully on the alert for danger from every quarter. The man has learned that trust is many times betrayed ; not for him the baby's implicit confidence in each and all, and rightly not. But still, though he may have lost his trust in certain men, he has not, lost his trust in Man. Discrimination as to who deserves full confidence is necessary, but a thousand times sadder than occasional betrayal is mistrust of all, which will inevitably make a man himself unworthy of all trust.

There is a terrible story of a man's urging his hesitating little boy to jump from the table where he had set him. "Jump, son, jump ! Isn't your papa here to catch you ?" The little fellow's faith rose to the challenge. He jumped. His father let him fall. As he lay wailing for his trust betrayed far more than for his bruises, his father leaned down to drive the lesson home : "Never trust anybody, son, not even your papa !"

That no tragedy of embitterment in the man's own life could excuse such warping of the mind of a child is the natural reaction. But do not happier parents in a less degree plant in their children's trustful minds the seeds of lack of confidence in others of a different colour, creed or class ? Do they not teach them, by example if not by precept, that difference from themselves connotes inferiority ?

It is not namby-pambyism that is needed, not the pretence that everything is sweetness and light, that all are doing their best, that each is worthy of trust. No. But we must be on our guard, for all our separative tendency, our particularization of the universal, against the temptation to generalise where we should be specific. When a man proves himself unworthy of our trust it is he alone and not his family, not his race, not his religious community, not his economic stratum, that should stand condemned. There are trustworthy and untrustworthy men in every group. And there are almost as many degrees of trustworthiness as there are men. We are ready to trust our lives with any taxi-driver ; with most men we could perhaps

safely trust our purses ; but with how very few would we trust our deepest thoughts, our highest aspirations ! In one sense, man's advance on the long upward journey towards perfection is measurable in terms of trustworthiness attained.

Meantime, wickedness and injustice cannot be allowed to go unchallenged. But the fight should always be for principles, not against persons, though their discomfiture may be involved. And this avoidance of personal animosity is necessary, if only from self-interest. "If I wished to punish my enemy," wrote Hannah More, "I should make him hate somebody."

When Paul bade his followers think of whatsoever things were true, lovely, pure, honest and of good report he was not indulging in rhetoric. Each moulds himself in the likeness of that on which his mind is set. Execrations were heaped upon the Nazis for the massacre of non-combatants in the London *blitz* and in the bombing of other English cities. And none could call the condemnation undeserved. But have we not seen the erstwhile condemners of violence against the unarmed populace bombing in their turn the German cities, with appalling losses of civilian lives ? And on the thought of Hiroshima and of Nagasaki who of us dares dwell ?

There was truth in what Shri C. Rajagopalchari said at Delhi a few weeks ago, "If you have no hatred in your own mind, you will gradually starve the other man's hatred." It is the truer for not being new. The Buddha taught that hatred does not cease by hatred but by the absence of hatred and five or six centuries later the injunction to love one's enemies was repeated in Galilee. Gandhiji, with his living faith in the power of non-violence, proclaims today the same technique of overcoming hate by fearless love.

Seeing others as embodiments of evil not only distorts our view of them, it also breeds self-righteousness, if not hypocrisy. Fervently rejoicing that we are not as other men, we all too often overlook that in ourselves which needs correction. Much of the demand for rights and the forgetfulness of duties, so prevalent today, is rooted in the sense not alone of separateness but also of a superiority not always apparent to the impartial observer.

Recognition of the duality of man's nature is a long step towards mutual sympathy and mutual trust. Who can deny the roots of evil in his lower nature, which, to the extent that he permits their

sprouting in feeling, thought, or act, make him a sharer in the world's sin and shame? Who, on the other hand, has never felt the stirrings in him of a nobler, grander Self, the keeper of his conscience, the strengthener of his resolves, the inspirer of his reverence for human greatness and of his compassion for the follies and the blunders of his erring fellow-men? Does any think himself alone part earthly, part divine? Nay, for the truth of Lowell's lines is patent to the dullest intellect :—

“As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.”

With the recognition of how many times offences come from ignorance, patience comes to birth. The story is told of a man seeking enlightenment. He was sitting deep in meditation beside a village street. His thought soared high above the mundane round. He was brought rudely back to earth by a man's stumbling over him. Our contemplator was, after all, only an aspirant to *yoga* and his anger rose. “Can't you look where you're going?” he shouted. But his anger lived no longer than it took the other man to answer, “No, brother, I am blind.”

Those who betray our trust are blind, in many cases : “They know not what they do.” Yet sometimes they know. There is deliberate wrong-doing, but for him who recognizes the inexorable moral law the evil-doer is more pitiable than his victim. The latter may be reaping but the harvest of an ancient wrong : the former sows a poison-seed, whose fruitage he must one day reap in pain. But if the penalty were but the forfeiting of the confidence of his fellow-man, it were too heavy a price to pay for whatever illegitimate gain. For, others' trust in us creates a clime congenial to the flowering of the best in our own nature.

It is many years since I read with a shudder the impeachment sentence passed by the United States Senate, sitting as a Court, upon a Federal Judge convicted of accepting a bribe. It is a terrible thing for a private citizen to betray his fellows' confidence, it is far worse for an official to betray his country's trust, to make its laws a mockery, to set its “justice” at the highest bidder's beck. And heavy was the penalty. There may have been a prison term imposed ; I do not remember, so little did that seem to matter beside these words with which the sentence continued : ...“and forever forbidden to occupy

any position of public honour or of public trust.” I quote from memory, but I believe accurately, so did the words engrave themselves upon my mind. I could not then, as I can hardly now, conceive a deeper ignominy than thus to be branded indelibly as unworthy of the confidence of one’s kind.

It will profit us little to dwell on how the trust of brother in brother has been undermined in India. To recognize that the present bitterness between the two major communities is not altogether a natural growth should help to reconcile them. Let it go at that. Real and lasting unity will not be fostered by strengthening the animosity of both against the fomenters of discord. What is needed is not the re-canalizing of ill-feelings but their extirpation.

But whatever their origin, the mutual recriminations, the claims and the counter claims, the bloodshed by irresponsible elements and fanatics of both communities have created a situation obstructive to harmonious advance towards a common goal. What can be less propitious to the framing of a constitution acceptable to all than the present atmosphere of mutual suspicion? Thomas Paine, who played so large a part in the achievement of American independence, had scant sympathy with the suspicions of minorities in a democracy. He held no law to be unjust that was equally binding on the majority. If it was an unwise law, that fact would become apparent in the course of time and the law would be changed. As Abraham Lincoln put it :—

“Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world?”

More is needed for the solution of India’s manifold problem than formal, surface co-operation between various parties in the working out of a frame of government. It requires the recognition of the point often made that the real foes are common to all communities. Poverty, superstition, ignorance, corruption, indebtedness, insanitation and preventible disease are no monopoly of Muslims or of Hindus. These are the real enemies of the people of both communities, not each other. And against them they must present a united front, with the *camaraderie* proper to brothers-in-arms. What is needed is emulation and mutual support, not rivalry.

Mutual understanding and appreciation are highly desirable,

and whatever promotes them is to be commended, but, as Antoine de Saint-Exupery, that gifted victim of the late world-frenzy, wrote, "Love is not in gazing at each other but outward together in the same direction." To the recognition of community of aim must be added working shoulder to shoulder in the common task if an unbreakable unity is to be forged, whether among the sons of India or the nations of the world. Problems press for solution. There is neither time nor energy to waste in quarrelling and mutual rebuke.

But there is a negative condition to be met for the firm establishment of mutual confidence. The *Bhagavad-Gita* tells us that memory and knowledge and also the loss of both proceed from the same divine source. There are memories that have to be abjured as the price of mutual trust if not of sanity.

There is a legend of the Indians of New York State, recounted in *Legends of the Longhouse* by Jesse J. Cornplanter of the Senecas, who long ago had joined with other tribes in an earlier United Nations group. This legend deals with a ceremony in which all weapons of war were buried and hatred and desire for vengeance upon former enemies were publicly renounced. The old Chief of one village addressed a joint meeting of his people and those of another village, their hereditary foes. His words are pertinent today for the restoration of mutual confidence between the communities of India and between the nations so recently at war :—

"Let no one ever mention about the past. We have all lost some one ; so let us not bring back the things that hurt us... Beginning today, we find we are one people, only that we live apart in different villages, but let us keep up that relationship alive within us."

THE NEW INDIAN NATION

By C. F. ANDREWS

Labouring along a desolate mountain track
And upward, ever upward, climbing slow,
The shelving rocks we mounted : all was bare :
The steep slopes gave no footing to the pine,
The scanty grass was withered : here and there
In sheltered crannies tender clinging plants
Peeped, but in deeper clefts the winter frost
Still lingered sunless. Wearily at length
We reached the height, when all at once there blazed
A glory as if heaven had touched the earth
And earth itself were heaven : in dewy beds,
Bathed in pure crystal rills from melted snows,
Flowers, nodding their gay heads, spread o'er the ground
A shining raiment,—white anemones,
Like fleecy clouds, inwoven with clearest blue.

Leaders, whose passionate yearning to be free
Bids you breast forward scale the barrier rocks
Of age-long prejudice and apathy,
Rousing your country from its wintry sleep,
Take heart of faith ; for though the track be rough,
The way long and the people cold in death,
Ye yet shall reach those radiant mountain heights,
Where, from the grave of winter, shall arise
The spring flowers of a nation's second birth.

NATIONAL INSTITUTIONS FOR THE TEACHING OF MUSIC

By ALAIN DANIELOU

DURING a century and a half of foreign administration there has been a persistent tendency to minimize the value of the cultural heritage of India and distort Indian racial, cultural and political history. So it is necessary to start on a blank sheet if Indian culture is to be restored to its former glory. A great amount of study and research will be needed for this great task. And although music may not, like food and clothing, be classified as an essential commodity, its preservation and development should occupy, however, a primary place amongst the country's cultural assets. For, it is from its achievements in science and arts that the greatness of a country can be valued.

In a free nation, Art should not be a mere instrument of State propaganda, yet the artist needs to realize his responsibilities and remember that Art has a definite part to play in the State. In return, the latter must help and encourage artists. In the Free India of the future, therefore, we may confidently look forward to the full support and encouragement of an enlightened government for the preservation of Indian culture, its revival and its progress.

DECLINE OF MUSICAL THEORY

Till a few centuries ago, the theory and the practice of music were always found side by side, and an intelligent interest was shown in most Indian courts for the technical performances of musicians. This official patronage and recognition made everyone conscious of the greatness and importance of the musical tradition, thus preventing

people of insufficient competence from dealing high-handedly with the musical heritage and making such changes in the system as might degrade its practice or lower its standards. With the advent of Muslim rule, however, academic interest came to an abrupt end, not because the Muslims did not appreciate or encourage music but because the language of musical theory had always been Sanskrit. Performers who were Muhammadans were quite naturally encouraged; and more than one famous musician, so as to remain faithful to his art, chose to adopt Islam. To our day, many of the great musicians in Northern India are Muhammadans, famous *ostads*, who proudly carry on the tradition of Narada, Bharata, Arjuna and Nandikeshvara, and to whom all lovers of music owe infinite gratitude and admiration.

Unfortunately, peculiar conditions and prejudices prevailing in the country under Muslim rule provided no opportunity for the Muslim *ostads* to learn Sanskrit and so the theory of music was almost completely abandoned. Efforts to translate or re-write Sanskrit books in Persian were short-lived. Then came the Westerners who were ill-prepared to understand Indian music and usually disliked it. Music was soon deprived of all patronage and banished from wherever the new rulers had a say. Musical tradition was only able to survive because it was carried from teacher to disciple, more like a folk art than a science. This led to some amount of decadence, because, in the absence of a proper theory and of proper protection, it was difficult to differentiate legitimate innovations from dangerous deviations from the principles of music, the expert musician having no other standard than his likes and dislikes. Every one felt entitled to reform, change and eventually degrade musical practice as if it were of no consequence. Classical music was attacked from all sides and the general level of musical education declined rapidly. The result is that today we find only few people who can place every form of music and judge it according to its own standards from the point of view of its theory and its purpose. A cultured and liberal approach has to be revived, therefore, if Indian music is to overcome its present difficulties.

WANTED A LIBRARY OF WORKS ON MUSIC

It is not generally realized that India is full of manuscripts which

lie unpublished, uncared for and abandoned in Government, private and libraries of several of the Indian States. Some of these contain tens of thousands of manuscripts without any classification by subject; nay, even without any alphabetic lists. This carelessness consequently renders many libraries practically useless for any research work.

Only about sixty Sanskrit books on music have been published so far. Most of them, printed in small editions and in odd towns, never reached the important libraries. (Benares Hindu University, for instance, has got about five, and those, too, not the important ones.)

And yet I have come across about two hundred unpublished Sanskrit manuscripts on music, many of which are very ancient and valuable. The neglect of these important Sanskrit works is a great handicap for the study of ancient culture and it must be remedied. For, about eighty percent of the available important Sanskrit works still remains to be printed. Fortunately, there is already more than one scholar in India who, without any help or encouragement, has in past years done much good and intelligent research work. These ought to receive the recognition and encouragement they rightly deserve. Further, it should not be difficult to find more people to undertake the task of research and publication when support is forthcoming for organized work.

NEED FOR TEXT-BOOKS

A direct return to the Sanskrit books for the teaching of music does not seem possible, since so few people can now read or speak Sanskrit fluently. An urgent task is, therefore, to prepare text-books on music in modern languages, which will contain a summary of the knowledge found in ancient books and implement it with the data, relating to the developments, which took place since the theory of music ceased to be a subject of study. Such are, for example, modern physics and acoustics.¹ A very short outline of other musical systems, as may be found in India itself or outside India, should also help towards a broader approach. For advanced studies good editions of the main Sanskrit works should be undertaken, together with translations in either Hindustani or English to render their study easier. Further, a few selected works on the theory of Chinese and

1. Some of the Marathi works of Pt. V. N. Bhatkhande made a start in this direction, although further research ought to allow much improvement upon them.

Javanese music should be translated into Hindustani and English. (Until the translation of original works is made possible, good studies existing in Dutch, French and German might be translated.) Also important works on the theory of music by the Arabic authors like Avicenna, Al Farabi, Safi-ud-din, and others should be made available in Hindustani and English.

PROBLEM OF NOTATIONS

While preparing text-books for the teaching of music, some adequate form of notation is very useful. The ancient Indian system is convenient and concise but very incomplete. Several attempts have been made in recent years to improve it, usually by inventing, as did Vishnu Digambar, new symbols and signs which, unfortunately, proved cumbersome and difficult to read. The system used by Bhatkhande, which is now very widely known, is also inadequate. The *svaralipi* of the Visva-Bharati, however attractive in its simplicity, has proved, by its lack of accuracy in details, often detrimental to the preservation of the true style of Tagore's music. A system, which would keep all the essential features of the Indian notation and borrow what is missing from other existing systems, would seem preferable to the above attempts, because it would only use symbols whose adequacy and efficiency have been tested by long usage. Many valuable elements could, for example, be borrowed from the Western system of notation, although the staff itself, which is meant mainly for chords, is quite unnecessarily cumbersome for Indian music.

An Indian system of notation, developed on these lines, could be a link between the music of India and that of other lands and would make it easier for Indian musicians to contact other forms of music as well as for foreigners to study Indian music. Only in such cases where both Indian and foreign systems appear deficient should new symbols be invented and such cases ought to be fairly rare.

MUSICAL INSTITUTIONS ABROAD

To build up institutions which might be useful in preserving musical tradition and to improve the teaching and understanding of music, we may well look at what was, or is, done in those countries whose culture has not been submitted to the handicaps of foreign rule. We should not, however, turn to England because England

has very little of indigenous art and always looks to the Continent for teachers and performers.

In most countries we find National Theatres and concert halls, where the best artists are maintained by the State and give regular performances. In Japan, the Noh play, which was fast disappearing, was thus saved, its theatres re-built in the old style, its best actors given large salaries and in a few years this marvellous form of theatrical technique, which had been neglected for cheap films and modern plays, had regained public favour. In France, the National Academy of Music and Dance, or Opera, appoints the best singers of classical music and has a large school of classical dancing. Both musicians and dancers take part in almost daily performances in a vast and magnificent theatre. On similar lines were also the State Opera in Berlin, the Opera of Vienna, the Scala of Milan, etc.

In addition, France has, for the teaching of the theory and practice of classical music, the National Conservatory of Music, with branches in every province. There the most renowned composers and performers are appointed for life and each given a class of a limited number of students, for whose complete training they are responsible, very much like a *guru* and his *chelas*. The pupils can appear in competitions only with the permission of their teacher, and with his name; so that in case of success the credit is shared by master and pupil, which is a great incentive to good teaching. Years ago the Republican Government of China also started in Peiping an excellent school for classical acting and music, which promised great results.

CURRICULUM OF STUDY

The programme for musical studies should be divided into three stages :

- A) *A programme for all the schools*, including what every one should know about music ;
- B) *A programme for amateurs*, who take music as an extra subject ; and
- C) *Higher studies in music* for the training of teachers or performing musicians.

A) *The programme of musical study for all the schools :*

THEORY :

- 1) A short outline of the history of Indian music ;
- 2) Elementary principles of acoustics ; and
- 3) Principles of Indian music—definition of the main technical terms—the main *rāgās*.

PRACTICAL : Training in chorus songs, National Anthems, popular songs and Rabindra Sangeet (preferably in the student's own language).

B) *Programme for music as a school or college special subject :*

THEORY (No. 1, 2 and 3 facultative) :

- 1) A short history of Indian music ;
- 2) Principles of the physics of sound and elementary acoustics ;
- 3) A superficial survey of the different systems of music dealing with
 - a) systems foreign to India—mainly Arab, Chinese, Javanese and Western (with special reference to Indian music, its superiority in certain fields, the difficulty of improving it, the impossibility of mixing different systems) ;
 - b) Different schools of Indian music ;

4 a) Principles of Indian music : definition of technical terms—scales, *svarās*, *shrutis*, *gamakās*, etc ;

b) The main *rāgās* ;

c) The main *Tālās* ;

d) Notation exercise : notation of songs and reading from notations.

PRACTICAL : Training in vocal music or one instrument.

C) *Higher studies in music for the training of teachers and performing musicians ;*

THEORY :

1) History of Indian Music and of *Saṅgītā* literature belonging to both the Northern and Southern Schools ;

2) The physics of sound, acoustic phenomenon, *shruti-jātis* or categories of intervals,

3) Instrument—making ; different kinds of instruments and the technique of their making ;

4) Studies in musical theory and the different musical systems, both Indian and foreign ;

5) Southern and Northern Indian music, their similarities and differences ; and 6) Principles of Indian music :

a) definition of technical terms, both ancient and modern, *grāmā*, *murchhanās*, *svarās*, *shrutis*, *gamakas*, etc.

b) the *rāgā* system and the main *rāgās*, and

c) the main *tālās*.

7) Notation : a thorough study of a notation system, and practice in studying and teaching with the help of notations.

PRACTICAL :

1) Advanced studies in vocal or instrumental technique ; and

2) Elements of *tālā* and drumming.

The programme of studies for future teachers of music (which should be of three years at least) should be sufficiently broad and yet not exaggeratedly technical. Although he should be able to perform, a teacher is not really a performing musician, his aim should be to acquire a balanced knowledge of both theory and practice.

PSYCHOLOGICAL TRAINING

The way to learn and understand music is to hear music. In a school of music this should be done intensively. There should be almost daily concerts and performances by members of the staff, outside visiting musicians and advanced students. Dramatic performances with songs may also be organized.

Some well-known musicians should periodically visit the school, examine the best pupils, and themselves perform before teachers and pupils. This is very important to maintain emulation, interest and to raise the standard.

POST-GRADUATE COURSE

Successful students should be able to obtain their teaching diploma in three years but facilities for further studies may be provided for the more gifted students. Two separate kinds of advanced studies have to be envisaged, practical studies and theoretical studies :

Practical Studies : These should include advanced training in vocal or instrumental music. After completing these studies in the school, the students should further be sent for a 'finishing' course to one of the great *ostads*. Special arrangements could be made for that purpose with some of the leading musicians and with the governments of the States, where these musicians are usually employed.

Theoretical Studies : These should include advanced studies in the theory of music and in ancient *sangita* literature, with a certain amount of personal research leading to a small thesis or edition of some unpublished Sanskrit work on music.

In the theoretical studies there should be included a course of medieval and ancient Indian music and its literature.

“LOOK WITHIN MAN”*

Look within man for beginning and end,
Nowhere else in the world will you find it :

O brother, cast off your customs and creeds of hate ;
The rules of the righteous and texts of the pious
Bind us and blind us in a thousand ways ;

The real man is lost among rituals and sacred rivers :

The cataracts of caste and creed have covered our sight,
And we are kept withheld in blindness, fruitlessly,
That man's most natural self no longer sees the light—

Say, how can it ever be realized without naiveness ?

For contemplation, wisdom, love, and delights of meditation
Are only mazes, except for the man who is simple ;

The fulfillment of adoration and the nectar of feeling
Dwindle to nothing except for the man who is true.

* Rendered from the original Bengali “Baul” (i. e. a God-mad person) song by Erling Eng and Sochindra Kumar Ghose.

SPIRIT OF TAGORE

By P. S. NAIDU

It was the Tamil composition class—composition was the only language subject in the Intermediate course of the universities in those days. We were over a hundred boys seated in tiers in the galleried hall. There was the usual boisterous mirth associated with the language classes. The teacher was late. Some of the boys enjoyed themselves shooting paper aeroplanes at the ceiling, and these dirigibles descended with deadly accuracy on the teacher's chair. Mr. A., the lecturer, walked in, stood before the table, and rapped it thrice with his knuckles. Poor man! How his knuckles ached! "Silence, silence", he shouted, "Today I am going to tell you something about the first Indian winner of the Nobel Prize". We had read about the award in the morning papers. The news had been prominently published in the telegraphic columns, but there was not much to be learnt there about the life and the work of the great man of letters—Rabindranath Tagore. So, as soon as our teacher mentioned the name of Tagore, perfect silence prevailed. In his usual measured and intoned accents Mr. A. told us about the life of Tagore and about his *Gitanjali*, which had fetched the coveted laureate. We were rather surprised to hear that *Gitanjali* was a Bengali work. We had become so Anglicised that we could not believe that a Bengali poem could rank amongst the world's great masterpieces of literature. For an hour we listened to our teacher with rapt attention. Some of us were spell-bound when he read to us a few select hymns from the *Gitanjali*. The impression made on the plastic minds of a select few was deep; but with that incident the scene closes. We heard nothing more about Rabindranath Tagore.

Six years later, a few months after I had joined the staff of a first grade college as a lecturer, we heard of the plans that Tagore was making for a tour through South India. Every morning we scanned the columns of the papers for a programme of his tour. We had almost given up our hunt in the papers, when suddenly one morning the welcome news appeared that Tagore would pass through N—, a station only nine miles from our place, and that the train would halt there for nearly an hour. In the best of days the train service on the feeder-line between our town and N—was rather slow. On the morning of that great day there was a huge crowd of students on the platform waiting to board the train. As the distance was short two or three of us decided to cycle up to the station. We reached our destination long before the train from our place arrived. Punctual to the second Tagore's train pulled up on the platform. I shall never forget the tall robust figure draped in flowing robes, the snow-white beard, the high forehead and the sparkling eyes. Verily he looked like one of those great Upanishadic sages come to life. An English missionary, the head of the institution to which I was attached, gives us this pen-picture of the great Cham of literature :

"He is seated, with eyes half-closed, clad in a loosely-flowing cloak, with head slightly inclined forward in a posture of meditation—one that is doubtless characteristic of the seer and prophet—and no one can gaze at his portrait without feeling a sense of awe. To attempt to describe the picture would be a waste of words. I can only say *the face is a Christ face*.....The clasped hands, resting between the knees, are long and beautiful. There is a great fulness of meaning in the figure. It is—nay, it could not be otherwise—the embodiment of inward vision, and the vision is of peace and beauty.

"I cannot tell why it is, but the face does not strike me as being distinctively Indian. Perhaps, it is the unaccustomed beard. Or is it true in some measure that the fine faces, the spiritual faces, veer towards a type that is human rather than national, and the greatest spirits of humanity, the favoured sons of Nature and Nature's God, are touched into beauty by the communion into which they enter with the thoughts of God?"

Yes, this missionary of Christ sees the face of Christ in a portrait of Tagore, others have seen its remarkable resemblance to the pathos-filled face of Tolstoy, still others have found the Rabbi in it ;

and we, of course, see the mighty features of Vyasa, Valmiki and Vasishtha in that calm face of Tagore. Truly Tagore is international ;

As Tagore spoke to the great gathering of students assembled on the platform, we drank in the music of his words which flowed in one long stream of nectar-like sweetness. We could well believe that this artist in words could make "the rules of grammar as interesting as a detective story". Somewhere in the unfathomable depths of my mind the speech touched a sympathetic chord, and its vibrations continued to rumble for a long time in the hidden vaults of the unconscious.

Six more years passed. I was in charge of countless undergraduate organisations—the extra-curricular activities—bless the word ! But not satisfied with these we started a study circle, and at my pleading it was converted into a "Tagore Study Circle." It was to be completely unconventional, and thoroughly unorthodox. We had one clear aim, and that was *to catch the spirit of Tagore*. And the means adopted was this : Those who were of "our way of thinking" would meet somewhere. One of the gathering would read a selected portion from Tagore's works, and expound it according to his lights. Others who felt inclined or inspired would join in a sort of general, unconventional *conversazione* and after we felt we had had enough of it, we would "dissolve" and go home. Ours was a really representative assembly. Staff and students, Hindus and Christians, missionaries and lay men, Indians and Englishmen—all were there. The first meeting was held in one of the college lecture-halls. And several other meetings were held subsequently.

But a strange spirit of dissatisfaction troubled me. We met in gardens, private houses and college halls ; we had different types of leaders ; we tried this expedient and that, yet we failed to catch the spirit of Tagore. I was troubled very much by this failure. One day, however, I had a brilliant idea. It came about in this way. Twilight had fallen. I was reclining on a long chair in the hostel balcony musing over the fate of the newly-started "Study Circle". Suddenly there rang out in my ears, in silvery tones, the great message of the seer—the Message of the Forest ! Tagore had in his South Indian tour spoken of the unique message of the forest in Indian literature. In European literature the forest does play an important part. The Black Forest,

the German Forest, the Forest of Arden and the other Forests of Shakespear's—these are familiar to us. But everywhere in Western literature the forest is pressed into the service of an urban civilisation which is essentially of brick and steel. In English as well as Continental literature the forest is the background against which the city life stands out in prominent and glaring colours. With us, on the other hand, the forest is the very life and soul of culture. Who can escape the spell of the forest in the *Upanishads*? The venerable *rishis* leading their beautiful lives in the forest *asramas*, the song of birds, the gambols of the deer, the boys frolicking about, that inimitable boy, Satyakama Jabala, standing simple and austere in the forest-school,—the boy whom the great sage finally accepted as the very incarnation of truth and purity—these and a myriad other and similar scenes crowd into our memory as we think of the role of the forest in Indian literature. Or turn again to Kalidasa. Behold the forest-scene wherein Sakuntala bids farewell to the aged Kanva Maharishi, to the birds and the beasts; nay, to the trees, too, in the sacred *asrama*. And the whole forest is moved by the tragic parting. One could almost hear the mighty forest sobbing and letting fall a big tear-drop as Sakuntala, with her voice choking with emotion, bids good-bye to her forest home!

Then I realised in a flash the secret of our failure. I called up my student-helper, and asked him to fix up the next meeting in a forest setting. The environs of M—abound in natural forest-like bushes and groves. There on a Saturday morning under the spreading branches of a banyan tree we met. What a thrill we had! We had at long last caught the secret of the spirit of Tagore; rather the spirit of the great *rishi* Tagore caught us while we were communing with the spirit of the forest.

HUMOUR IN RELIGION

By TEJA SINGH

HUMOUR is commonly supposed to mean the sense of ridicule or mockery. But on observing the finer expressions of human character, it would appear to have also a deeper significance. It is really an extreme sensitiveness to a true proportion of things, a sense that at once discovers for us whatever is out of joint in any thought or action. It is not only a makeshift quality for leisure hours, but has also a substantial value for our moral development. It bespeaks a full and strong sense of personal identity, and is not incompatible with religion. Nay, explain it how we will, true humour always goes with ripeness of wisdom, and long-faced seriousness, as much as frivolity, is a sign of immaturity. Without the sense of humour virtue itself becomes self-forgetful and loses its balance. It is humour alone that can keep our sympathies well-regulated and in good trim. It is a fine corrective force in our character, and works like an instinct against all excesses. Without it, a man's character is always underdone or done on one side only.

To my way of thinking, the great war of Mahabharat was due to lack of humour. It could have been easily avoided if the leader of the Kurus had been able to bear the joke of a lady. If the sage Duryāsā had known how to put up with a practical joke of a few Yadav boys, there would have been no destruction of the whole race of the Yadavs. Still I would not say that the Hindu race is devoid of humour. It has produced sages like Narada who was a maker of saints and who was yet noted for his hourly humour.

Jesus Christ is often called 'a man of sorrow'. Nothing could be farther from truth. He who loved children and would not allow

them to be sent away could not be a man of sorrow. His humour was gentle and smiling. Once a woman was brought to him by hypocritical people, who told him that she had been caught sinning with a man, and according to the law of Moses should be stoned to death. They asked him to give his opinion. He said, "Yes, he who is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." At this all the accusers went away one by one, and Jesus said to the guilty woman, "Go, and sin no more." There is a superb humour in this, which can be appreciated only by delicate minds.

Prophet Mohammed is rightly praised for all the qualities of a gentleman, but with all that he is represented as a very serious man full of threats and anger for the sinners. But on a closer study of his life he appears to have been a man of infinite kindness and good humour. We often see him running along with Hazarat Aysha and clapping hands and smiling with his beautiful teeth. What a sight it must have been when the grown-up grandpa of Hazarat Hassan and Hussain would go down on all fours and take the children on his back ! They say, once Prophet Mohammed sat down with Hazarat Ali to eat dates. As it happens in such cases, a competition arose between the two as to who would eat more. They would eat dates and place the stones in two separate heaps. When the eye of Ali would be turned another way, the Prophet would place his stone on the heap of his rival. In this way the heap of Ali went on increasing in size, and that of Mohammed had only a few stones in it. In the end, Mohammed asked Ali, "Who has eaten more ?" Ali replied, "He who has been gulping down stones along with dates."

It was with a strong sense of humour that one quiet morning at Hardwar Guru Nanak had begun to throw water of the Ganges towards his fields in Kartarpur. His purpose was to disillusion the ignorant and superstitious who believed that water thrown to the east would reach their dead ancestors in the world beyond. It was the same humour he displayed at Mecca when he lay down at night with his feet turned towards the Kaaba and said to the priests, who protested, that they could turn his feet in any direction where God was not. He often announced his coming in a strange manner. While returning from Mecca he halted at Baghdad. It was yet early dawn, and the Guru wanted to have a congregation of his own. He took himself to a high place, and in a loud stentorian voice began to

imitate the famous Mohammedan call to prayer. Hearing this new kind of *azan* the people flocked round him and listened to his preaching with more than usual eagerness. On another occasion, during his travels in Makran, he came upon a knot of happy children playing in the street. The sight was too alluring for him to resist. He at once put off his gravity ; and began to leap and bound as to tabor's sound, just as the little urchins did. And then look at the strange dress he wore : a leather apron round his waist, a string of bones round his neck, a *tilak* on his forehead and a prayer-carpet under his arm !

Guru Arjun, who compiled the holy *Granth*, knew the value of humour, and when incorporating the compositions of different *bhaktas* he did not discard the passages which were humorous or lively. One of the most effective and sincere addresses to God is the prayer of Dhanna the Jat, wherein he asks for his simple daily bread in this way :

“O Lord, I, Thine afflicted servant, come to Thee.

Thou arrangest the affairs of those who perform Thy service.

I beg of Thee to give me flour, *ghee* and pulse,

So that my heart may rejoice for ever.

I want shoes, and good clothes, and corn grown on a well-

ploughed-field.

I want a milch-cow and a buffalo, a good Arab horse,

And a good wife to look after my household.

These things Thy servant, Dhanna, begs of Thee.”—(*Dhanasri*).

There is also a similar passage in Kabir, wherein he throws up his rosary to God, saying that he can offer no prayers as long as He keeps him hungry. He lays down a regular bill of fare, which he declares to be “none too covetous” (*Sorath*).

The most striking example of humour playing a prominent part in religion is the fact that there exists a regular order of Humourists, called *Suthras*, who have carried on religious propaganda in the name of Guru Nanak mainly through humour.

Guru Gobind Singh also realised the value of humour and made full use of it in his religious work. Once he dressed up a donkey in the skin of a lion and set it roaming about the fields. The Sikhs began to laugh when they heard it braying, in spite of the lion's coat, and asked their leader what it meant. He told them that they, too,

would look as foolish as the donkey if, with the *ingh's* (lion's) name and uniform, they still remained ignorant and cowardly as before.

As was the Guru, so became the Sikhs. In the face of desperate circumstances they often put on a fine brag—that Hannibal or Sir Walter Raleigh might have envied—and literally shouted over a difficulty. Once a small straggling detachment of Sikhs was hemmed in by a numerous force of the enemy. Their friends were far off, and there was no hope of their coming in time to save them. Yet they did not lose heart. They took off their *chaddars* (sheets) and spread them over the neighbouring bushes to make them look like so many tents from a distance. All the while they kept on shouting every fifteen minutes the famous national cry of *Sat Sri Akal*. The enemy thought that the Sikhs were receiving so many instalments of help, and did not dare to come forward.

As a result of this brave spirit, there grew up among the Sikhs a peculiar slang, which was called the Vocabulary of Heroes. In it the things connected with the difficulties of life were expressed in terms of such cheerfulness and bravado as if for the Sikhs pain and suffering had lost all meaning. Death was familiarly called an expedition of the Khalsa into the next world. Grams were almonds, and onions were silver pieces, while rupees were nothing but empty crusts. A deaf man was said to be a man in the upper storey. The big stick was called a lawyer or a store of wisdom, and to speak was to roar.

There is a fine humour in all this, which breathes a full and healthy spirit. It shows that our ancestors knew,—how much better than we do at present—that religion is not incompatible with brightness and vigour.

IMOGEN

By K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

IMOGEN is, perhaps, the most versatile, the most loving, the most lovable, and the most completely feminine of Shakespeare's heroines. She has, says Quiller-Couch,

"all the wrongs of Desdemona, *plus* the serene courage to conquer them and forgive. She has all the fond trust of Desdemona, with all the steel and wit which Desdemona fatally lacks. Range out the great gallery of good women—Silvia, Portia, Beatrice, Rosalind, Viola, Helena, Isabella, Marina, Perdita, Miranda—Heavens, what a list!—and over all of them Imogen bears the bell".

Gervinius, with no less enthusiasm, writes :

"She is the sum and aggregate of fair womanhood such as last the poet conceived it. We may doubt if in all poetry there be a second creature so charmingly depicted with such perfect truth to nature".

Nathan Drake more succinctly refers to Imogen as "the most lovely and perfect of Shakespeare's female characters". And Swinburne goes a step further and describes her as "the most adorable woman ever created by God or man."

While thus critics are quick to applaud Imogen, they react most unfavourably to the play in which she figures as the heroine and the "unheroic hero" to whom she loses her heart. Dr. Johnson's strictures on *Cymbeline* are well-known :

"To remark the folly of the fiction, the absurdity of the conduct, the confusion of the names and manners of different times, and the impossibility of the events in any system of life, were to waste criticism upon unresisting imbecility, upon faults too evident for detection, and too gross for aggravation".

When he cites this passage, Raleigh remarks that Johnson has here spoken "truly and moderately". Another critic, G. B. Harrison, avers that "*Cymbeline* has few admirers. It is an astonishing decline from the level of a few years previously". And Bernard Shaw found the last Act of *Cymbeline* so atrocious that he decided to re-write it in terms of Shavian perfection !

As for the "hero", Leonatus Posthumus, there is hardly a reader of the play but is rather constrained to think that he is utterly unworthy of the peerless Imogen. More than once Posthumus seems to play the fool or the cad, and we find it, therefore, difficult to recognize in him either the object of Imogen's love or the subject of the First Gentleman's eulogy :

I do not think
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he ...
A sample to the youngest, to the more mature
A glass that feated them, and to the graver
A child that guided dotards.

This, then, is the seeming paradox of *Cymbeline*. It would appear that as a play it is, even like Cloten, "a thing to bad for bad report" ; and for a hero, Posthumus lacks stature, understanding and strength of character ; and yet, between them, they give us the one and only Imogen. She is, in the apt Indian metaphor, the lotus that has sprung up from the mire, the excuse and the explanation of the surroundings ! It is idle to hug the adoration of Imogen and the derogation of the play together ; it is equally pointless to wax eloquent about Imogen's unerring understanding and at the same time to insinuate that she made a tragic blunder in the matter of her marriage. *Cymbeline* cannot be such a worthless play, after all, if such a marvel of womanhood as Imogen can still step out of its pages, to inhabit and illumine our consciousness for ever. And, as Dowden wisely points out, "because *she* prized Posthumus highly, we must not think him quite undeserving of him". In a very real sense, therefore, Imogen is the heart and soul of *Cymbeline*, for without her the play is but a dramatic patch-work quilt, and Cloten, Iachimo, Posthumus and the rest are but faded or lurid items in a Punch-and-Judy show.

II

Imogen's versatility must be obvious even to a superficial reader of *Cymbeline*. Born as you might say with a silver spoon in her mouth, Imogen is by no means a petted and spoilt creature. Taking her to be a boy, her brothers, Guiderius and Arviragus, although unconscious of their relationship to her, exchange these appreciative comments :

Arr. How angel-like he sings !

Gui. But his neat cookery ! he cut our roots in characters ;
And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.

If like any accomplished princess Imogen can sing angelic strains, read poetry far into the night, talk and write with charm and force she is apparently not unfamiliar with the life of shepherds and shepherdesses. When, in a moment of sheer desperation, she exclaims :

Would I were
A neat-herd's daughter ; and my Leonatus
Our neighbour-shepherd's son ;—

we may be sure she means what she says and that she will make good as a mere Amaryllis or Phyllida. So exceptional is her versatility that she is able to play even the part of a page to perfection. Pisanio, when he advises Imogen to disguise herself as boy, carefully details the supposed difficulties of the role :

You must forget to be a woman ; change
Command into obedience ; fear and niceness—
The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman, its pretty self—into a waggish courage ;
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy and
As quarrelous as the weasel ; nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it—but, O, the harder heart !
Alack, no remedy !—to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan, and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

In his anxiety Pisanio has rather queered the pitch, but the transformation from a sheltered princess to a General's page on the field of

battle cannot have been in any case an easy affair. At the very commencement of her career as a page, she extorts from her master the unique acknowledgement : “The boy hath taught us manly duties”. When they both stand before Cymbeline, prisoners both of them, Lucius goes out of the way to give a “character” to his page :

never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like.

On the other hand, there can be no question about her regal bearing when she not only *is* the princess but can also visibly *be* the princess. Words like “Who’s there ? My woman, Helen ?”, “What ho, Pisanio !”, “Go bid my woman feign a sickness” have the ring of queenly majesty and authority, not a whit inappropriate or strained. And when provoked, with what consummate brevity and bite she tells off her antagonist ! Iachimo—she disdains him and the devil alike ; and, as if most casually, she adds :

The king, my father, shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault.

Imogen is the king’s daughter, every inch a princess,—and woe unto Iachimo if he forgets the fact ! Likewise, when Cloten infuriates her, she tells him a bit of her mind in words compact of sadness and satire :

Profane fellow !
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his (Posthumus’) groom ...
I am spirited with a fool,
Frighted and anger’d worse.

In the last Act, again, we discover one more facet that by its seeming ruthlessness leaves Lucius aghast. Pardoned herself, she is permitted by Cymbeline to ask for a boon. Cymbeline, Lucius, and all present expect her to request the king to spare the life of her former

master. But she answers with a bluntness that sounds almost brutal in the context :

No, no : alack,
There's other work in hand : I see a thing
Bitter to me as death : your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

No place here for sentimentality or the simple human currency of give-and-take—she has seen her ring on Iachimo's finger, the same ring that she had given her husband with the parting words :

This diamond was my mother's ; take it, heart ;
But keep it till you wed another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

She sees red, and *would* wrest the truth from Iachimo—and so Lucius' life “must shuffle for itself”.

III

Imogen's capacity for love is as striking as is her versatility. We need not re-open the question of Posthumus' unworthiness, for it is far simpler to agree with the First Gentleman who says :

By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is.

We have also the testimony of the sober and contrite Iachimo :

the good Posthumus,—
What should I say ? he was too good to be
Where ill men were ; and was the best of all
Amongst the rarest of good ones.

And Cymbeline himself tells us that, at the thick of the fight, the unknown poor soldier in his silly habit “shamed gilded arms” and “his naked breast stepp'd before targets of proof”, while the veteran soldier, Belarius, admits that he “never saw such noble fury in so poor a thing”. Posthumus' crucial action of permitting the bet and subsequently accepting defeat with hardly a struggle had best be explained away as an aberration. The crucial action is necessary to the story—and, perhaps, Shakespeare thought nothing more about it. The separation, the banishment, the strange place, the venomous face of

Iachimo, these not unnaturally induce a mood of feverish impatience and instability—and Iachimo's ruthless "Italian brain" pursues its advantage and alertly pushes unsteady Posthumus over the yawning abyss. But the power of Imogen's love rescues him and redeems him in time.

Shakespeare scatters all over the play subtle hints and delicate touches to indicate the strength of Imogen's love for Posthumus. It is the potency of her love that outfaces her father's wrath, her step-mother's hypocrisy and Cloten's imbecility :

And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes, not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world
That I may see again.

In his absence, she fondly clings to every bit that reminds her of him—especially to the bracelet that he has put on her arm. We may suppose that it fits her to a nicety when Posthumus takes leave of her. Some weeks pass, and on the fatal night when Iachimo removes it from her hand it comes off "as slippery as the Gordian knot was hard." What is the explanation? Surely this: Imogen has been suffering the pangs of separation, she has as it were pined in thought, and the bracelet has become too loose for her. But she has kept it on in a mood of worship, loose as it is, and it easily slips out when Iachimo wants it! She notices the loss of the bracelet in the morning, but Cloten *would* speak to her just then and hence it is before him and Pisanio that she makes the significant speech :

'shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe! I do think
I saw't this morning : confident I am
Last night 'twas on mine arm ; I kiss'd it ...

It is clear she kissed it—we may fairly conclude that it is a daily ritual—just before going to bed. There is a difference in emphasis between "I do think" and "confident I am." She is *confident* that she had the bracelet and kissed it the previous night, but—

I do think
I saw't this morning.

We know she could *not* have so seen it, for we have ourselves wit-

nessed Iachimo stealing it. Why then does Imogen say that she “saw’t this morning ?” I feel that Shakespeare wants us to infer that Imogen *dreams* of the bracelet just before she wakes up in the morning. Her waking and sleeping hours are equally consecrated to Love in the person of Posthumus. It, therefore, comes as a shock to her that her husband is “partner’d with tomboys” in Italy. “My lord, I fear,” she exclaims, “has forgot Britain.” To remember Britain would be to remember Imogen herself—and in a swoon or frenzy may be, Posthumus has forgotten Britain and her princess both. Iachimo suggests “revenge”, but Imogen only answers with angelic *naivete* :

Revenged !

How should I be revenged ? If this be true—
As I have such a heart that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse—if it be true,
How should I be revenged ?

Love gives her a sixth sense, and she still refuses to give full credence to Iachimo’s words. Presently she condemns her ears for having so long listened to Iachimo’s slanders. But Imogen has a greater and a more excruciating trial to undergo before she can safely come through. Iachimo with his poisonous lie has “drug-damn’d” Posthumus, who now insanely plans the killing of his wife. But she is blissfully ignorant of his intentions and—what an irony !—rather ecstatically looks forward to an early re-union :

O, for a horse with wings ! Hear’st thou, Pisanio ?
He is at Milford-Haven : read, and tell me
How far ’tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day ? Then true Pisanio,—
Who long’st, like me, to see thy lord ; who long’st—
O, let me bate,—but not like me—yet long’st,
But in a fainter kind :—O, not like me ;
For mine’s beyond beyond...

Imogen’s love is really “beyond beyond.” When she reads the terrible words of accusation in Posthumus’ letter, she is dazed, she cannot (even like Desdemona) understand the accusation, she simply doesn’t know what next to think or do. Desdemona, having heard the odious

word 'strumpet' applied to her, asks Emilia in her pathetic simplicity :

Dost thou in conscience think, tell me, Emilia,
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind ?

Imogen, too, unable to comprehend the word, breaks out :

False to his bed ! What is it to be false ?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him ?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock ? If sleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake ? that's false to's bed, is it ?

Even in this extremity, Imogen will not blame Posthumus—not quite !
She seizes an easy womanly excuse :

Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him.

Away, however, with recriminations ! She is ready to die :

Look !
I draw the sword myself : take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart ;
Fear not ; 'tis empty of all things but grief ;
Thy master is not there, who was indeed
The riches of it.

When Pisanio begins to unfold his plan of "deceiving" his master, Imogen is genuinely distressed by the futility of it all :

Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while ? Where bide ? How live ?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband ?

Presently, however, she eagerly clutches at the straw of hope held out by the faithful Pisanio and her ambrosial love makes her revive with remarkable agility and vitality :

this attempt
I am soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage.

What spurs her on is the unuttered thought that she might yet save her husband, and incidentally save herself also. The thought of

Posthumus' "betrayal" gnaws her in the meantime, she cannot get away from it, no, not for a second. She is drawn to the brothers, Guiderius and Arviragus, but it is not brotherly love, not admittedly or consciously that—but she cannot help admiring them, and these words almost involuntarily escape her :

Pardon me, gods !
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus is false.

It is the very transcendence of love, for, even merely to be "companion with them", she thinks she will have to be born anew and change her sex !

IV

If Imogen is the most loving of Shakespeare's heroines, she is no less the most lovable of them all. Iachimo himself, at the very plenitude of his villainy, is disagreeably conscious of the power of Imogen's beauty :

'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus : the flame o' the taper
Bows towards her, and would under-peep her lids
To see the enclosed lights now canopied
Under these windows, white and azure, laced
With blue of heaven's own tinct.

She inspires a demented passion even in "that harsh, noble, simple nothing, that Cloten". Doltish as he is, he catalogues her perfections with precision :

she's fair and royal;
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman ; from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all ; I love her therefore...

Guiderius and Arviragus lose their hearts to Imogen without knowing why and Guiderius affirms :

I love thee, I have spoke it,
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Arviragus steps a foot further still :

I know not why
I love this youth ; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason : the bier at door
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,
"My father, not this youth."

Almost every character in the play—only the queen, perhaps, excepted—comes under the spell of Imogen ; and so do we all, readers of the play, cherish the purest love for this marvel of a woman. As for Posthumus, he can very well put in Othello's plea :

Speak of me as I am ; nothing extenuate.
Nor set down aught in malice : then, must you speak
Of one that lov'd not wisely but too well ;
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme ; of one whose hand
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe. . .

No sooner Posthumus receives the bloody handkerchief in apparent proof of his wife's death, reaction and repentance set in, even though he still thinks her "guilty". But is he so guiltless himself that he should dare to judge another—and judge Imogen of all persons ? He cries in his anguish :

Gods ! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had lived to put on this : so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent, and struck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance.

Imogen had once permitted herself to say : "My lord, I fear, has forgot Britain". And now Posthumus, by fighting as a common peasant on Britain's behalf, will partly at least put his love to the test and make an offering to his dead mistress. The dream images and strange speeches in the prison further batter his self-defences, and he is convinced that he has cruelly murdered Imogen. However, he still thinks that Iachimo has spoken truly, although he curses himself for having taken such terrible and swift revenge. When at last, in the final scene, he learns from Iachimo's own mouth the whole truth, the dam of his self-control bursts its bonds and anger like a thunder-

storm uproots him, and he is carried headlong by the avalanching flood of his passionate remorse :

O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer ! Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious ; it is I
That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend.
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter...The Temple
Of Virtue was she ; yea and she herself.
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' the street to bay me : every villain
Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus, and
Be villany less than 'twas ! O Imogen !
My queen, my life, my wife ! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen !

Although Imogen has long drawn her breath in pain in this harsh world only in anticipation of this supreme moment, yet is she unequal to this torrential agony and tries to re-assure Posthumus. But he takes her to be a mere page, and throws her down. Pisanio is alarmed and comes out with the truth. More explanations follow, and another sudden wave wafts us to the apex of felicity :

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you ?
Think that you are upon a rock, and now—

(*Embracing him.*

Throw me again.

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die.

As Quiller-Couch points out, Shakespeare “never wrote five lines more exquisitely poignant than these” !

V

This above all : Imogen is the most completely feminine of Shakespeare's heroines. “Of all his heroines no one conveys so fully the ideal of womanly perfection as Imogen”, says Cowden Clarke ; and Schlegel adds : “In the character of Imogen no feature of female excellence is omitted”. The point is further elaborated as follows by Dowden : “Every grace, every beauty, every exquisite attainment are

hers ; her quick response to all that is lovely and to all that is hateful is that of one who is fashioned of spirit of fire and dew. Her words of indignation, even of injustice, charm us hardly less than her words of love". When Imogen plays the boy Fidele, she is obliged to tell lies—and with what disarming simplicity she speaks :

I have a kinsman who
Is bound for Italy ; he embarked at Milford ;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fall'n in this offence.

Again, to Lucius :

This was my master who
A very valiant Briton and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain. Alas !
There is no more such masters.

Truth and falsehood mix agreeably here and make a perfect concoction. But Imogen is not happy, her conscience pricks her somewhat, as revealed by the aside :

If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
They'll pardon it.

When Imogen is angry, when her resentment flares up, when hypocrisy stings her, when brazen effrontery quickens her to high and haughty disdain, always her tongue finds words adequate to the mood or the occasion. There is no softness or inadequacy in utterances like :

O
Dissembling courtesy ! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds !...
To draw upon an exile !—O brave sir !—
I would they were in Afric both together,
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back.

If her behaviour in the Temptation Scene is queenly in its dignity and semi-divine self-control, in that other scene where she hears herself called a strumpet and finds the very earth yawning below to engulf her—there is her anguished effervescence naturalness itself, and she hurls words at poor Pisanio that whizz and dash and cut and stab

with singular urgency and force. But she is a woman still, and never is she more truly Imogen than when she blends resentment and resignation, love and despair, in the extraordinary speech :

Why, I must die ;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart,
(Something's afore't—soft, soft ! we'll no defence)
Obedient as the scabbard. What is here ?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy ? Away, away...

She has kept her husband's letters—the *scriptures* of the *loyal* Leonatus that is no more—alongside of her heart ; and since her husband's love is dead, let the letters die, too, and she will herself willingly follow suit ! It is true she is less than just to Pisanio when she indulges in sharp-shooting like :

Wherefore then
Didst undertake it ? Why hast thou abused
So many miles with a pretence ? This place ?
Mine action, and thine own ? Our horses' labour ?
The time inviting thee ?

When Pisanio haltingly suggests, "Madam, I thought you would not be back again", she cuts in with the acid remark, "Most like, bringing me here to kill me." A few minutes more, and her horizon brightens up unexpectedly and she tells the same Pisanio :

Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with.

Later, when she wakes up in the grave by the side of the headless Cloten, she mistakes him for Posthumus and jumps to the conclusion that he has been done to death by Pisanio and Cloten. Even when she realizes that Posthumus is alive, she charges Pisanio with the attempt to poison herself. She meets Pisanio's anxious query, "How fares my mistress ?" with the bottomlessly unjust words :

O, get thee from my sight ;
Thou gavest me poison : dangerous fellow, hence !
Breathe not where princes are.

But I am truest speaker : you call'd me brother,
 When I was but your sister ; I, you brothers,
 When you were so indeed.

There is one other transcendently feminine trait in Imogen, which endears her to us more than anything else. It is her capacity to smile and sigh at the same time which, like summer shower in the glorious sunshine, reflects the intangible graces of even this imperfect world. Observant Arviragus has noticed this trait and accurately photographs it for us :

Nobly she yokes
 A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh
 Was that it was, for not being such a smile ;
 The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
 From so divine a temple, to commix
 With winds that sailors rail at.

Seen in this light, Imogen's most characteristically feminine speech is this :

I would have broke mine eye-strings, crack'd them, but
 To look upon him, till the diminution
 Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle ;
 Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
 The smallness of a gnat to air ; and then
 Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.

With a smile on her face she speaks these words, but her streaming tears film her smile in the meantime—and in her sweet-sad aspect, in the confusion of the categories of smiles and tears, in the rainbow-coloured magnificence of her radiant femineity, Imogen is most exquisitely womanly and most irresistibly adorable. Why, then, waste more words ? Imogen, like Sakuntala, is unique ; in her genius for love and in her capacity to inspire love, in her amazing versatility and in her utter femineity, Imogen is, indeed, alone, she is—to quote Iachimo (of all persons !)—

She is alone, the Arabian bird !

TO A POET*

By ELIZABETH GIBSON CHEYNE

How often they are sung in heaven,
The songs you make on earth ;
Their joy has all life's pain forgiven,
And turned life's woes to mirth.

How often they are sung on earth,
The songs you make in heaven ;
The songs, that have their holy birth
Through angel rapture given.

O happy songs of both blest spheres,
Whereby the angels grow
To fuller glory, whereby tears
Are wiped from human woe.

Not only men, and angels bright,
Your wondering joy receive,
But God-in-depth, and God-in-height,
Upon your bounty live.

* The above poem was found among the letters addressed by Mrs. Elizabeth Gibson Cheyne to the Poet, now preserved in the Rabindra-Bhavana.

SIR JAMES HOPWOOD JEANS

By PRABAS JIBAN CHAUDHURY

SIR JAMES JEANS, who passed away on September, 16, 1946, was, to quote E. A. Milne : “a powerful and prolific applied mathematician, who made fundamental advances in the theory of gases and the physics of the atom, of the photon and of quanta, on the one hand, and the physics of the stars and nebulae, their structure and evolution, on the other”. (*Nature* : October 19, 1946) But he was also an expositor of science and a philosopher, with the artistic gift of a musician.

Jeans was born on September 11, 1877. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, from which he graduated as second Wrangler in the Mathematical Tripos of 1898. He became a Fellow of Trinity in 1901 and, later on, a lecturer in the Cambridge University. From 1905 to 1909 he occupied a chair of Applied Mathematics at Princeton University. Then, once again, he became a lecturer at Cambridge. Eventually he gave up formal teaching for research. In 1916 he obtained the Adam's Prize for his masterly essay, “Problems of Cosmogony and Stellar Dynamics”. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1906, awarded a Royal Medal in 1919, and served as Secretary of the Royal Society during 1919-29. He was knighted in 1928 and received the distinction of the Order of Merit in 1939. From 1935 he was Professor of Astronomy to the Royal Institution, and as an astronomer he had the unique honour of being made a research associate of Mount Wilson Observatory in 1923.

It is difficult to give an account of Jeans' purely scientific researches, for these are highly technical. Yet it may be mentioned

that in Theory of Radiation he demonstrated in detail the classical formula for the distribution of energy in a closed enclosure. This formula is known as Rayleigh-Jeans Law and was later modified by Max Planck. He gave many original calculations in Statistical Mechanics and they have been used by generations of students. His contributions to Stellar Dynamics and Astrophysics are numerous. He discussed the problem of formation of stars out of some continuous matter, filling all universe at the beginning, and gave explanations of the formations of the spiral nebulae and double-stars. Some of his theories were thought an one time to be somewhat inadequate ; but many of them are more acceptable to-day than when they were first published. His astronomical speculations are full of, to quote Milne again, "fascinating suggestion and inspiring possibility. On each page we see a master-mind confronting itself with the grandest problems of formidable difficulty, posing them, simplifying them, and making some progress with even the most intractable."

But Jeans is more widely known for his non-technical writings on modern science. Some of his popular books are :

The Dynamical Theory of Gases, Theoretical Mechanics, The Mathematical Theory of Electricity and Magnetism, Atomicity and Quanta, The Universe Around us, The Mysterious Universe, The Stars in their Courses, The New Background of Science, Through Time and Space and Philosophy and Physics.

The vast and revolutionary changes that occurred in science, particularly in Physics, in the first few years of this century, roused his intellect as well as imagination. The mathematical formulae and equations, representing the newly-discovered principles of science ; *e. g.*, those of Relativity and Quantum, did not fully satisfy him and he wanted to translate them into our "common-sense" language. This work of interpretation and popularization was a risky undertaking, for it is very difficult to ensure precision of thought and expression when a highly technical subject is to be presented in non-technical terms. The enthusiasm and a certain emotional interest for a subject, which had revealed a whole world of facts and principles, are natural, but these often disturb the purely intellectual outlook, and so Jeans has been charged by his critics for mystifying the common reader instead of enlightening him. Be that as it may, one cannot but appre-

ciate the poetry that lies in them, for, as Shelley said about scientific systems : "The poetry in these systems of thought is concealed by the accumulation of facts and calculating processes. . . . We want the creative faculty to imagine that which we know ; . . . we want the poetry of life. Our calculations have outrun conception . . . we have eaten more than we can digest." (*A Defence of Poetry*)

Now it was such poetry Jeans wanted to reveal in the midst of the welter of scientific data and mathematical formulae and to conceive that which had "outrun conception." And this could be done only by a man endowed with a special gift, as Jeans was happily blessed with : the gift of an acute scientific intellect wedded to a faculty of imagination, at once fine and broad, which is illustrated in his books like *The Mysterious Universe* or *The Universe Around Us*. He had, indeed, the sense of wonder for Nature which a mathematical physicist, busy with his symbols, often loses, and he could infect us, too, with this feeling of wonder. And if his critics have censured him for rousing our emotions through personifications and metaphors it is because they are too vigorously intellectual and hold fact and reason to be the only means to knowledge. But they forget that a living experience of something, seized through imagination and felt in the blood, is also truth, that mere accuracy is not all, and that art also has its place in human knowledge.

To pass on now to his philosophy : Jeans regards Nature as a living organism and never as a machine. The reasons for this are not so much scientific as temperamental or philosophical. The new Quantum mechanics has shown that there is a very small discrepancy in the causal laws and that the movements of the ultimate particles of matter are not strictly determined. But from this it is not to be inferred that Nature is essentially free or freakish. The freedom and spontaneity enjoyed by human consciousness cannot be Nature's, it being bound by definite laws for all practical purposes, as the indeterminacy discovered by new physics is very slight, so that to conceive Nature as a living organism is not to be justified on any scientific grounds, though in itself it may be quite true. Science cannot say anything about it. Nature may be consciously following certain rules, but science can only discover these rules. It does not know the reason for their existence. However, Jeans need not be bound by science in his initial belief, which is

shared by all the mystics and best philosophers, including the *rishis* of Vedic India.

The distinct contribution which Jeans, however, makes to this cosmological thought is that God, the Creator, is a mathematical mind. The reason for this conclusion is to be found in the new developments in science. For, now even modern physics has realised that it is difficult and often misleading to understand the workings of Nature by means of models and pictures. The four-dimensional world of Relativity Theory cannot be pictured, it can only be conceived in pure and abstract thought. The mathematical symbols and complex relations between them represent the physical world and its workings; and so only a mathematical mind can understand it. This suggests that the universe has been made by a mathematical mind, too. God must have had mathematical designs beforehand, the archetypes or standards, after which He fashioned the concrete world. As he says :

' The making of models or pictures to explain mathematical formula and the phenomena they describe, is not a step towards, but a step away from reality; it is like making graven images of a spirit. (*The Mysterious Universe*, p. 141)

This is more or less also the belief of many eminent scientists of our time, like Einstein and Schroedinger.

Jeans may be said to be, thus, like the ancients, Pythagoras and Plato, a Pythagorean revivalist. Whatever fallacies there might be in his philosophical idealism there is no doubt that it seeks to strike a compromise between modern science and religion, while his philosophico-scientific works will be appreciated as a piece of literature by generations to come. And it may be mentioned, in this connection, that even a poet like Rabindranath Tagore found his books so illuminating that he availed himself largely of them in his own writings on science.

WANTED— A SYNTHESIS OF RELIGIONS

By S. K. GEORGE

DEENABANDHU Andrews, in a beautiful little pamphlet, once recorded his experience of religious kinship with people of diverse faiths in India. He described it as feeling the grasp of the hand of fellowship across the barriers of credal differences. He, as a devotee of Christ, met in India many Hindus and Muslims with whom he felt at one in the glow of religious faith and devotion. A similar experience was mine in recently participating in the anniversary celebration of a Jain saint at Jubbulpore, Sadguru Taran Swami, who was a liberal religious leader among the Jains, a contemporary of Kabir and, in the expressive words of Acharya Kshiti Mohan Sen, one of the authentic but “untethered saints” of medieval India.

I thought it significant that I as a Christian could, at this year’s celebration of the Taran Samaj, bear my testimony to religion as a unifying and integrating bond of fellowship. For, Christianity in India is regarded, and has mainly been presented, as a militant religion, seeking to displace the ancient religions of the land and strengthening itself at the cost of these other religions. But, to me, that does not pertain to the essence of Christianity but is an accident, due to its Semitic origin and even more to its dominance by the militant spirit of its Western exponents. And I, as belonging to a Christian community which does not owe its origin to Western missionary activity,—a community which has existed and flourished in this land almost from the beginning of the Christian era,—felt it a duty and a privilege to bear this testimony. For, the very existence of the Syrian Christian community of Kerala, perhaps, from the 1st century

A. D., certainly from the 4th century, in the midst of Hindu brethren and under Hindu rulers, without the shadow of protection from any foreign power, is proof positive of the spirit of tolerance in India and gives the lie direct to the cries of "Islam in danger" or "Christianity in danger" in an independent and united India. For, the spirit of Hinduism, as Shri Kshiti Mohan reminded the audience at Jubbulpore, in a message he sent through me, is that of "live aud let live."

But even tolerance is not enough, especially in these days when communities and races are so closely brought to-gether, when the alternative to fellowship is conflict and annihilation. Swami Vivekananda gave us the great word when he said, that what we need is "acceptance" of each other's religion. And assimilation or synthesis has been the genius of Indian civilization, the way in which it has built and strengthened itself. We must learn not only to live without flying at each other's throat, as unfortunately some of us are doing at present, but work out a real and living synthesis between the different religions that have met on Indian soil. Gurudeva Tagore believed that the working out of such a synthesis is the purpose of Divine Providence in making India the meeting-place of these religions. For, there is no other country in the world where so many of the living religions of mankind have come together as in India. So far they have mainly met in conflict. But conflict is foreign to the spirit of India, as it is of real religion. A renascent India ought to be able to work out a vital synthesis of the varieties of man's religious experiences. If India can do this she will not only be solving her own present vexed problems, but will be giving a lead to the rest of the world, too ; for, at present religion is a divisive force not only in India but all over the world.

What I am advocating is not a syncretism of the different religions, a piecing together of diverse elements from varied sources to make a mosaic of a new-fangled religion. Snch a working out of the Least Common Measure of all religions will satisfy none and will but add another to the baffling variety already existing. No, a real synthesis implies the recognition of the distinctiveness of each of the different faiths of mankind. The mighty men and women of the Spirit, who originated the great movements that have often petrified into rigid orthodoxies, have, every one of them, their distinct frag-

rance and fascination for their followers, according to temperament, tradition and country. But yet they form a happy family, though their followers often fall foul of each other. That must necessarily be so if the quest and goal of religion are the same, in spite of the diversities of paths it has followed. No honest investigator of the field of religious phenomena can deny the fact that God-realization or Self-realization, which is the ultimate end of religion, has been achieved under varied sanctions, in diverse forms and at different levels. The validity of one's own experience of saving truth is no proof of the falsity of another's experience. Even the Christian scriptures say that "God is no respecter of persons : but in every nation he that feareth him and worketh righteousness is acceptable to him." The testimony of the *Koran* is similar. Unfortunately the credal expressions of both these religions have sought to brand all who do not accept those creeds as unbelievers and as fit subjects for proselytism. While syncretism is rightly rejected as unsatisfactory, real synthesis demands that the different religions should shed their exclusiveness and militancy. And this demand is made not on grounds of expediency or amiable sentimentality and not to support the plea for a united India, but because it springs out of the realization of the basic unity that underlies all the diversities of human faiths and practices. The case for it has not been better put than by Sir S. Radhakrishnan, speaking at a meeting of the World Congress of Faiths :

"Fellowship of faiths, which implies appreciation of other faiths, is no easy indulgence of error and weakness or lazy indifference to the issues involved. It is not the intellectual's taste for moderation or the highbrow's dislike of dogma. It is not the politician's love for compromise or being all things to all men ; nor is it simply a negative freedom from antipathies. It is an understanding insight, full trust in the basic Reality which feeds all faiths and its power to lead us to the truth. It believes in the deeper religion of the Spirit, which will be adequate for all people, vital enough to strike deep roots, powerful to unify each individual in himself and bind us all together by the realization of our common condition and our common goal."

I see in Hinduism a foretaste of such a genuine fellowship of faiths, a synthesis in which each component religion retains its distinctive elements, yet shares a common outlook and helps in working out a common pattern of life. For, what the world needs to-day

is a new *dharma*, a new world-order, in keeping with the demands of the age in which we live. Religion alone can provide the basis and the dynamic for such a satisfying and enduring order. But it must be religion that has learned to unify and harness all the forces of the Spirit, instead of expending them on irreligious and unseemly bickerings for domination or superiority. Hinduism, even as it is, as it has evolved itself through the centuries, is a synthesis, a fellowship of faiths, finding room for a variety of *sadhanas* within its wide portals. Here again I would guard myself against being misunderstood. What I advocate is not merging of Christianity or Islam in Hindusim as it is ; but the emergence of a new and a vaster synthesis, which will find room even for these at present militant and exclusive creeds. Of course, there will be opposition from creed-bound spirits in all religions, and false alarms and calls to militancy will be sounded. But faith, wherever it is active and vibrant, will go forth on its pioneering quest, beating down ; nay, taking in, all opposition. Has not Edwin Markham shown us the way of the real Catholic in meeting such bigotry ?

"He drew a circle that shut me out—
 Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.
 But Love and I had the wit to win ;
 We drew a circle that took him in."

That is the way of real synthesis. But to work out that great adventure of the Spirit each religion has got to be fully alive and to contribute its very best. India in the past has given some notable instances of such active assimilation. One recalls to mind the movements initiated by Ramananda and Kabir, Nanak and Dadu, who all overstepped the barriers between Hindu and Mussalman. But it is a larger and more lasting and vital synthesis that is demanded by the times. An independent and renascent India can do it and if it does that it will be giving a lead worthy of this ancient land, which has been the world's greatest laboratory of spiritual culture.

PLAYTHINGS OF TIME

AN INQUIRY INTO CONTEMPORARY CRITICISM

By BUDDHADEVA BOSE

WHAT we call our opinions are the most changeable part of our mental property : it is hazardous to depend on them. Yet in the sphere of knowledge every change is based on some fact, on some objective observation which we have been taught to look upon as 'truth', so that it may just be possible to make out what is what. In the world of feeling, however, one hardly knows when and which way the wind blows ; and sometimes it is not a wind, but a storm, or rather one storm beating upon another, leaving behind a long trail of bewilderment. On the day the word went round that the earth, deluding the evidence of our eyes, is revolving round the sun, the signal was given for whole sets of scientific opinions to change lodgings, and similar wholesale transfers have taken place, not once or twice, but quite a few times in history. New facts engender new views ; behind them stand the battery of evidence, row on row of the soldiery of experiment ; accept them we must. But in the world of feeling we can *prove* nothing, for there is nothing to be proved. Why does a poem which, on a warm summer day, has moved us almost to tears, remain stubbornly dumb on a night of jubilant rain ? How is it that, running for the tram in the business-like ten-o'clock daylight, we stop in the middle of the street, our motion suddenly arrested by two lines of verse—the same lines that in a sweet leisurely afternoon had left us cold ? The psychologist on the one hand, and the sociologist on the other, are ready to rush forward with explanations ; but what, after all, are those explanations worth ? No amount of information on the individual psyche or the collective mind can

explain away these accidents—for we must call them so—of our responses ; knowledge, however formidable, can do nothing to modify the forces of our likes and dislikes, our vibrations of pleasure or the reverse. Crowns of glory, as the history of literature shows, have been trodden to dust, and names have leapt from contemporaneous obscurity to the brightness that posterity alone can give. Here is a poet whom the crowd of the day cheered till it grew hoarse, and the next day, alas, none remained even to jeer at. And here is another whom his own day scarcely noticed and the next day enthroned. Nor is this all. Even those whom we have come to look upon as fixed stars have to suffer amazing ups and downs. They, too, according to variations in the mental climate, are now brilliant and now lustreless. In English literature at present, Dryden has come back and Shelley receded ; but it is certain that Shelley will return, and who knows what will then happen to Eliot the Shelley-killer ? When we see the vagaries of taste playing havoc with those writers who have already lived through many ages and in the minds of countless readers, is it not natural to be hesitant about any remarks we might be tempted to make about the new, the new-born, the infant writers of our own generation ? However well-considered our remarks might seem at the moment, there is no guarantee, none whatsoever, that the future will not make fun of them. If critics like Dr Johnson and Matthew Arnold could have made memorable mistakes in their appraisal of contemporaries, how will others make bold to take a step in that direction ?

Most, it will be seen, are not bold enough. The scholars, the professors generally make it a point to leave contemporary work out of their sphere of discussion. The 'reviewers', of course, are free and fearless, but, as Virginia Woolfe has successfully demonstrated, blind. We all remember Mrs. Woolfe's quotations from two respectable English periodicals : one denouncing *The Waste Land* on its first appearance, the other comparing a mere best-seller to the classics. Such prodigious 'misfires', however, are rare here in India, not because our reviews are sensible, but simply because they are dead. Our newspapers and magazines have in this respect adopted the inviolable safety of the lifeless : they never say an unkind word, and they never say anything at all. The scholars and the reviewers excepted, there remain the writers themselves. In their case, the natural endowment

of intense like and dislike overpowers timidity, and confidence comes from long practice in the art held up for discussion. The result is that the most remarkable comments on contemporary writing have often been uttered by writers themselves. In Bengali literature Bankimchandra founded criticism, after whom Rabindranath—spontaneously in early years, and dutifully in late life—made many a new book or author an occasion for critical observations whose full significance we have yet to realise. Often did he dwell on the impossibility of looking at a contemporary work in the perspective of posterity and the dangers arising therefrom, and came, towards the end of his life, to the conclusion that the best way is to ‘turn criticism itself to literature.’ Indeed, Rabindranath laid down a most notable dictum when he said that ‘the ideals of artistic creation had better be established through our own work than through judging the works of others.’ True, one good poem is the quintessence of all criticism. But the good poem demands good readers, and readers are not the worse off for judicious instruction. Therefore we must have precept along with example ; the ideals of art, clarified through discussion, must be transmitted to the people’s mind : and this is where criticism steps in. Criticism teaches to distinguish the good from the bad, and, obviously, the larger the number who take that lesson, and the better they take it, the more we should have of the good, and the less of the bad, in literature. One sure sign of maturity in a literature is stable standards of criticism, and no such standards are as yet felt to be operating in the comparatively young literature of Bengal. This, no doubt, is a deficiency, a hindrance to ripeness. It is our great good fortune, however, that Rabindranath, whether of his own accord or by request, often entered the arena of contemporary criticism, and each time, in letters, lectures and essays, turned criticism to literature. The invaluable lessons we have learned from him, as much in the art of criticism as in the art of literature, cannot have been in vain : certainly in course of time the order that comes of definite standards will appear in our criticism. A further reason for hoping so is that the frequency of good examples tends to increase the validity of precept, and we think it is about time that the multitudinous works of Rabindranath started the functioning of high criticism in the language and literature of Bengal.

One manifest advantage of turning criticism to literature is that

if succeeding generations do not find the opinions wholly acceptable, they would still be drawn to the work as a possible source of pleasure ; they would be affected by beauty and only indirectly infected by the truth it contains. Such works of criticism are not entirely invalidated by the chances and changes of subsequent ages ; in fact, the most enduring specimens of the kind do not necessarily embody the most 'correct' opinions, but have such beauty of expression as to be valued for their own sake. Since criticism is written in language and not in symbols or technical terms, it is evidently not a science but an art, and the first requisite of a critic, therefore, is to be an artist in words. The English language abounds in laborious expositions of excellent critical maxims, so correct and so dull as to be finally and deservedly buried in the text-books of Indian universities, whereas a remark that Oscar Wilde had let drop perhaps in jest has a sort of enchantment that none can deny : to this day, we are incessantly quoting Wilde if only to contradict him.

But if opinions are fickle, changeable as the shapes of clouds, where, then, lies the validity of what we would call the art of criticism ? For the value of an art must ultimately lie in what it communicates ; as meaningless words, however pleasingly arranged in metre, would not make a poem, so in criticism, it would not do merely to write beautifully unless one has something worthwhile to say. To assert that no opinion can be equally valid for all times is to lower the status of criticism to some, and perhaps to a considerable, extent. Yet is it really so ? When we have considered, and made all allowances for, the peculiarities of the 'period' and the eccentricities of the individual, the conflict of countless opinions and the restless mobility of taste, we find in man's sense of beauty, in his experience of joy something ageless and eternal. If it were not so, we could have no art at all, neither literature nor painting nor music, but only news and abstract learning. We do not care to hear the same news twice, but in literature the same 'news' is told a thousand times, and yet, insatiate, we hunger to hear again. The material of art varies in time and place, but the power that turns news to song and imitation to painting springs from a source that neither time nor place can influence. This power, if we must give it a name, is the power of joy. There is a primeval incorruptibility in man's feeling of joy, and that is why we can discern a unity, an uninterrupted

rhythm of movement in the long history of art and literature. That is why, despite variations and contradictions on the surface, we feel that somewhere, at bottom, all worlds and all times meet ; the ancient Valmiki delights us, we live and die with the foreign Faust, and are moved by a few lines of Chinese poetry in translation.

We find Rabindranath pondering the question in Letter No. 46 of *Pathe O Pather Prante*. "What human history creates out of our forces of attraction and repulsion is illusory", he observes, referring to the decline of Bankimchandra's reputation in present-day Bengal ;

" . . . our vision changes from age to age ; today certain materials may combine to make us realise some particular feeling with a sharp intensity, and on the next day, those materials, though not altogether changed, combine in quite a different manner so that it becomes hard to understand why *Bishabriksha** was so much liked. This is what I would call an illusion. And to think of the wrangling and bloodshed this illusion provokes ! Yet it cannot be maintained that there is not a large portion of man's mental nature which is, on the whole, governed by certainty, for, otherwise, human society would have become a vast Bedlam."

Yes, it is true we are not living in a madhouse, each confined within his own cell, one drowning the voice of the other. Differences, divisions and distractions of change—these are not all, the human mind has also a unity which is above, or beyond, all these. Criticism seeks to discover that unity : that is why it is worthwhile.

It is a mistake, moreover, to expect criticism to say the 'last word'. Art simply does not allow it. Attempts to lay down certain fixed principles and drag criticism into the arena of science, made by great as well as by lesser intellects, have, as a rule, been frustrated by the unpredictability of young living literature. The nature of criticism is the opposite of that of an 'exact science' : here everything is relative and approximate, there must be a lot of groping even after we have done our best. The man who discovered that two and two make four certainly had the last word on the subject, but not a single invariable statement like this can be made about literature, not even a rudimentary one. To the simple question, 'What is poetry?', for instance, we must confess there is no answer. Several definitions

* *The Poison Tree*, perhaps the most celebrated of Bankimchandra's novels,

have been offered (and it is possible to add interminably to the list), not one wholly untenable, not one wholly satisfying. If we examine them one by one, we should most likely find hints of truth in each, and as hints suffice here, or are the utmost we can hope for, we are not debarred from accepting two contradictory statements as equally helpful, a process impossible in science. The great critics are those who give us these hints most frequently and most clearly. The vision that shaped their opinions is always significant, although the opinions themselves may not escape the teeth of time.

There are some who are inclined to assign to the critic a role not dissimilar to that of a justice of law : they assume impartiality to be his most important virtue, and fault-finding part of his office. What this famous 'impartiality' means I confess I do not know, for dispraise is as partial as praise, only reversely so. It seems to me that criticism is primarily concerned with neither praise nor blame (though there may be a place in it for either), but with ultimate values. The critic reveals the work or the author he has in hand, and through that, the riches of his own mind, his own sense of values. The work or the author is only an occasion or a pretext ; what the critic is really talking about is his own experience in literature, his own moments of illumination. Naturally, the happiest results are produced when the author under discussion is one to whom the critic is favourably partial, to wit, Arnold on Wordsworth or Rabindranath on Kalidasa. It is desirable that the critic seek to tell his love, for, firstly, the warmth of love brings out the mind's best, and he would be likely to apprehend through love what a work or an author really is and means. Words intended to attack or denounce can hardly have the vitalising qualities of genuine appreciation, for if there is initial antipathy, the most disciplined minds seems to limp. Since human sympathy is not co-eval with the universe, and the greatest mind has its limitations, perhaps it is better that, on the whole, we should confine our attention to our sphere of sympathy, and not air our dislikes, much of which may be due to ignorance or prejudice. I hope I am not understood to mean that there is no room in criticism for disapproval ; the critic has a right to disapprove, but only if it is necessary to illustrate his scale of values—mere demolition of reputations is not his job at all. What I am trying to suggest is that if criticism is to light up authors

and literatures, rouse readers from torpor, make country and country meet, and century and century, it can best do so not through cold thin-lipped hostility, but through love and the enthusiasm love generates.

I can anticipate two objections to this. Is it not necessary, it will be asked, to attack bad art, or (for bad art is really a contradiction in terms) not-art masquerading as art, and defend taste against the barbarians ? In truth it is so. The continuation of art may at times be so seriously threatened that the mellowest minds are fermented to fray, and that is allowable only as an emergency measure. In the long run, the most effective means of combating bad taste is not the direct one of denouncing the sham, but the indirect one of holding up the genuine to the public eye. After all, the sham stands self-condemned, and the energy expended on its destruction may in the end turn out to have been mostly wasted.

The second objection should come from those who claim criticism to be a science. The path of logic, they will contend, is crooked, but one is at least treading on firm ground, whereas the path of love, so exhilarating at the start, may terminate in a quagmire of nonsense. In other words, love being an emotion, and an emotion merely a vibration, it is a most insecure basis for intellectual activity. And, indeed, there is a grain of truth in this, as is brought home to us whenever we examine our own experiments in criticism in the light of maturer years. It is a commonplace observation that opinions differ not only from person to person, but from phase to phase in the same person's life, and there is not one who can feel sure that he will be able, in late life, to adhere to *all* the statements to which he had earlier committed himself. Yet it would be folly to withhold present avowals for fear of future denials, or refrain from speaking out one's mind lest others do not agree. One must hope to convert, to convince, to infect. And one's own changeableness is, when all is said, more apparent than real ; attitudes change as one passes from youth to maturity and from maturity to old age, and these changes, where they are not merely freaky, mark stages in the continuous development of one and the same mind. The materials which form the mind enter into new combinations, in each new phase of life, but the materials themselves are immutable and elemental, they are what they are ; gold can never become silver, nor silver gold. Rabindranath at seventy would have been happy to disown the torrential *Nirjharar*

*Svapnabhanga** of his youth, but he could not have done so if he had wished it the only thing in the world, the poem would let down the poet. It is the same Rabindranath from *Sandhyasangit* to *Shesh Lekha*, it is the same mind at work : only, there is an increasingly conscious control of the material. We can understand a master wanting to disown the progeny of his early youth ; we know for a fact that Rabindranath seriously wanted to reject all his pre-*Manasi* works ; yet this does not mean that the youthful fireworks are not an emanation of the same spirit as the still white flame of maturity. As one grows in age, one gains in creative ability, but not in vital force ; one's thought becomes more disciplined, but the character of the thought does not change. The critic who goes by his preferences and abides by his loves need not, therefore, have trepidations : if the near future does not heed him, the distant future, as has often been the case, may need him badly. We need not be dejected by the thought that critics are playthings of time, and writers more so, for love, at least, is not Time's Fool, nor, taken as a whole, is art or literature. Art is based on a love that 'alters not as alteration finds', and it is only right that criticism should spring from the same perennial source.

* *The Awakening of the Waterfall*, the most significant poem of Tagore's early youth.

REVIEWS

SRI AUROBINDO MANDIR ANNUAL No. 5. Published by Sri Aurobindo
Patha Mandir, 15 College Square, Calcutta. Price : Rs. 5 (Paper Cover)

THE fifth number of the *Sri Aurobindo Mandir Annual* makes its appearance with its characteristic finish and freshness of outlook that hardly fails of its purpose, raising, as it does, an annual harvest of richly variegated productions in Sri Aurobindo scholarship. What embellishes and endears the production is the lead from the prolific pen of Sri Aurobindo himself in the shape of "A Legend and a Symbol", entitled *Savitri*. Canto 1 depicts "the Symbol Dawn" with an artistry of creative imagination which is strongly reminiscent of the epic grandeur of the Miltonic handling of lofty themes. We cannot resist the temptation of transcribing here the closing lines which may be taken as typical :

"Awake She endured the moments' serried march
And looked on this green smiling dangerous world,
And heard the ignorant cry of living things.
Amid the trivial sounds, the unchanging scene,
Her soul arose confronting Time and Fate.
Immobile in herself, she gathered force.
This was the day when Satyavan must die."

In tune with the mystic symbolism of *Savitri* the master mind elucidates what he conceives to be the function of "Mystic Poetry." Tracing it up to the "Overhead" from which, in a certain sense, "all genius comes", the scholar-mystic confides to us that "genius is the entry or inrush of a greater consciousness into the mind or a possession of the mind by a greater power", and this power has two ways of acting ; in one it touches the ordinary modes of mind and deepens, heightens, intensifies or exquisitely refines their action but without changing its modes or transforming its normal character ; in the other it, brings down into these normal modes something of itself, something supernormal, something which one at once feels to be extraordinary and suggestive of a superhuman level.

The following two contributions on "Consciousness as Energy" by Nalini Kanta Gupta and "Spiritual Basis of World-Order" by Anil Baran Roy are characteristically illuminating and instructive. "Sri Aurobindo and Hegel,"

from the erudite pen of Dr. S. K. Maitra, clinches one of the crucial issues of Sri Aurobindo's teachings and presents the case with such documentary evidence and persuasive clarification as can hardly fail in their appeal. Of the remaining dissertations, "The Aim of Integral Yoga" by Prof. Haridas Chaudhuri, "Lights on the Veda" by T. V. Kapali Sastri and "Sri Aurobindo and *Tantra*" by B. K. Roy Chowdhury deserve special mention, so far as they afford instructive commentary on some of the basic principles of Sri Aurobindo's writings. "An Introduction to the Poetry of Sri Aurobindo" eminently serves the purpose for which it has been written.

On the whole, it may safely be affirmed that the *Sri Aurobindo Mandir* has been, in respect of its contents and get-up, a production of unquestionable excellence, reflecting much credit upon the contributors and the editor alike.

SAROJ K. DAS.

MAN AND HIS BECOMING ACCORDING TO THE VEDĀNTA :

By Rene Guenon. (Translated from the French by Richard C.

Nicholson) Published by Luzac & Co., London. Price : 12s. 6d.

DR. ANANDA K. COOMARASWAMY has written that this book is "probably the best account of the Vedānta in any European language." But it is more than the best account, it is an authentic account—something which has so far been so sadly wanting. For, the Western Orientalists who have explained Hindu philosophy are not seldom neither interested in, nor capable of understanding, a system like the Vedānta, which stands so far above anything that nowadays goes by the name of philosophy in the West. The Hindus, on the other hand, who have attempted to expound the Vedānta in Western languages were of necessity those who had English education—obviously insufficient to qualify them for such work, even if it did not prejudice in them the power of understanding the doctrine. Most of the states and divisions of the human individuality, described by the Vedānta, are completely unknown to Western philosophy. It is, therefore, obvious that to evolve an adequate terminology for them in clear French or English requires a rare culture and a thorough knowledge of such similar conceptions as have existed in these languages or in those from which they are derived ; that is, mainly the Greeco-Roman doctrines and the now practically defunct Christian esotericism. Such special knowledge could hardly be expected of most of the Indian writers and, in fact, it seemed that the exposition of Hindu traditional knowledge in English had become a sort of no-man's-land where anyone could expound his own idiosyncrasies under the name of Vedānta.

M. Guenon has, however, greatly remedied this deficiency of Western language. With his prodigious scholarship he finds adequate ways of expressing the most difficult Sanskrit terms. He establishes a new standard for translation, which allows him to restore to Vedānta the unique place it deserves to have in the

higher sphere of human knowledge. The remarkable correspondences he points out between the Vedāntic doctrine and the Christian and Islamic esoteric writings as well as with Taoist texts will surprise many and give great support to his theory of the essential unity of spiritual traditions, beyond the diversity of religious forms.

This book should be read particularly by those who have had no opportunity of studying the traditional teachings in Indian languages. They will find in it fundamental thinking, quite different from the sentimental-religious divagations which only too often pass for Vedāntic doctrine and which are so revolting to logical minds. The translation is very faithful to the French original and renders well M. Guenon's characteristic precision and clarity. There are unfortunately a number of typographical mistakes, which are not expected in a publication of this standard.

A. Danielou.

THE GOSPEL OF SELFLESS ACTION OR THE GITA ACCORDING

TO GANDHI: By Mahadev Desai. Published by Navajivan

Publishing House, Ahmedabad. Price : Rs. 4/-

THIS book is a translation in English of Gandhiji's *Anasaktiyoga*, written originally in Gujarati. Besides the translation the book contains a fairly long introduction and profuse notes. So far as the translation part is concerned Gandhiji himself has vouched for its accuracy in his Foreword. Gandhiji's original way of viewing the *Gita* not as a historical work but as a religious discourse, describing the internal duel that perpetually goes on in the heart of mankind, has been maintained all through. And the central theme of the *Gita*, according to him, is the renunciation of all fruits of action which leads the *jiva* to salvation.

The Introduction under the caption "My Submission" is a scholarly presentation of a thesis in philosophical style, in which logic has been admirably used to decipher the revelations of intuition. The doctrines of *Prakriti* and *Gunas*, *Karma* and Re-birth, *Avatara*, *Ashvattha* and *Purushottama* have been lucidly expounded. The conclusions of the author are, no doubt, convincing, though one would hesitate to accept in toto the list of persons who are supposed to be on the path of *yoga*. (p. 115). The notes are very helpful for a proper understanding of the *slokas* and they reveal a profound knowledge of the Bible, the *Koran* and other religious literatures.

Incidentally, the book clarifies certain concepts of Gandhian philosophy. As for example, Gandhiji's concept of Swadeshi has been based on the truth of the following *sloka* :

"Better one's own duty, bereft of merit, than another's well-performed ; better is death in the discharge of one's duty ; another's duty is fraught with danger." (Discourse III, *sloka* 35).

The Gandhian way is mostly the *Gita*-way and so Gandhiji calls the *Gita*, his mother.

The get-up and printing of the book leave very little to be desired.

Benoy G. Roy.

ASIATIC JONES : Life and Influence of Sir William Jones—

Pioneer of Indian Studies : By A. J. Arberry, Litt. D.

Published for the British Council by Longmans

Green & Co. Ltd., London. Price : 2 sh.

THIS small book, written on the occasion of the bicentenary of Sir William Jones, is well-written and well-documented. The author had the advantage of being able to consult the original letters of Sir William to Earl Spencer (Lord Althorp). Sir William's appearance was meteoric. He died in his 48th year but this short life was a life of immense activity. He was a poet of no mean quality and his English and Latin poems show genuine qualities of a true poet. As a jurist he had an unquestionable ability and some of his pronouncements anticipate many modern thinkers on the subject. As an Orientalist, he is without comparison. Although he was not the sole pioneer in this field in his days he possessed a width of vision not obtainable elsewhere. His approach was an approach of sympathy and respect. He came to India as a learner and not as a teacher and the true enthusiasm which he felt for these studies aroused an interest in Europe, which would have been otherwise delayed. He was a true representative of classical humanism. The new documents, made available in this little book, allow us to see Sir William Jones, the man, the poet and the scholar, in a clear light.

P. C. B.

A POLITICAL BIOGRAPHY—FAZL-I-HUSAIN : By Azim Husain.

Published by Longmans, Green & Co., Ltd. Calcutta. Price : Rs. 15/-

MIAN FAZL-I-HUSAIN played a dominating part in Punjab politics during the whole period of the Montford Reforms. This political biography by his son, therefore, tends naturally to be the history of that province during that period, (especially as the organisation and the fortunes of the Punjab Unionist Party had to be traced at length) which accounts, in the main, for the length of the biography. "The keynote of Fazl-i-Hasain's policy", as Shri Rajagopalachariar, in an appreciative Foreword to the book, says, "was that democracy should be run by parties formed on non-communal lines and yet he was represented by his opponents as a protagonist of communal politics." He was a firm believer in democratic institutions and demonstrated through a strenuous and unfaltering

parliamentary career that India can work out a democratic solution of her communal and economic problems. The safeguards he stoutly fought for, and contributed more than any one else to secure on behalf of his community, were meant by him only to enable that community to take its rightful place in a free and united India. They were to him the special treatment a palsied limb needs to restore it to life and vigour. No one who fails to understand this genuine concern that a politically-minded Muslim feels for his community today can appraise the communal situation in India aright.

If constitutionalism and parliamentary politics were, however, the only methods open to a subject country to attain freedom then Fazl-i-Husain was one of India's greatest leaders in recent times. But it was a constitutional defect in him that made him incapable of seeing the need for revolutionary politics in India to-day and made him averse to the dynamic of Gandhian leadership. That to him was the parting of the ways from the Congress. His son is almost apologetic about this incapacity in him. But he himself was unrepentant till the end of his constitutionalism and within the limits, he had set for himself, he achieved many things for his community and his country. And this in spite of chronic ill-health, which finally carried him off at the fairly early age of fifty-nine, at a time when India stood in need of his wisdom and guidance. For, he had worked out a non-communal pattern for Indian politics and he had the strength of character to stand up for his principles against any odds.

The author claims that there is in the book no bias against truth. And that is a claim which any unbiased reader of the book must grant him. He has laid before the reader a mass of authentic material, drawn from his father's speeches, letters and diaries, often without distracting and tendentious comment. Though some of the leading figures on the stage of Punjab politics do appear under disagreeable lights in these pages, there is no attempt made to darken the shades.

This is a political biography that poses and answers many questions of vital significance to India and, as such, deserves respectful study by Muslims and non-Muslims all over India.

S. K. George.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE : By Masti Venkatesa Iyengar. Published by Jeevana Karyalaya, Basavangudi, Bangalore. Price : Rs. 6/-

HERE is one more study of the thought of the Poet which, as the author rightly says in the Introduction, "is of value as a manifestation of Indian spirit." It is based almost exclusively on the English translations of his works, which are but a fragment of the stupendous whole. As such, it has its limitations. Its interest, however, for the reader who is not familiar with Bengali is undoubted. For, by touching at some length on the "many-sided and many-winged" genius of Rabindranath in a simple style the eminent Kannada *litterateur* has made it

possible for him to enter with ease the mansion of the Poet's multi-personality. The book is, therefore, bound to be stimulating. Though it is likely to give one the impression that it is more in the nature of an appreciative anthology of the Poet's ideas than an interpretation thereof, yet, here and there, there are snatches of the author's independence of approach and observation. The price is rather high.

A. B. C.

THE SUBHAS I KNEW : By Dilip Kumar Roy. Published by Nalanda Publications, Post Box No. 1353, Bombay. Price : Rs. 5/4/-

THE author of this delightful and dynamic book has already established for himself a reputation for profundity and precision in going to the roots of a problem or a personality. This *forte* of his, first discovered in his *Among the Great*, is further illustrated now in his fascinating study of Subhas Chandra Bose, "the pensive activist" as he calls that phenomenally popular, though frustrated and apparently unfulfilled, Indian leader of the most recent times. Subhas was ever a spiritual aspirant ; he had in him the making of a mystic, and but for the irresistible pressure of the immediate present with its call and challenge,—enforced by historic necessity,—on his innate idealism he would have attained to great heights and depths of the divine consciousness. However, at the back of his service and sacrifice for his Motherland was the same spirit of adoration and altruism as a neophyte in the temple brings to the altar of the Mother. In analysing the motives and modes of thought and action of "the hero", (of his youth) and in interpreting the secret stirrings of his spirit the contemplative author has had the rare advantage and opportunity of having his own observations and appraisal "checked up", as it were, by his revered teacher, Sri Aurobindo. The latter's replies to his dear disciple's queries, together with extracts from letters exchanged between him and Subhas, constitute the most illuminating section of the book. In the light of what he might-have-been,—of which the present study gives one a clear indication,—Subhas's stature, though seemingly somewhat stultified by the passion for politics which drew him awhile away from soul's pilgrimage and purposefulness, is enlarged immensely.

N. G.

PRAKṚTA PRAKṢA OF VARARUCI (WITH THE COMMENTARY OF RAMAPANIVADA) : Edited by Dr. C. Kunhan Raja and K. Ramchandra Sarma : Published by the Adyar Library, Adyar, Madras. Price : Rs. 4-4-0.

RAMAPANIVADA is a famous literary figure of Malabar of the 18th century A. D. He composed several works in the ornate style in Prakṛta, besides Sanskrit and Malayalam. Since the publication of his *Kamasavaho* and *Usaniruddham* lovers

of Prakṛta were keenly waiting for his commentary on *Prakṛta Prakāśa*. At last their hopes have been fulfilled.

The author has given a version of *Prakṛta Prakāśa* as it was current in Malabar, and commented upon the *sūtras* of the first eight chapters, which form nine chapters of Bhamaha's edition. (This difference in numbers is due to the fact that the fifth chapter of his edition is divided into two chapters of Bhamaha's edition.) His remark that the rules of *Apabhraṃsa*, etc. should be known from other works, (*anyatra*) is very significant, indeed for it only confirms the view which some scholars hold about *Sauraseni* that these three chapters of *Prakṛta Prakāśa* are a later addition and that they were not originally written by Vararuci. His commentary is at places more detailed than Bhamaha's and by giving citations from Prakṛta works and some more words also to illustrate the *sūtras*, he has made it still more helpful to students of the Prakṛta language.

In the Introduction manuscript material has been ably discussed and at the end are given important useful indices of the *sūtras*, of the Prakṛta words with their Sanskrit equivalents and of the Prakṛta citations with their sources. The three chapters, not commented upon by him, have been reproduced with Bhamaha's commentary on the two in order to make the work complete. Different readings from other manuscripts are given at the end. In the second edition, however, these may be given in the form of footnotes, as the present way of giving them is a little inconvenient. A brief note about the time and works of the commentator would have helped to satisfy the natural curiosity of the readers. The price ought to have been moderate.

The editors are to be congratulated for giving us such an excellent and faultless edition of the work, which leaves nothing to be desired.

Ram Singh Tomar.

THE CREATIVE ART OF LIFE : Studies in Education : By K. M.

Munshi. Published for Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan by Padma

Publications, Ltd. , Bombay, 1. Price : Rs. 2/8/-.

THE writer advocates the orthodox Hindu way of life, (which he calls Indianism), which has been set forth in the Hindu epics and scriptures and specially in the *Bhagavada-Gita*. This can be mastered through a system of self-education, which the writer calls creative education or self-sculpture. The student should also make an intensive study of literary masterpieces, specially the Sanskrit classics, cultivate the art of expression by summarising the best passages he comes across and practise *swādhyaya*, or daily recital of a particular book, chosen for the purpose, preferably the *Gita*, which, the writer believes, has a great formative influence on character. This type of education is creative whereas, he says, the current system of education in the country is merely informative.

The book is didactic in tone and dogmatic in its assertions. It takes too narrow and exclusive a view of what it calls the 'Art of Life.' Gandhiji and Aurobindo are included among the modern exponents of that art, but not Tagore

In fact, the book offers much less than the title proposes. Nor can it be called educational in its interest except in the sense in which a treatise on *yogic* principles might be called educational. Some of the chapters, however, are well-written, as that on Personality, and the book may serve as a manual for students who desire to know and practise the orthodox way of life.

S. C. Sarkar.

HUMAN EQUALITY IN WESTERN CIVILIZATION : By Seetaram
Pandy. Rakhal Das Reading Room, Samlong, Ranchi.

Price : Re. 1/-

THE main thesis of this pamphlet is that "Christianity is in direct conflict with the idea of universal brotherhood and is strongly opposed to internationalism," and the author's contention is that the conduct of Christian nations towards each other and even more towards "the heathen," corroborates this.

The many instances, cited by the author, present, no doubt, a severe indictment of Western civilization. The exposition of these would have been more telling, however, if it had been presented without the obvious animus against Christianity and if the appeal had been made to root out all traces of race or caste prejudices, wherever found and whatever sanction they may have in ancient religious texts. But when the author convicts Jesus himself of race prejudice he clearly over-proves his case, for which he has to quote a few garbled texts and to distort others, which plainly teach the lesson of universal love. Thus, even the superb parable of the Good Samaritan, which tells of a despised Samaritan coming to the help of a Jew in need, overstepping the barriers of race prejudice and social injustice, is held to teach a restricted doctrine of human brotherhood. The root of bitterness and narrowness is undoubtedly there in the Christian Church, in its claim of exclusive salvation through Christ alone; but it is there in spite of, not because of, Jesus of Nazareth.

S. K. George.

FREUD O MANASAMIKSHAN (Bengali) : Translated by
Sunil Bisi, M. Sc. and Asit K. Roy, B. Sc. Published by
Sisir K. Acharyya Chowdhury, of 'Sanskrit Baithak',
Ballygunge, Calcutta. Price : Rs. 1/8/-.

THIS is a Bengali translation of the fourth and fifth chapters of Dr. Clifford Allen's *Modern Discoveries in Medical Psychology*. It is ably done and it adheres to the original thesis. But the book could have been made more useful to the layman if technical terms had been avoided as far as possible.

Its special interest, however, lies in the chapter dealing with the analysis of the child-mind, based on Freudian theories. The book is a valuable addition to the literature on Psycho-analysis in some of the Indian languages, which is rather scanty at present.

D. Bagh.

ECONOMIC STRUCTURE OF FREE INDIA : By Brij Narain.

Published by Indian Book Company, Ltd., '37, Nisbet Road,

Lahore. Price : Rs. 7/8/-.

PROF. BRIJ NARAIN is a reputed author and his previous works on various aspects of economic problems have always proved an original and interesting reading. But this, his latest publication, is, however, rather disappointing.

The book opens with a fairly long discussion on the economics of the *Charkha*, the uneconomic aspect of which is still controversial ground. Prof. Brij Narain characterizes it as "non-sense."! Granted it is so, but may it not be that a man of Gandhiji's standing can not probably be understood by common reasonings? And surely mere strong words do not take away the significance of his teaching.

The next chapter deals with the long-exploded doctrine of *laissez-faire*. The discussion is entirely theoretical and also very elementary, and so out of place in a book, which is supposed to deal with the structure of Free India. The same remark applies to the two subsequent chapters, which deal with Planning. For, the implications of the theoretical principles should either have been assumed or condensed to make the book more useful.

Only the last two chapters, "The Cabinet Mission's Proposals" and the "Way-Out" can be said to be original (perhaps, a bit too original!). Having reached the conclusion that Planning for India is possible only on the basis of a strong Unitary Government, but since in the light of recent events such a possibility is not likely to materialise, the *recipe*, prescribed by him, is that Mr. Jinnah be asked "to plan with a free hand"! The suggestion, though generous, is not quite ingenious, for more than once Gandhiji is known to have made such an offer. But the author should have known that even such an offer would defeat its own purpose, because whereas he wants a plan for the whole of India, Mr. Jinnah would only plan for a divided India.

The book is, however, extremely readable, as it is written in a lucid style and with a certain amount of zeal of conviction. The general reader, therefore, will find the book quite stimulating. The get-up and the printing leave nothing to be desired, though the price seems to be quite high.

K. N. Bhattacharya.

SHADOWS ON THE WALL : By Krishna Hutheesing. Published by

Kutub Publishers, Windy Hall Lane, Bombay, 5.

Price : Rs. 4/8/-.

WOMEN behind the bars have not been familiar objects of pen-portraits. Either they have been subject to the rush-light of psycho-analysis, which deals with them in a noetic fashion, or buried in obscurity. Krishna Hutheesing has given fascinatingly human pen-pictures of some of her fellow-prisoners in jail, both "politicals and convicts". The gross indignity and heartlessness of the jail-way of treating such human beings is only too patent in these pages. One now begins

to understand how prison-life itself has had a big share in rendering the so-called convicts positively restive and refractory by amercing them of the simplest elemental rights of human dignity and freedom. These accounts also satisfy the turns of a short-story, having a nodus and a finale, revealing the sensitive and perspicacious sensibilities of the writer's make-up, while presenting the characters in their psychological complexity. These 'shadows', that are no furtive phantoms of fancy, have, indeed, their own contribution to make to the emerging new order of things. They should always remain, therefore, real to our grateful memories.

The price of the book is prohibitive.

M. Bajpai.

PRAYER AND OTHER SKETCHES OF MAHATMA GANDHI :

By Dhiren Gandhi. Published by Nalanda Publications,

Post Box 1353, Bombay. Price : Rs. 3/-.

THIS is an album of six fascinating sketches of Gandhiji, four depicting his mental and spiritual character, as revealed through the luminous lens of his face, the fifth representing him in his radiant prayerful mood and the final one showing him in the profound sleep of the peaceful and the just. These are the work of an aspiring artist, who has had unusual opportunities for watching the sublime subject of his pencil. As Shri G. Venkatachalam says in the *Introduction*, "They are sincere outpourings of the heart of a sensitive artist at the feet of a saint who is also a nation's redeemer." The album is dedicated to Shri Nandalal Bose, in whose shadow the young Gandhi lived and learnt for some time. The reproductions are excellent.

"An Art-lover".

SILPI (Silpi Publications, 10, Narasingapuram Street, Mount Road,

Madras, 2. Editors : V. R. Chitra and T. N. Srinivasam). Annual

Subscription : Rs. 20/-.

THIS is a monthly periodical, started sometime ago. Its aim is to propagate proper vision and values of Art. It fulfils, therefore, a long-felt need of all those who are interested in the subject, because most of our magazines usually do not cater for them. The get-up and the contents are of a high order which, it is sincerely to be hoped, will be maintained. Congratulations to the new comrade in the service of the True, the Beautiful and the Good.

"An Art-lover".

HISTORY OF ORISSA : By L. N. Sahu, M. A., Servants of India

Society, Cuttack. Published by himself. Price : As. -/8/-

THE author has tried to describe briefly in this booklet the glories of Orissa in the past. That province was great, according to him, in almost all the domains of

culture ; such as, literature, art, sculpture and architecture. The Tajmahal, for instance, was the conception of Michha Maharana, an Oriya. ("He was the head of the Tajmahal architecture," p. 17). Orissa also contributed much to Sanskrit literature as well as to other provincial languages like Bengali. The people of the province were a great maritime people and their valour was also proverbial.

Shri Sahu appears to have often relied, however, on local legends and traditions. Consequently, a few mis-statements, such as, "Hiuentsang went back to China by an Oriya ship', have crept in. (For, the Chinese traveller did not go back by sea-route but by land-route).

P. P.

FREEDOM—MY DESTINY : By Y. G. Krishnamurti. Published by Phoenix Publications, Bombay, 4. Price : Rs. 4/-

THIS is a thesis on the philosophy of freedom, marked by intellectual austerity, which is further emphasised by the writer's staccato style. Somehow it lacks that authentic touch of spiritual vision or of emotional intensity which should warm the heart of a reader of such a book. The concept of freedom, to which Shri Krishnamurti seems to be loyal, however, is in line with the eternal values of Indian civilization and culture. For, it takes into account the *whole* man in all the amplitude of his own individual evolution towards self-fulfilment through self-control and in unison with the rhythm of the universe. According to the author, in the present age Gandhiji and Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru are exemplars and embodiments of the essence of true freedom. It is a topical but rather tough publication.

M.

COLONIAL AND COLOURED PEOPLES (A Programme for their Freedom and Progress) By N. G. Ranga. Published by Hind Kitabs, Bombay, 1. Price : Rs. 4/12/-.

EVER since Gandhiji started, years ago, his *Satyagraha* movement in South Africa, in moral self-defence of the self-respect as free citizens of the Indians residing there, the problem of the oppressed races has loomed large before world-thought, particularly before political thinkers.

The book, under review, deals with this important problem and reiterates the coloured peoples' demand for, and right to, complete independence. Armed with facts and figures, the author makes a strong indictment against imperial powers of the West which, for centuries, have exploited the colonies and inflicted on them endless sufferings. "Their records in Asia and Africa," he says, "form the blackest chapters in the history of Western civilization."

He further exposes fully the myth of the "superiority" of the white people *vis-a-vis* the inferiority of the coloured races and asserts that the civilizing

mission, undertaken by the self-appointed trustees of the world's backward races, is basically a regressive force.

K. N. B.

INDIAN CONTRIBUTION TO ENGLISH LITERATURE :

By K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar, M. A., D. Litt. Published by
Karnatak Publishing House, Bombay, 4.

Price : Rs. 6/- nett.

THIS record of "the rise and development of Indian writing in English" by the learned author will surprise the average Indian reader no less than the student of English literature. For, it is to little purpose, as Dr. Iyengar says, "to discuss interminably whether Indians should or should not write in English. They have done so in the past, and they will do so in the future—for a long time yet ; we are here, not in the realm of speculation, but of facts and of recorded achievement." The record is, however, at places uneven, in style, space and emphasis. There are pages which read like a Publisher's Catalogue. Yet, on the whole, it is a remarkable survey, all the material has been put together and sifted with devotion and enthusiasm and there is much acute criticism scattered in its pages. It would have been better if the author had given more extracts from the writers referred to ; also, an index would have added to its usefulness.

It is good to know that Dr. Iyengar had been given by the Bombay University a grant-in-aid for completing his book. If the other Indian universities too will initiate specialised research in the branches of this proliferating literature, they will be doing a work which has to be undertaken sooner or later for understanding Modern India.

S. K. Ghose.

CULTURAL FELLOWSHIP OF BENGAL : By Sisirkumar Mitra.

Published by Culture Publishers, 63, College Street, Calcutta.

Price : Rs. 2/4.

THE Bengal Renaissance is an imponderable of history. This book traces the lineage of her cultural fellowship down the ages. It shows how, in spite of its comparative isolation from the rest of the country, the "creative soul" of Bengal has always sought the most catholic philosophy of life, the most universal of mystic doctrines. Throughout its history it has envisaged the ideal and made the endeavour towards a fusion of cultures and a collective embodiment of spiritual values. That is the theme of this book, which draws its material from the sources that are available in the traditions and customs, religious and spiritual practices, in literature and folk-forms of its indigenous culture. Of the bold experiments Bengal has been making towards the building of a synthetic culture, nothing is more remarkable than her spiritual humanism. In recent times Vivekananda, Tagore and Sri Aurobindo are all exemplars of this aspiration, pointing to "a way of regeneration into higher states of being." In this historical and idealistic

study Sisirkumar Mitra has given us the yet unmanifest contours of the future-to-be of Bengal.

S. K. Ghose.

FUTURE OF INDIAN YOUTH: By Sadananda Bhatkal. Published by Padmaja Publications, Baroda. Sole Distributors : Padma Publications, Ltd., Bombay. Price : Rs. 3/12.

THIS is a subject of the deepest concern but the contents of this "discussion in socio-political analysis," its charts and photographs add little to our understanding of a problem, which has to be solved if the youth of the generation all the world over has not to "stand still" at the gates of fear and frustration. The secret of a faith, which will evoke its highest loyalty, has to be found out, for becoming periodic cannon-fodder need not be the only normal and inevitable role for our young men and women. The attempt made in this book to find a way-out appears to us, however, frankly disappointing.

S. K. G.

SUDDEN RETROSPECT AND OTHER POEMS : By Gopal N. Nilaver. Published by Hosali Press, Bangalore. Price : Rs. 3/-

GOPAL Nilaver's is a lyric muse. We hope, however, that he will soon find out a more comprehensive medium for what he wants to say. He is sensitive and genuine and would make, in the best sense of the term, a charming minor poet.

S. K. G.

SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE : By Purshottam Tricumdas. Padmaja Publications, Baroda. Price : Rs. 2/8/-.

THIS play in three acts seeks to deal, as the blurb tells us, with the problem of making man moral. The heroine finds to her consternation that her husband is unfaithful to her and this shatters her dreams of connubial bliss. Stung to the quick, she proposes that "women should proclaim that they intend to adopt the same standard of morals as men." Then begins the struggle of women to be free from the "selfish inhuman stranglehold of man." But this plan of tit for tat fails miserably and the fight that is to be carried on with "eclat and abandon" ends disastrously.

The writer has undoubted skill in creating tense and intricate situations, but somehow he fails to sustain interest and so the play, towards the end, seems to be rather 'flat'. The long and elaborate stage-directions and some scenes seem to be modelled upon those of Shaw. The characters tend to be more typical than individual.

D. S.

EYE TROUBLES IN OLD AGE : By Dr. R. S. Agarwal. Published
by Dr. Agarwal's Eye Institute, 15, Daryaganj, Delhi.

Price : Rs. 5/-

"PHYSICIAN, heal thyself" is a well-known saying. Here is a book, dealing with eye troubles, which has been written by a person who has first practised the principles of the treatment, in question, in his own case and, then, having been convinced of their curative effectiveness, preached them to others for years with missionary zeal. Thus, there is a ring of transparent sincerity about the doctor's disquisition. According to the particular system, named after Dr. Bates, the pioneer in the field, glasses are crutches and so, as a healthy person throws these away, being able to walk about without them, in the same way spectacles could be discarded as an unnecessary appendage by all those who know how to use their eyes properly and to make them stronger through a set of certain exercises, which are all simple. The book is one more indication of the truth that the secret of health lies in living in accordance with the laws of Nature.

D

BIOGRAPHICAL ROUND-UP : By Dale Carnegie. Published
by Vora and Co., Publishers, Ltd., 3 Round Building, Kalbadevi
Road, Bombay, 2. Price : Rs. 5/12/-.

THIRTY-NINE prominent persons, mostly of the present day, like Shaw, Stalin, Churchill, Mark Twain, Madame Chiang Kai-Shek, have been held up before life's looking-glass by a journalist (as against a literary artist), who reveals them in the context of their luminous talents as well as ludicrous traits. The newspaper magnate Lord Beaverbrook, for instance, paid a cartoonist ten thousand pounds a year to ridicule him; General Smuts, one of Great Britain's outstanding allies and "advocates", married a woman who refused to have children under the British flag. Quite a large number of Carnegie's "bag" of biographies-in-brief, however, are American. It is an interesting and informative publication, which incidentally proves once more, that the golden idols, before whom the public burns incense, have also feet of common clay and that human life is, indeed, a queer cocktail!

X. Y. Z.

FOODGRAINS : Compiled by M. H. Kantawala. (Illustrated)
Price : Re. 1/-.

COCONUTS : Compiled by M. H. Kantawala. (Illustrated)
Published by the Lotus Trust, Bombay. Price : Re. 1/-.

THE Lotus Trust deserves to be congratulated for its "Hundred Books Scheme" in the "Things Around Us Series". The object of the scheme is to bring out popular illustrated books on technical subjects in eight of the languages of India.

The first of the above booklets is a monograph giving useful information in a concise form about foodgrains, which are cultivated and consumed in the country, such as, wheat, rice, millets, etc. Their botany, methods of cultivation, harvesting and marketing, acreages and yield, extent of trade in them, diseases and pests and the industrial products derived from them have all been described in a popular way, easily intelligible to the layman. An attempt has been made to treat the subject also in the broader world-wide aspect. The nutritional point, too, has not been lost sight of.

The second booklet deals with the coconut palm and its various products and problems. It describes the tree and its distribution in the world, its morphology, manufacture and uses of copra, coconut oil and other coconut products, their commercial aspect and the need for State assistance to this industry.

Thus these descriptive handbooks fulfil admirably the end in view.

Jyoti Prasad Bhattacharya.

BATTLE FOR HEALTH: F. E. James. Tata Studies in Current Affairs.

Published by Padma Publications, Ltd., Bombay, I. Price : Re. 1/-

IN this brochure the author, who speaks with authoritative knowledge of the subject, describes vividly and factually the conditions of health and living prevalent in India, analyses the causes for the present state of affairs and outlines the plan of a campaign for making people health-conscious. He discusses the problems of food and water, housing, drainage, conditions of work in offices and factories, diseases of the body and the mind, maternity and child-bearing, the population problem, and the plan recommended recently by the Health Survey and Development Committee (Bhore Committee) of the Government of India. Illustrations and statistical diagrams have added to the lucidity of exposition.

Jyoti Prasad Bhattacharya.

YOUR FOOD: By Minoo Masani— (*Special edition for Children by Shirin Mistri*). Published by Padma Publications Ltd., Pherozeshah Mehta Road, Bombay, I. Price : Re. 1/-.

THIS is an illustrated, interestingly and intelligently adapted and brightly written edition, for children, of Minoo Masani's *Your Food*. Perhaps, before long, it will be translated into the various provincial languages of India if the young folk have to be instructed profitably in the subject, because the number of those who know English among them is infinitesimally small. The get-up and printing are artistic.

X. Y. Z.

TWO LEAVES AND A BUD : By Mulk Raj Anand. Published by Kutub Publishers, Ltd. , Windy Hall Lane, Bombay, 5. Price : Rs. 4/-
(Paper-cover) : Rs. 4/8/- (Cloth bound).

THE author is well-known for his sympathetic as well as picturesque studies in the ignorance-and-indigence-darkened lives of the down-trodden and the despised, of the poor and the pariah, in India, as he is for his commendable mastery of the foreign medium of expression. The book, under review, (the Indian edition of his novel, which was first published in England, several years ago) is a realistic description of the heart-rending hardships of a family from Hoshiarpur (Punjab), that has been recruited under false colours to work on a tea plantation in far-off Assam. The clash of the respective colours and cultures and civilizations of the snobbish employers and the slaving employees in the presence of the paternal Himalayas is vividly presented. And it is against this black and red background that the character of the humane and human Doctor Havre shines forth in C. F. Andrews'-like sincerity and spirit of service. In short, *Two Leaves and a Bud* is a powerful plea for fairplay and fellow-feeling.

One observation the reviewer is constrained to make : At places the writer's realism regrettably overshoots itself, for the slang and the sensuous suggestiveness are more emphasised than they need have been.

M.

WITTY TALES OF BADSHAH AND BIRBAL : By M. S. Patel.
Published by N. M. Thakkar and Co. , 140-Princess Street
Bombay, 2. Price : Rs. 6-12-0.

WIT is an aspect of wisdom. And Birbal, one of the courtiers of King Akbar, was a wizard among the witty. The book, under review, is a selection of seventy-eight "tales"—turns and twists of thought, and red-hot repartees—which centre round them both. To quote one of these ! Once Akbar who, in his old age, made use of the hair-dye to appear younger, asked Birbal if what he was doing was in any way harmful to the brain. Pat came the retort, "Your Majesty, as the users of the hair-dye have no brains the question of harm does not arise." The "Tales" are a tonic for all times. Besides, there are ten pictures, drawn by the artist, Mr. Iqbal Hussain, which depict "the pomp and pageantry of the Moghul dynasty". These have given a glamour to the get-up.

M. N. G.

INDIAN FAIRY TALES : Re-told by Mulk Raj Anand. Published by Kutub Publishers Windy Hall Lane, Bombay, 5, Price : Rs. 7/8/-

HERE are a dozen old grandma's tales which, however, never grow old, because both the hoary-headed teller and the lisping listener have ever conspired through the ages to keep them, like love, "in flower". Mulk Raj Anand, who was himself once a listener, has now had his position reversed and he has paid back his debt

to his parents by re-telling the tales to his daughter ; nay, to the daughters and sons of Man. And being a born story-teller himself he has reduced his re-telling to an art, in which he has been ably assisted by several artists headed by Jamini Roy. An ideal gift book for children in a country in which children's books, particularly in English, have still so much leeway to make up.

A. B. C.

CARAMEL DOLL : By Abanindranath Tagore. Published by Kutub Publishers, Windy Hall Lane. Bombay, 5. Rs. 5/-.

If the Kingdom of Heaven is inhabited, as was said by a Teacher of Humanity centuries ago, by children, then it would appear that the artists also keep the latter company there. For, through their common divine gift of imagination they are drawn very much closer to one another ; to wit, Rabindranath's *Crescent Moon* and his cousin's *Caramel Doll*. The book, under review, is a fantasy after the heart of the little ones. It centres round the favourite wife and the neglected wife ; to please the former all the seven seas are laid under contribution, while poor Cinderella is compensated for her pitiable lot by the wisdom of the "monkey-god", who eventually brings about her re-union with the king. The story is full of the spice and savour of adventure and illumined with insight into human nature. The translators, Bishnu and Pranati Dey, and the artist Sheila Auden and the publishers have, indeed, earned the undying gratitude of the non-Bengali children of all ages for having co-operated in giving them such a beautiful counterpart in English of the great artist's immortal original.

A. B. C.

BOOKS RECEIVED

- ECONOMICS OF KHADDAR* : By Richard B. Gregg. Published by Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad. Price : Rs. 2/-.
- EASTERN LIGHT OF SANATAN CULTURE* : By H. H. Rana of Dholpur. Published by Thacker Spink & Co., Ltd. Calcutta. Price : Rs. 5/-.
- BURMESE FAMILY* : By Mi Mi Khaing. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., Ltd., Calcutta. Price : Rs. 5/-.
- SOME ASPECTS OF THE INDIAN WAR ECONOMY* : By Dr. M. S. Natarajan. Published by Padma Publications, Ltd., Bombay. Price : Rs. 5/-.
- CULTURE CONFLICTS* : By P. Kodanda Rao. Published by Padma Publications, Ltd., Bombay. Price : Rs. 8/-.
- IBN MASKAWAIH* : By Kh. Abdul Hamid. Published by Shaikh Muhammad Ashraf, Lahore. Price : Rs. 2/8/-.
- INDIAN NATIONALISM* : By Nagendranath Gupta. Published by Hind Kitabs, Ltd., Bombay. Price : Rs. 2/8/-.
- EDGEWAYS AND THE SAINT* : Hirendranath Chattopadhyaya. Published by Nalanda Publications, Bombay. Price : Rs. 1/8/-.



Hirabai Barodekar

Hirabai Barodekar is one of the most fascinating personalities in the world of Indian music. A disciple of the late Khan Sahib Abdul Karim and Ustad Abdul Wahid Khan, Hirabai represents all that is best in the *Kirana* style and is a superb exponent of classical *ragas*. She excels in the interpretation of *Bhajan*.

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COMPLACENCY WITH REGARD TO BEAUTY*

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE

DIPTI and Srotaswini were absent. There were only the four of us.

"Look here", said Samir, the discussion we were having on Humour the other day, has given rise to a thought in my mind. Most humour evokes a grotesque picture in our minds, and that makes us laugh. But those who naturally don't see pictures, whose mind wanders amidst abstract thoughts, are not easily moved to laughter."

Kshiti said, "Firstly, what you have said is not clearly intelligible ; secondly, 'abstract' is an English word."

"I shall try and rectify the first fault," replied Samir, but I don't see any way out of the second ; so the learned listeners must kindly pardon me. What I meant to say was, that those who can easily reject the thing and accept its quality, are not humorous by nature."

Shaking his head Kshiti said, "No, no, it is still not clear."

"Let me give an example," said Samir. "First of all, see, in our literature, when describing a beautiful woman, we don't aim at drawing the picture of a particular person. The qualities of certain things like the Sumeru hills, the pomegranate, the *kadamba* and *bimba* flowers are abstracted from them and a list made out, which is applied to any and every beauty. We don't see anything like a definite picture, and we don't draw pictures, so we are debarred from a chief characteristic of humour. In our ancient literature the slow gait of a beautiful woman is favourably compared with an

* Translated from the *Panchabhut* by Indira Devi Chaudhurani

elephant's walk. This comparison would certainly have been considered laughable in the literature of any other country ; but how is it that such a strange simile should have been evolved and become popular in ours ? The chief reason is, that our people can easily separate the quality of a thing from the thing itself. They can at will ignore the existence of the whole elephant, and extract from it only its slow movement ; that is why, when applying the elephant's gait to a beautiful young woman, they cannot see that huge animal at all. When a poet wants to describe the beauty of a beautiful thing, it behoves him to choose a beautiful simile ; because, not only the resembling portion but the other parts of the simile as well, are bound to appear before our mental vision. So that it requires no mean courage to compare the arms and legs of a woman with the trunk of an elephant. But readers in our country do not laugh or get annoyed at this simile ; because, we can take only the roundness from an elephant's trunk and reject everything else ; we possess that wonderful power. I don't know what resemblance there is between a vulture and the ear, nor have I the requisite imagination ; but neither is my imaginative power so dull as not to be aroused to laughter by the idea of two vultures hanging from either side of a pretty face. Perhaps, such accidents happen on account of our natural non-risible faculty having become spoilt through English education."

Kshiti said, "In the poetry of our country, whenever occasion arises for describing height or roundness in a woman's figure, the poets calmly and seriously bring in Sumeru and the earth, because, in the sphere of the abstract, there is no need for a sense of proportion. The hump on a cow's back is high, so is the peak of Kanchinjanga ; therefore, if it be a question only of height in the abstract, then the hump on a cow's back may be compared with Kanchinjanga. But it is extremely awkward for the unfortunate man who can visualize the Himalayan peaks on the screen of his imagination, as soon as he hears the simile of Kanchinjanga, who, poor fellow, cannot gingerly separate only its height from the peak and shut out all the rest. My dear Samir, I am in accord with your thesis of to-day, and feel very sorry indeed not to be able to contradict it.

"I can't say there is nothing to contradict", said Byom. "Samir's contention should be expressed slightly otherwise. The fact of the

matter is : we are denizens of the inner world. The outer world does not influence us strongly. If the outer world contradicts the idea we have formed in our own mind, then we don't pay any attention to it. Just as if the light tail of a comet were to cross the path of a planet, it is the tail that would suffer, but the planet would proceed on its way undaunted and undisturbed. So there is never any real clash between the outer world and our inner world. If any such arises, then it is the outer world that gets beaten. Those for whom the elephant is an exceedingly evident and solid fact, can't lightly dissociate the gait only from the simile in question, and dispense with the elephant altogether. That kingly creature spreads out its huge body and stands barricading the path of poesy. But, for us, the elephant or the king of elephants is all the same and of no consequence whatsoever. It is not so very important in our eyes that we must keep it as a pet also if we want its gait".

Said Kshiti, "Like the famous Titu Mir* we have built a bamboo fort inside us, and 'swallowed all the balls' of outer nature ; hence whether it be Sumeru, or the earth, nothing can daunt us. Why only poetry, even in the realm of knowledge we pay no heed at all to the external world. A simple example comes to mind. There is an ancient tradition in Indian music, that the seven notes of our scale are derived from the sounds made by different birds and animals. Until now our master-musicians have never entertained the slightest doubt about this theory, though our ears hear it being contradicted every day from the external world. How anybody with a musical ear could ever have had such an extremely fantastic idea as the first note of our scale having been stolen from the braying of a donkey, passes our understanding altogether".

Byom said, "To the Greeks the external world was not a mirage nor a mist ; it was perceptible and radiantly real. Therefore, they had to keep up a balance between the creations of their minds and

* *Titu Mir* was an inhabitant of 24 Parganas, Bengal. He belonged to the Wahhabi sect of Muslim Fanatics and was excited to rebellion in 1881, under the leadership of Syed Ahmed. He collected a force of insurgents and cut to pieces a detachment of the Calcutta Militia sent out against him. The Magistrate collected reinforcements, but they were driven off the field. Eventually the insurgents were defeated by a force of Regulars and their stockade was taken by assault. The tradition is that Titu Mir told his followers that he had "swallowed up the balls" when fires were shot at him. The ignorant people did not however know that at the beginning the fires were blank.

the external creation, with great care and thought. Should there be any mistake in proportion, then the standard of the external world would put them to shame. Hence, they were obliged to mould the images of their gods and goddesses in beautiful and natural forms; otherwise, their mental creations would come into strong conflict with the external creation and hamper their feelings of devotion and enjoyment. We have no such fears. Whatever the image in which we mould our gods, no clash occurs with our imagination or the outside world. An image with an elephant's head, four arms, one tusk and a protruding belly, seated on a mouse, does not appear ridiculous to us, because we see that image with our inner feelings and not in comparison with the outer world or the reality around us. Because the external world is not so very strong an influence, nor obvious facts so firmly established in our minds, any object is good enough to keep our sentiments alive."

Samir said, "We consider it unnecessary to endow with beauty or naturalness or perfection, the symbol which we use for our indulgence in love or devotion or self-realisation. Even with a deformed image before our eyes, we can imagine it to be beautiful. We may not think a dark-blue complexion naturally beautiful in a man, yet it is not at all difficult for us to consider a dark-blue picture of Krishna beautiful. Those who cannot dispense at will with the standard of the external world, can never tolerate any unnaturalness or ugliness when giving expression to their idea of beauty. This blue colour would have hurt Greek eyes intensely."

Said Byom, "This speciality of our Indian nature may militate against high art, but it has a certain advantage also. For enjoying our sentiments of devotion, love, affection, even of beauty, we are not obliged to become slaves of the outer world, we are not compelled to wait for favourable chances and opportunities. In our country the wife worships the husband like a dog, but in order to arouse that feeling of devotion, it is not at all necessary for the husband to possess any godliness or nobleness of nature; in fact, even if he be a thorough-going brute, it makes no difference in the worship. On the one hand, they can scold and nag at their husband as if he were a man; on the other, worship him as a god also. The one doesn't exclude the other, because the conflict between our inner and outer worlds is not very strong.

“Why only with regard to the husband-god”, said Samir, “there is the same dual contradiction in our minds regarding our legendary gods and goddesses also, yet neither sentiment can get rid of the other. All the scriptural legends and folk-traditions, current about gods are not in consonance with the high ideals of our religious faith. As a matter of fact, there are even many remonstrances and gibes regarding these divine lapses in our literature and songs—but because we deride and disapprove, it does not follow that we do not worship. We know the cow is an animal, we also make unkind remarks about its intelligence; we chase it with a stick if it enters our fields; we keep it standing knee-deep in cowdung in the cowshed. But when we worship it as *Bhagavati*, all these things never cross our minds.”

Said Kshiti, “Again look, we have always been used to comparing unmusical folk with the donkey, and yet we say it is the donkey that has given us our keynote. When we say this thing, we don’t think of the other; when we say that thing, we don’t think of this. No doubt this is a special power of ours, but I don’t consider the advantage that Byom mentions as following from it to be an advantage at all. Because we can multiply the creations of our imagination, we have developed a sort of complacency, mixed with indifference, with regard to the acquisition of wealth and knowledge and the appreciation of beauty. We don’t require very much. Europeans cannot get rid of doubts even after putting their scientific theories to the strictest tests a thousand times over. But once we succeed in forming a well-reasoned and well-constructed opinion in our minds, then we consider its very harmony and symmetry to be the best proof, and we deem it superfluous to test it in the external world.

“As in the case of intellect, so it is in the case of emotions. We want to exercise our sense of beauty, but do not think it necessary for that purpose to give an outward expression to our inner ideal with the utmost care and thought. We are satisfied with things done anyhow; so much so, that following the exaggerated rules of aesthetics we rig up some sort of ungainly image, and are content with mentally altering that disproportionate, ill-favoured and peculiar object according to our heart’s desire. We do not try to make our gods or our ideals of beauty really beautiful. We want to

exercise our feeling of devotion, but don't think it necessary to search for somebody really worthy of devotion. We are satisfied with bestowing devotion even on the unworthy. Therefore we say our *gurudeva* is worshipful, but we do not say, he who is worshipful is our *gurudeva*. Perhaps the *guru* himself may not understand the *mantram* or sacred formula which he has whispered into my ears ; perhaps he may be the chief false witness in the false case instituted by me ; but still the dust of his feet must be taken on my head. If one subscribes to this sort of doctrine, then one need not go out of one's way to seek a person fit to be adored, but can go on adoring comfortably."

"Our English education is bringing about a change in this respect", said Samir. "Bankim's *Krishna-Charitra* is a case in point. Before worshipping Krishna, and spreading his cult, Bankim has tried to purify and beautify him. He has even rejected whatever there was of supernatural in the character of Krishna. He has striven to establish Krishna on the pedestal of his own highest idealism. He has not said that the gods can do no wrong, that to the strong all things are forgiven. He has introduced a new note of discontent ; before propagating the worship he has searched hard for the deity, and has not remained satisfied with muttering his prayers to whatever came to hand."

Said Kshiti, 'In the absence of this discontent, it has not been found necessary for ages in our society for a god to be a god, for the worshipped to be noble, for the image to correspond with the idea. We consider the Brahmin to be a god, hence he receives worship without any effort, and our faculty of devotion is also satisfied with the utmost ease. If a husband is called a god, it is not at all necessary for him to prove his worth, in order to receive his wife's devotion, nor has the wife any reason to feel dissatisfied for not having a husband truly deserving of devotion. I cannot consider that state of super-content to be an advantage, in which things are not required to be beautiful in order to arouse the feeling for beauty, and nobility of character is not necessary for the purpose of attracting devotion. This only causes poverty, squalor and degradation in society. If we gradually go on shutting out the outer world, and giving undue importance to the inner world, then we shall be cutting with an axe the very branch on which we are sitting".

THE PRESENCE OF THE LORD*

My eyes are heavy with the earth and the dust of it,
And my body cannot escape its embraces :

O but rejoice with the tongue of your heart,
In the honey savour of the Lord of feeling !

Behold the great blossoms of sweetness and beauty !
Ah, but how hold the thin thread to Your heart ?

The flute of the Lord calls loud to me, clear,
Numbing my senses, enmeshing my mind ;

Nor have I gained the wreath of love I longed for,
Still journeying on and on, my body bowed with shame .

Farther and farther away I wander ; however far,
I hear His music sounding fadeless in my ear :

Ah, fanatic traveller, how long, to what distance
Will you drag yourself on, in aged desire ?

For the presence of the Lord is lo ! in every place,
He is river, sea, and on shore the ferryman's face.

* This and the following *Baul Songs* have been rendered from the original Bengali by Erling Eng and Sochindra Kumar Ghose. Another one, "Look Within Man", appeared in Vol. XII-Pt. III.

“YOU ARE MY MUSICIAN”

Blissful am I, the breath that is leaving Your lips,
That flows from them and passes through the flute ;

And though I am ended with but a single breathing,
Yet my existence shall exult in You, unsorrowing,

For the whole wide universe is the flute You blow,
And I am its breath that You are blowing,

Blowing out through its openings, for whatever my fortune,
Passing out from the flute in laughter and sadness :

All through the morning You are my musician,
And on through all the evening I am being played ;
Even in the silent night I am notes of Your flute.

My music is spreading through all of the springtime,
And through the rains my music rises, from Your heart ;

And though I am ended with but a single breathing,
Yet my existence shall exult in You, unsorrowing,—

For sweet has been the melody that You have made,
Perfected now this mortal life that You have played !

SAKUNTALA

By C. L. HOLDEN

FROM the time it became known to the Western world the play *Sakuntala* has aroused admiration, pure and unstinted. The memorable lines of Goethe are probably the best known piece of German poetry in India. Generally they are taken to refer to the play itself, but they are more understandable with reference to the character of Sakuntala. She belongs to that line of women in Indian legend and epic who are peerless. The very distinction, however, of Sakuntala raises a problem which will be considered in the course of this paper : how came such an imaginative creation to be ?

We wish to discuss and analyse the play as a literary product. Our analysis will be from the standpoint of Western aesthetics and the bulk of our parallels from Western literature. This is an arbitrary, but none the less, a legitimate limitation.

First, as to the play as a whole ; after it has been seen or read our impressions are of a brilliant court-piece. It is about kings and is meant for kings and princely, courtly, audiences. The characterisations of courtier life are such as would amuse courtiers. The fatigue of the courtier in following the king on his hunt for game is a matter solely of interest to the courtier world. The byplay of the fisherman and the policeman is the lower world seen from above. They are not realist and were not intended as realism. The theme of the play—royal romance—is courtly. The mythological background again belongs to the world of kings and Kshatriyas rather than that of the people. All these are small points, but they are emphasised because unless we place the play properly we cannot appreciate to the full the achievement of Kalidas in transcending this polished and splendid

society with so perfect an embodiment and so ideal a portrayal of the best in womanhood.

It is as though Kalidas had said to himself : let me show the king and the court that another world exists, more sincere, utterly innocent, beautiful and imbued with values far more permanent, than anything that court life has to offer. He shows us the world of the court first during the progress of a royal hunt. We see the courtiers following the king but not really interested. They do not care for the hardships of life in the forest in pursuit of game ; they long for a return to the palace and the city. We see too the normal effect of such a hunt with its vast train of soldiers and animals on the people of the country. To them it spells only disturbance and destruction, their houses being broken down by elephants and their crops spoiled. We see the king in his court, forgetful of Sakuntala. This great scene has, of course, dramatic propriety and purpose of its own, but it can as well be considered here as a criticism of court life. The king is forgetful. Well, says Kalidas, in a kind of aside to the audience, kings are forgetful. In the *Artha Sastra* and in the *Niti Sastra* they are often advised to be deliberately forgetful. What is a matter of policy becomes a matter of habit. We are reminded of the Hebrew prophet : "Put not thy trust in Princes." Again, in the next brilliant court scene after the king has remembered, we have a continuation of Kalidas' criticism. The king does not care for his rightful queen. He forgets his royal duties and delegates all work to his ministers ; his time is spent with frivolous people, the clowns and the girl-painter. To be a king, even a king like Dushyanta, is to be a disappointed man. Frivolity, insincerity, and frustration, these are the notes of court life.

But Kalidas offers us a contrast to this world. Within Kanwa's grove there is another kind of life. The king feels it at once on his first accidental entry ; it strikes him as a holy world. Holy, however, is not quite the note that Kalidas wishes to emphasise. No doubt it is holy ; no doubt there are hermits and rishis and daily Vedic sacrificial rites. But these features do not persist in our memory. What is striking is the element of Natural primeval innocence. It is a paradise where all are pure and beautiful. The three girls are utterly natural, simple, and lovely. It is they, their actions, their words and their thoughts that colour the picture. And the picture is

a human one, not an austere or holy one. They look to the marriage of Sakuntala, and to their own marriages. We feel that such a consummation is in keeping. They are innocent like the flowers and plants of which they care and talk so much. Like the flowers and the plants they too must bear fruit when the time comes. Within the hermit grove is the age of innocence. Within the palace and around the king is the age of sophistication. Kalidas' point is that both are human and possible. Because also of the one, so much the more can we desire and appreciate the other, if our souls are rightly attuned. It is no accident that of all the courtier-world only Dushyanta feels and loves the beauty of the hermit grove. In this respect his character is distinguished and refined. The rest are imprisoned by the sophistications of the court, so long indeed that they relish their chains. But the king is different. The court to him, at heart, means nothing.

Such a contrast is not foreign to Western literature. In Shakespeare's lighter plays, the romantic comedies, there is repeatedly the contrast between Arden, Arcady, and the Court. The differences in emphasis is interesting. Court life in Shakespeare is corrupt; life amidst nature is free, free for the development of any idiosyncrasy. Court life in Kalidas is not corrupt, it is sophisticated, that is, over-refined; and life in nature is natural, it is not an outburst of exaggerated individualism. The journey to Arden and Arcady in Shakespeare is an escape into something unreal. The hermit grove of Kanwa is real, is natural and true and not impossible. With the Western writer there is a renunciation, a denial, a struggle implied in the contrast between the two worlds. With Kalidas there is nothing strained. It is as though he said, "Here it is, just outside your city gates!"

A similar contrast is found in the plays of John Lyly, from whose Arcadian themes indeed Shakespeare drew much inspiration. At first glance Lyly would appear to offer a very close parallel to Kalidas—a court poet whose themes were both courtly and mythological. The plays of Lyly are dominated by the Elizabethan court, for whom they were written and whose values largely fashioned the aesthetic proportions of his plays. But the distinctions are greater than the similarities. Kalidas had within him the epic gift which was utterly denied to Lyly. Further, the mythology in Lyly, characteristic

of the European Renaissance, was a foreign, sophisticated mythology, interest in which was a measure of one's learning and not a guide of one's belief. Cupid and Campaspe are pretty, but there it ends ; whereas in Kalidas, Menaka and Durvasa and Indra are natural to the play, to the writer, and to the audience. They are accepted. In Lyly, the mythology is diverting and affords scope for poetry and is useful technically. In Kalidas the mythology is an essential part of the play ; belief in it is shared by author, audience and actors alike.

Let us now return to a consideration of the essentials of the play of Kalidas, first and foremost, of the character of Sakuntala as a study in classical ideal Indian womanhood. The most appropriate and informative method will be to compare the treatment of Kalidas with that of the author of the *Mahabharat*.

In the *Mahabharat* the note is both epic and dramatic ; that is, there is drama, but the emphasis is on the story rather than on character. Consequently Sakuntala appears in a harder, bolder type. Subtlety of psychological background is absent. She greets the king boldly and without shyness. There is no suggestion of immodesty, but her speech is very direct. The king is not impressed by any spiritual or natural aura belonging to the hermit grove. He wishes simply to see the famous Kanwa. When he sees Sakuntala he praises her openly and she laughs promptly at his praise. Sakuntala herself explains without any hesitation her origin from Kausika and Menaka, and once her caste is revealed the king discloses his love. Sakuntala does not hesitate in reply, but her reply is hard. She bargains with Dushyanta. He must promise that their child will be heir to his throne. The king agrees and they marry according to Gandharva rites. The king leaves her and promises to send for her. The child is born, with every imperial mark and grows up in the hermitage. When the boy is six Kanwa thinks it time Sakuntala went to Dushyanta ; so she is sent with her son to the court. The king refuses to recognise her and Sakuntala is swept with anger. She feels within her magic power, given to her by Menaka, her mother, to destroy Dushyanta, but she withholds its exhibition. Instead she argues with him and asserts that, whatever he may do, the child will be ruler after him. Then the king is warned by a voice from the sky to accept Sakuntala, and he does. It would be wrong to say that the character of Sakuntala is inferior in the epic. It is different. It is

the type of Kshatriya maiden, self-willed, conscious of her own power, recognising readily that it is natural and right for a king to love her, both because of her beauty and her birth. And like a good Kshatriya her bent of mind is political. She thinks in terms of kingdoms and of her son ruling over kingdoms.

In Kalidas' play there is another woman, an ideal, not of the Kshatriya type, but the type of refined, utterly natural and simple Indian womanhood. In her is marvellously painted the delicacy of wakening love, the struggles of love to assert itself over maidenhood. In her is shown the utter forgetfulness of love, how in its first rushes it completely absorbs the person possessed. It is, in a sense, a curiously refined version of the theme of the world well lost for love. She is so lost in love that on that fateful day she does not even know she ignored the sage Durvasa. We may interpret that scene, which wisely and with unerring taste is recounted, not exhibited by the poet, as a study in love's rapture. The thought of Dushyanta and of her love for him possesses her completely. But the possession is spiritual, her ecstasy is spiritual. We may contrast those scenes in Shakespeare's *Anthony and Cleopatra* where the love is physical. The richness and splendour of Cleopatra and her entourage, the extravagance of the court, the profusion of wealth, all these fasten on to Antony's soul, and he feels them and is conscious of the real nature of what is attracting him. A true parallel to Sakuntala's rapture is hard to find in European literature. We have the amazing strength of love shown in many a Bible story—Rachel, Rebecca, Ruth. We have the the passion of love shown in Dido, Hero, Helen, Desdemona and Beatrice. But this absorbed delight in love is nowhere else shown than in Kalidas.

In the rejection scene Sakuntala's reactions follow from this earlier delineation of the nature of her love. The king's refusal to believe is to her a physical shock and hurt. She cannot understand it. She endeavours to find some means to waken his memory. She reveals herself, she reminds him of the ring, she reminds him of the bower and of the fawn. Only when he refuses to admit any of these does a note of anger appear, and it is anger coloured with contempt, contempt at discovering virtue to be so rare. Then she breaks into tears. But when her companions, who had brought her to the court, refuse to take her back to Kanwa's grove, her trust in human life

fails, and she appeals to Mother Earth to give her a grave. In Mother Earth, who had given birth to her flowers and vines and fawns, she knows there will be sympathy. And such faith is rewarded, for by a miracle she is taken out of the human world.

The behaviour of Sakuntala in the play is instinctive and right and is uncoloured by any thought but that of love. The behaviour of Sakuntala in the epic is natural, in a human, selfish fashion. Both are, as it were, correct ; but the women belong to different spheres.

The changes effected by Kalidas in the refining of Sakuntala and the presentation of her in so definite and subtle a manner are the more remarkable when we consider the status of actors and actresses in India. From Kautilya onwards actors and actresses are grouped with the undesirable element of the population, prostitutes and dancers, jugglers and pimps. How far the professionalism of the performers influenced the actual technique of the dramatist is very difficult to say. It may, as in Elizabethan drama, have made the comic interludes, the low relief of vulgar characters played by the professional clown of the troupe, inevitable. It does not appear to have affected the principal characters. Though in this respect the criticism of one of the early French orientalisks, Mde. Bader, is interesting. This critic, in her still interesting book, "Women in Ancient India" (1867), finds a deterioration of character in the Sakuntala of the play, as compared with the Sakuntala of the epic. There is, she states, a loss of natural grandeur. The Sakuntala of the play has less the dignity of the woman, and less of the majesty of the mother ; she is more tender and more touching, but only more touching because of her greater weakness. Interpretations of character are ultimately a matter of taste, not of dogma. Though we would not agree with the French critic, we would admit that such a change as she describes might well be due to the influence of the material with which the dramatist worked.

Judgments on literature are never final. A play such as *Sakuntala* will always arouse delight and interest, for it is a creation of the human spirit embodying ideals of freshness, simplicity and integrity, that can never fail in their appeal.

TAGORE AND CROCE

By PRABASJIBAN CHAUDHURY

CROCE's expression theory is a landmark in modern æsthetics and, though very few of his followers have given assent to all of his points, it is, nevertheless, accepted by a large number of philosophers and art-critics as a satisfactory theory on the whole. Tagore was well acquainted with Croce's thesis, and, while he agreed with him roughly, in holding expression as the essence of art, he criticised strongly and uncompromisingly a good many views of the Italian neo-idealist. The object of this essay is to substantiate this statement.

First, let us see the broad and rough agreement between Croce and Tagore over the question of art being a result of expression. Croce held intuition to be indentical with expression and this intuition-expression, an elementary and spontaneous activity of the human spirit, to be identical with art or imaginative experience. "Intuitive knowledge", he writes, "is expressive knowledge. Independent and autonomous in respect to intellectual function, indifferent to later discriminations, To intuit is to express." (*Aesthetics* p. 11). Again, "We have frankly identified intuitive or expressive knowledge with the æsthetic or artistic fact, taking works of art as examples of intuitive knowledge and attributing to them the characteristics of intuition and *vice versa*, (*Ibid.* p. 12). This expression, for Croce, is internal, that is, it requires a natural medium for externalisation, *e. g.*, words, colours etc. The essence of art is in the internal expression; the external or naturalistic expression is a subsequent process, which requires some mechanical skill in handling the material medium in which the expression is 'fixed'. This subsequent process of materialisation falls outside æsthetics,

and so Croce holds 'intuition-expression' to be the truth about artistic creation. Tagore accepts this position in a general way. He says :

"In one respect the statement is true. Expression is the primary truth about literature. But is this also the ultimate truth?" (*Sahityer Pathé*, p. 171).

We shall deal with the note of disagreement later. Just now let us see what importance Tagore gives to expression in æsthetic activity. He says :

"But this is to be admitted that the primary and the main requisite for literature is that it should be well expressed. Literature may do even without glorious ideas, but it cannot exist without being expressed. A stunted plant may still be called a plant, but a seed cannot be so called." (*Sahityer Pathé*, p. 171). For Croce there is no distinction between a feeling and its expression and he does not recognise a 'mute inglorious Milton'; if one is not able to express he has nothing in him to express. He writes (in *Aesthetics* p. 9)—

"One often hears people say that they have many great thoughts in their minds, but that they are not able to express them. But if they really had them, they would have coined them into just so many beautiful, sounding words and thus have expressed them."

Tagore is equally sceptical of 'silent poetry'. He writes :

"Unuttered poetry, self-contained expression, are two unmeaning phrases that have gained currency in certain quarters. But to call a person a poet, who may be gazing at the sky in a rapture as silent as the sky itself, is like giving the name of fire to a piece of wood that is not alight. Poetry is expression ; what is or is not silently passing through a person's mind matters little to others who are outside it."

The agreement between the two ends there. For while Croce does not specify the content of art, but treats form and content as one inseparable entity, holding that whatever is well-expressed is art, Tagore, on the contrary, is very particular about this content of art, *i. e.*, about what is to be expressed apart from its expression. Thus Tagore does not believe in expression as the ultimate truth about art ; he accepts it as the primary truth only. He says very clearly.

"The primary truth about literature is its expression but its

ultimate truth is the expression of man as a complex of sense-organs, mind and spirit. We do not only see that there is expression but also how much is expressed." (*Sabityer Pathe*, p. 171).

Again,

"Either through one's own joys and sorrows or through those of others or through creation of human characters—man must be expressed. All else are means only." (*Ibid* p. 171)

Elsewhere he says,

"If we only understand this much, that the universal man expresses himself in literature, then can we see what literature really has to show us." (*Sabitya* p. 66).

So that what is to be expressed is more important for Tagore than its expression, and this subject matter of art is human nature or life. Tagore was a humanist in his aesthetic creed and he would not have very much disagreed with Mathew Arnold in calling poetry as 'criticism of life.' But, while the English poet-critic wanted heroic human actions to be the content of great poetry, (see his essay, *Choice of Subjects in Poetry*), Tagore with a greater comprehensiveness demanded human personality, of which the mental or contemplative side is the core, to be the subject matter of all kinds of literature.

"The chief indication of literature consists in its relationship with human life. Where does the mental life of a man reside? It is there where our intelligence and feelings, cravings and experiences all have melted and mixed into one perfect unity, where our intelligence, will and taste work harmoniously together, in a word, where resides the essential man. It is there that literature is born." (*Sabityer Pathe*. p. 163)

This human nature need not be directly described in literature; when we describe external nature we may be indirectly revealing ourselves, for 'we receive but what we give' (as Coleridge said and Wordsworth also believed). In other words, we humanise nature. Tagore has made this point quite clear in his writings. For example—

"My main point is this,—the world of literature means a world in relationship with human life. The reflection of an evening sky on the sea gives rise to miraculous beauty, the brilliant image of the sky acquires a new property when it comes in contact with the

transparent liquidity of water ; in a similar manner the image of the universe falling on men gets life and feelings. We humanise great nature by mixing with it our joys and sorrows, hopes and desires ; only then it becomes proper material for literature." (*Sahityer Pathé* p. 167).

Thus we see that Tagore specifies the content of literature while Croce does not, and he cannot. The reason being (as indicated before) that he treats form and content of art as inseparable even in thought, *i. e.* they cannot be contemplated independently one at a time. (See *Aesthetics* chap. II). According to him, therefore, anything may be the content ; the expressed matter is intellectually unanalysable into a logical concept of something (*e. g.* human nature) and its expression. Tagore does not regard form and content in that way ; he (like Hegel, Bosanquet and others) has treated each factor separately, though believing in a complete fusion of these in a successful piece of art. Croce is against this way of regarding art as a 'harmony of form and content' and calls it eclecticism. (See *Essence of Aesthetics* p. 39).

Tagore, after specifying the content of art, restricts its field to the expression of only such characters which are permanent in man, and these are, according to him, more mental than organic. Thus he excludes all somatic tendencies in man from literature, declaring them transitory and unessential to human nature. These characters man never really owns and ever tries to transcend. Tagore writes :

"In literature we expect the integral man. But we cannot get the whole of him every time, we can but get a representative of him. But what is to represent him ? That which we have no objection to accept as integral to man. Love, affection, pity, hatred, anger and jealousy are all our instincts ; if they, under certain circumstances, get the sovereign power over human nature, we do neither ignore nor hate them. . . . Yet if gluttony is given a throne in any literature who is to accept it ? But is not gluttony a fact in the world ? Is it not more universal than many of our noble instincts ? Still we have great objection against making it a representative of our human nature, and so it has no place in literature (*Sahityer Pathé*. p. 172).

If it is argued that gluttony is a fact and it should therefore

be included in literature, Tagore says that "then we will answer that in literature we do not want truth but man" (*Ibid* p. 173). Tagore adds,

"As it is for gluttony so for many organic tendencies, they are not *Ksatriyas* of the royal family, they are *sudras*, slaves, they, from time to time, capture the royal throne in some weak countries but have never received any staying glory in human history" (*Ibid* p. 173).

Thus we see that Tagore's humanism has coloured his aesthetic theory pretty deep. He believes that man's essential nature is what he (man) aspires to be, the grosser elements in his nature are not a part of him in as much as he always holds them apart and fights with them. We are reminded of Browning's lines,

What I aspired to be
And was not, comforts me :

A brute I might have been, but would not sink i' the scale"
(From *Rabbi Ben Ezra*)

Now this 'purified' idea of man is to be the subject matter of literature. Tagore is very definite on this point.

"Thus it is that whatever is great in man, whatever is permanent and he cannot exhaust through his actions, is captured in literature, and this naturally builds up the nobler aspect of mankind." (*Sabitya* p. 64).

Man gets his truer and a completer description of himself in his arts and literature. Tagore speaks of man thus :

"This picture of himself, nearest to his heart's desire, found in his literature and arts,—through this figure he can have the comprehensive truth about himself in the midst of an (otherwise) multi-divided life ; he can recognise himself. In great epics and dramas man has been accumulating knowledge of his own self, and transcending himself ; he has been searching the object of his satisfaction. This is his art, his literature. In every country man has been protecting his true nature from the hands of truthless degradation. Man, even though he knows his destitution and distortions as facts, yet does not believe them as truth. He establishes his truth in his creation." (*Sabityer Swarup* p. 63).

Since for Tagore expression means expression of the truer self, it is not to be identified with Croce's 'expression'. For Croce

expression is the primary activity of the spirit ; why the spirit so expresses and creates and enjoys creation Croce does not tell us. But Tagore tells us. Tagore refers us to the Upanishadic *mantra*, “आनन्दरूपममृतं यद्विभाति” (“whatever is revealed is a form of His Joy, His immortality.”), in one of his writings (*Sabitya* p. 46). And he writes about it elsewhere (*Sabityer Pathé* p. 11) thus,

“In our country there is a concept of the Highest Self ; He is called *Sachchidananda* (Truth and Spirit, all joyful). In this joy is the last word, there is none after it. When in this Joy resides the principle of expression there is no meaning in the question whether art does any good to us or not.” Expression is thus joy itself. Again he says, (*Ibid* p. 41) : “The joy consists in the revelation of my self to me ; mist damps our spirit.”

Now this *ananda* (Joy) is the character of our true self which is not different in reality from the universal self, one and undivided. According to the Upanishads, this is the eternal, pure, intelligent and free self which is also *ananda swarupa* (Joy itself). So that with expression we taste the joy that fills our true being and thus we come to know this being, our purer and higher self. Aesthetic expression, thus, involves self-realisation. And since this self is not the individual fragmentary self but the Universal Spirit at the bottom of all nature and all life, expression implies communion of the individual self with the rest of the Universe. Tagore sees in aesthetic experience the enlargement of man's spirit, its stretching towards the Infinite and embracing all as its own. He writes :

“The extension of our soul that occurs with the feeling of oneness with others is really its great possession ; inspired by this unity man begins to express himself in a variety of ways. Where man is alone he has no expression”. (*Sabityer Pathé* p. 2)

We need not enlarge on this point in Tagore's aesthetics, which is well-known to those who are acquainted with his general philosophical outlook. It would suffice for our purpose in this essay to remark that Tagore's concept of expression is far richer than Croce's and far more comprehensive ; it links up organically aesthetics with a general philosophy of nature and life, while Croce's 'expressive activity' is one of the four arbitrary grades of manifestation of the spirit (see *Aesthetics* chap. 6). These grades, as Croce's

critics have rightly pointed out, (*e. g.* Gentile), have no internal and vital connection amongst themselves, they do not develop one from another ; they are simply asserted and so remain ultimate mysteries or irreducibles. Again, by making expression mean expression of the individual experience and not of some super-personal reality which is common for all, Croce has made the problem of communication in art difficult and he has raised but left unsolved the more general philosophical problem of the one and the many. Tagore's philosophy, it goes without saying, is much more satisfactory, it has no such loop-holes or loose ends.

Another point of difference between the aesthetic views of the two savants is that while Croce holds that poetry is not the expression of a poet's personality, Tagore repudiates this. For Croce a man cannot be known merely by what he intuits and expresses (*i. e.* by his aesthetic contemplation) but he is known by what he understands in logical concepts, wills and does besides what he intuits and expresses. So from poetry, which expresses only the aesthetic experience of a man, we can know only a very small part of his personality. For Tagore a man's essential nature is made up of his knowledge and imagination and both of these are revealed in his poetry (if he is a poet) and so poetry is the expression of a poet's personality. Croce holds lightly the legends about poets which have sprung from an identification of a poet's personality with his poetry, but Tagore regards these very legends as revealing a higher truth about the poets. Thus he values the legends told about Valmiki and Kalidasa (see *Sahitya* pp. 164 and 166). Tagore does not think that poetry is the expression of a passing mood ; for him the poet puts his very self in his poems and he who reads the poems touches the poet. He writes :

"Every one of us has an essential nature, made up of what he has read and written, spoken, heard and seen and thought. According to this essential human nature we are attached to or detached from the world, we are nationalists or universalists, worldly or spiritual, practical or contemplative. My particular human nature will certainly find its place in my creative works. Whatever I may write, lyric or other kinds of literature, it is not merely the expression of a momentary mood : over it is printed the innermost truth of my nature." (*Sahityer Pathé* p. 164).

Tagore speaks of the personality of Shakespeare to be found in the latter's works :

"That, because each of Shakespeare's dramatic progenies has a well-marked individuality, there is no portion of Shakespeare's personality in them, is an argument I don't believe."

"Whatever others may say, there is to be found at the centre of Shakespeare's poetry the bodiless poet whose body is but of thoughts and feelings ; from there, like spontaneous light, streams on all sides, in multiple beams and diverse colours, the whole of his life's philosophy, science, history, love and detachment, beliefs and experiences." (*Sabityer Pathé* p.p. 163-64).

Tagore accepts that it is very difficult to isolate this personality of the poet from his poetry and adds that it is not even necessary ; it is only to be felt and its presence admitted as a fact. He writes about it :

"It is not that we can on every occasion bring it out by analysing poetry, nevertheless, we can quite well feel its influence." (*Sabitya* p. 166).

The last point of difference between Croce and Tagore as aesthetic philosophers is with regard to the problem of communication in art. Croce regards poetry as self-expression and, as this self for him is not any super-personal reality but ordinary experience itself, he cannot explain why one's self-expression is understood by others. He simply asserts that intuition is an universal activity, and given the same matter the same intuition will follow. (see *Aesthetics*. Chap. 16). There are many obvious difficulties in this view, and A. E. Powell rightly remarked that "the least satisfactory part of Croce's aesthetics is his account of communication of aesthetic experience." (see chap. 9 of her *The Romantic Theory of Poetry*). We need not criticise Croce's theory of communication here ; we need but see how Tagore has solved the problem. Croce does not believe in the duality of the poet and his readers as an aesthetic fact and so identifies poetry with self-expression. He regards the poet as unconscious (in the poetic mood) of his readers. This is untrue. Tagore says that a bird may be unconscious of its listeners, but a poet is never so. The poet addresses his society (see *Sabitya* p. 7). Plato tells us in his *Symposium* that an author seeks immortality through his works ; others through their

progenies. Tagore admits this and points out that to communicate is a natural and conscious desire in man. "One mind is searching after another to release its burden of thought, to inject its own feelings into another mind." (*Sabitya* p. 89). Since this will-to-communicate works in all of us, and the poet is no exception, the poet creates something in keeping with his reader's general taste and temperament. The great poets have thus, not only recorded for us their own thoughts and feelings, but also those of their fellow-beings, who read and appreciated their writings. The problem of communication is solved simply and naturally; the poet, in fact, consciously writes such things as will be appreciated by his readers; he, in other words, expresses that which his fellow-beings feel, he being the most conscious point of his time. This theory must not be misunderstood; the poet need not slavishly cater for the low tastes of his readers; he has his own taste and judgment and also his 'inspiration'. What is here indicated is that, he being a member of a society, is not forgetful of it, and his thoughts and feelings cannot be very different from those of his time; he must have, in other words, some social sense. Self-expression is in one respect self-socialisation.

We do not propose to examine or judge in detail the aesthetic theories of these two great thinkers of our age; we have mostly indicated where they differ. Nevertheless, we cannot but note that while Croce was only a thinker Tagore was an artist also, one who created some finest specimens of the world's literature, painting and music. Tagore's views, therefore, are based not only upon thought over art and aesthetics but also upon a complete and immediate aesthetic experience. Not that Croce had no such experience, but there is some difference between the experience of a critic and that of an artist. The artist can be a good critic but a mere critic has certainly limited powers. Considering this point we feel that Tagore's aesthetic creed will command greater faith than Croce's.

ALDOUS HUXLEY : CRITIC AND ESSAYIST

An Introduction

By SISIRKUMAR GHOSE

I

ESSAYS are Huxley's *forte*. He is, one feels, most himself in the digressive essay form. The greater part of these have, however, been written for, or in the course of, journalism. Hence their topicality and, one might add, triviality. It is true a change has come over him. The triviality has subsided, but at the cost of liveliness. His later exercises in world-view and theology lack fire. But the range of his interests, as well as the variety of themes covered, is amazing, probably more wide than deep. "Now I have in the course of a strenuous journalistic career, written articles on an extraordinary variety of subjects, from music to house decorating, from politics to painting, from plays to horticulture and metaphysics."¹ From eye cure² to Vedanta and the West, to bring the description up-to-date.

These essays afford Huxley a better chance for a direct expression of his mental attitudes and us to understand him. Nothing stands between him and the reader. A dash of autobiography is not wanting in these essays ; scholarship is of course ubiquitous ; the generalisations ever witty and intelligent, leaning heavily on the Encyclopaedias, Britannica and of Religion and Ethics. Intellectually he is capable of understanding every conceivable point of view (if he so wishes) ; he is an expert in converting himself to dissimilar points of view, though in some other ways he seems curiously closed and shut in. His mind, which resembles a departmental store,

1. *Music at Night, Those Personal Touches*, p. 288.

2. See *The Art of Seeing* by Aldous Huxley.

is packed with the odds and ends of human knowledge and behaviour.¹ Indeed he appears to be a man who reads and thinks rather than one who lives his life, and who, in so far as he lives, lives on the mental plane. In other words, he is more an assimilator of ideas than a living human being. And he has more than his share of the intellectual's hesitation. We cannot help noticing how frequently the early essays end on a note of uncertainty (euphemistically called pyrrhonism).

He subjects his bits of information to a quick, usually serio-comic, generalising process of thought. And how quick the thought itself is! He writes with "fatal facility." The reader, moving across the limpid surface of his style, rarely suspects that it is often too facile, a smart paradoxical intelligence burning itself through the medium of an obedient prose. Huxley is not above being 'cheap' on occasions.

Aldous Huxley is a critic of men and things, of fashions in theories and behaviour, rather than a literary critic. He is a 'man of letter', a literary-minded journalist, but one who has a few interesting ideas on the subject of literature, which he can always put across with malice and clarity. But, it may be noted, he writes oftener, and seems happier when so doing, of arts other than literature, mainly musical and pictorial.² Again, his criticism is better when he is dealing with the past than when he is discussing contemporaries, which he does but rarely, and systematically, except for the long introduction to the letters of D. H. Lawrence, never.

Of the aesthetic preferences which Huxley loves to emphasise (and which might have influenced his aim and method as a novelist) the most obvious is, what he has called, the Whole Truth. According to Huxley Homer³ and Fielding, for instance, speak the Whole Truth. They are, necessarily, anti-tragic. The speciality of these authors lies in that "among the things they don't shirk are the irrelevancies which, in actual life, always temper the situations and

1. See the following remark made about Propter in *After Many A Summer*: "A mind full of all kinds of oddments; and the oddments are pigeon-holed in apple-pie order."

2. These writings I am leaving out of our present consideration.

3. It is necessary to add that in his enthusiasm for the theory, Huxley begins with an inaccurate statement: the "Wholly Truthful" passage from Homer, which, he says, closes Ch. XII does not, in fact, do so.

characters which writers of tragedy insist on keeping chemically pure.”¹ “To make a tragedy the artist must isolate a single element out of the totality of human experience and use that exclusively as his material. Tragedy is something that is separable from the Whole Truth, distilled from it so to speak, as an essence is distilled from the living flower. Tragedy is chemically pure. Hence its power to act quickly and intensely on our feelings. All chemically pure art has this power to act upon us quickly and intensely.”²

Describing the effects of tragedy on the human emotions, Huxley goes on to contrast its value with that of Wholly Truthful art : “Our mood when we have read a Wholly Truthful book is never one of heroic exaltation (as happens when one reads a tragedy) ; it is one of resignation, of acceptance... . The catharsis of tragedy is violent and apocalyptic ; but the milder catharsis of Wholly Truthful literature is lasting.”³ That of course is a matter of opinion.

Passing on to the preponderance of Whole Truth in modern literature he mentions Proust, Lawrence, Gide, Kafka, and Hemingway, “five authors as unlike one another as they could be,” as its exponents. They are one only in this : “that none of them has written a pure tragedy, that all are concerned with the Whole Truth.”⁴ But, “tragedy is too valuable to be allowed to die. There is no reason, after all, why the two kinds of literature, the Chemically Pure and the Chemically Impure, the literature of the Whole Truth and the literature of the Partial Truth—should not exist simultaneously, each in its separate sphere. The human spirit has need of both.”⁵

Wholly or Partially truthful, Huxley gives a high place to art and the artists in the hierarchy of life. For many reasons. The artists form a tiny minority who alone have “lived, thought and felt with style.” Also, “it is only by the poets that the life of any epoch can be synthesized. Encyclopædias and guides to knowledge cannot do it, for the good reason that they affect only the intellectual surface of a man’s life.... The core of his being they leave untouched.”

1. *Music at Night, Tragedy and the Whole Truth*, p. 8.

2. *Ibid*, p. 12-8.

3. *Ibid*, p. 16.

4. *Ibid*, p. 17.

5. *Ibid*, p. 19.

The artists are eminently teachable and eminently teachers. They receive from events much more than most men receive, and they can transmit what they have received with a peculiar penetrative force, which drives their communication deep into the reader's mind. Looking at the problem from yet another point of view, this grandson of Matthew Arnold declares that "as the influence of religion declines, the social importance of art increases. We must beware of exchanging good religion for bad art."

Huxley supports the idea, held by the aesthetes, that Nature follows art ; he believes in the "power of art to mould life in its image." Some, if not most, of the ills men suffer from are due to the inadequate interest that they take in the arts, our habit of ignoring the artist. In defence of his anthology, *Texts and Pretexts*, he said ; "An anthology compiled in mid-slump ? Fiddling, you protest indignantly, while Rome burns. But perhaps Rome would not now be burning if the Romans had taken a more intelligent interest in their fiddlers."

As a critic Huxley is fastidious, but suffers from an enthusiasm that is sometimes bogus and an emphasis that irritates. *Vulgarity in Literature*, for instance, is so repetitive as to give him out. It suffers precisely from the defect he condemns in others.

His criticism is in the main meditative-associative. On occasions it can be moving, as in the comment on Sappho's lyric :

'The moon has set, and the Pleiads : it is the middle of the night and time passes, time passes, and I lie alone.'

Not even the best of the Chinese could have said more in so small compass. Night, and desire, the anguish of waiting and, with it, the duller, the deeper, the more hopelessly incurable pain of knowing that every light must set, that life and love are declining, inexorably westering towards the darkness—all these things are implied, how completely ! in Sappho's lines. The words continue to echo, as it were, and re-echo along yet further corridors of memory, with a sound that can never completely die away (such is the strange power of the poet's voice) till memory itself is dead.¹

1. *Texts and Pretexts*.

His selections in *Texts and Pretexts* reveal, in spite of the heavy underlining of Reason and of the "earthly paradise" paganism, a strong attraction for Nature and mysticism ; they also show his bias for the psychologically subtle. His speculative mind focusses itself on the complex of ideas and attitudes, on the psychological experiences suggested or embodied in the work of art. He is not insensitive to the 'emotional engineering' of art, but it is "the psychological landscape—the body, the instincts, the passions and feelings, the speculative mind," which interests him more. The poetry is in the idea and the precise statement thereof.

Even a cursory review of his criticism shows the non-literary standards he adopts. In his essay on *Swift* he tells us

What interests me, however, is the relation of these two works (*Gulliver's Travels* and *Prometheus Unbound*) to the reality outside themselves, not the inward formal relation of their component parts with one another.¹

The inward formal relation of the component parts with one another he does not sufficiently consider. On the other hand, he isolates, in that essay, "the intensity, the almost insane violence" of Swift's "hatred of the bowels." He then proceeds to elaborate and explain that hatred, psychophysiologically. "Why did Swift pore so lingeringly on what revolted him?" According to Huxley, "he wished to suffer." Aetiologically, "we are almost forced by the surviving evidence to believe that some physical or psychological impediment debarred him from making love in the ordinary, the all too human manner." So much for its origin, real or supposed. "As a doctrine, a philosophy, of life," "this childish resentment," "this misanthropy is," says Huxley, "profoundly silly.....His prodigious powers are marshalled on the side of death, not life. How instructive, in this respect, is the comparison with Rabelais !...The reverse of the ferocious hater was, as so often happens, a sentimentalist, moreover, of the worst kind." See the "baby language" of the *Journal to Stella*. "If Swift were alive to-day, he would be adored, the order-of-merited author of *A Kiss for Cinderella* and *Peter Pan*."

One of the earliest standards chosen by Huxley for judging life and literature had been 'life.' This life-affirmation included all

1. *Do What You Will*; Thinkers Library Edition.

those pagan and physiological experiences which the saints and idealists have banished or violently hated because these go against their ideals of consistency, perfection and transcendence, of 'the greater life.' It is this spirit of crusade on behalf of life-worship—or what he calls, elsewhere, the diversity-feeling—which supplies the link between his earlier literary adventures. In *Wordsworth in the Tropics* he attacks the poet's "general apostasy" for "preferring, in the interests of a preconceived religious theory, to ignore the disquieting strangeness of things, to interpret the impersonal diversity of Nature in terms of a divine anglican unity." Now, "the Wordsworthian adoration of Nature has two principal defects. The first is...that it is only possible in a country where Nature has been nearly or quite enslaved to man. The second is that it is only possible for those who are prepared to falsify their immediate intuitions of Nature." It is a pity, he thinks, that "the poet, the devil's partisan were doomed" by Wordsworth. Equally, "it is a pity that he never travelled beyond the boundaries of Europe. A voyage through the tropics would have cured him of his easy and comfortable pantheism."¹

But gradually Huxley has moved away from his life-worship, at least in the form in which he worshipped it first. He had contended that it is the artist's function to be, in Blake's words, "on the devil's side, without knowing it." But preferably, Huxley had added, "with the full consciousness of being on the devil's party." But, to quote him again, "one can't be a Satanist without being a Godist." Is the obverse no less true? We should also note that Huxley is "old-fashioned enough to believe in higher and lower things..." In the end the Satanist Huxley has emerged as a Godist Huxley. The scoffer of "absolute-hunters" himself turns out to be just another. The change is antithetical and not without an irony of its own. In *Grey Eminence* occurs a passage which seems to summarise his present idea of the function and *impasse* of criticism. The conclusion he draws is surely curious. Referring to the poetry of Arnold, he remarks :

1. That the essay on Wordsworth had its origin in his own travels in the tropics is evident from the following passage in *The Jestling Pilate* : "If Wordsworth had been compelled to spend a few years in Borneo, would he have loved nature as much as he loved her on the banks of Rydal water? If the *Excursion* had been through equatorial Africa, instead of through Westmoreland, old William's mild pantheism would have been, I suspect, a little modified."

Like so many poets and moralists before him, Arnold had stated a problem to which there is no practical solution except in some system of spiritual exercises. . . That Arnold should have failed to draw the unavoidable conclusion from the premises of his own thought and feelings seems puzzling only when we consider him apart from his environment. The mental climate in which he lived was utterly unpropitious to the flowering of genuine mysticism. The nineteenth century could tolerate only false, *ersatz* mysticism.¹

From this to indicting Shakespeare for not providing us with illustrations of non-attached individuals is logical :

. . . In this context it is worth remarking that except for the Duke in *Measure for Measure*—and he is scarcely a human being, only a symbol—Shakespeare gives no picture of a non-attached human being. Indeed, good pictures of non-attached men and women are singularly rare in the world's literature.²

Alas ! the ex-aesthete and life-worshipper is now annoyed with literature for not providing "Sandow-exercisers for soul" culture, for not supplying corollaries to the *Dhammapada*, the *Gita* or the aphorisms of Patanjali. Huxley, thou art translated !

Most of Huxley's essays reveal him as a congenital 'anti-.' He delights to tilt against the windmills of theories and attitudes. Here, for instance, is an admirable example of his refusal to be 'up-to-date'. None so modern as those resolutely against it. He had been to the pictures, it seems for the first time, in 1929.

" 'A little late in the day', my up-to-date readers will remark . . . 'Better late than never.' "

Better late than never ? Ah, no ! There, my friend, you are wrong. This is one of those cases where it is most decidedly better never than late. . . . There was a time when I would have felt terribly ashamed of not being up-to-date. I lived in a chronic apprehension lest I might, so to speak, miss the last bus, and so find myself stranded and benighted in a

1. P. 61.

2. *Ends and Means*.

Also see "One of the results of this doctrinal inadequacy (of Christian moralists for not insisting on an intelligent understanding and appraisal of the long-range consequence of action) is that there is a singular lack, as well in imaginative as in biographical literature, of intelligently virtuous, adultly non-attached personages, upon whom the young people mould their behaviour. This is a deplorable state of things. Literary example is a powerful instrument for the moulding of character. but most of our literary examples, as we have seen, are mere idealizations of the average sensual man. Of the more heroic characters the majority are just grandiosely paranoic ; the others are good, but good incompletely and without intelligence, are virtuous within a bad system which they fail to see the need of changing." *Ibid*, Ch. on Education, p. 209.

desert of demodeness, while others, more nimble than myself, had already climbed on board, taken their tickets and set out towards those bright but alas, ever-receding goals of Modernity and Sophistication. Now, however, I have grown shameless, I have lost my fears. . . . I find nowadays that I simply don't want to be up-to-date. . . . So I simply avoid most of the manifestations of that so-called 'life' which my contemporaries seem to be so unaccountably anxious to 'see'; I keep out of the range of the 'art' they think it so vitally necessary to 'keep up with'; I flee from those 'good times', in the having of which they are prepared to spend so lavishly of their energy and cash.¹

Huxley has been 'anti-many things : anti-modern, anti-Russian, anti-Puritan, anti-comfort, anti-Fordism. Finally, he has been anti-himself.

About the Russians—and it is impossible not to mention Tolstoy and Dostoevsky in this connection—he says that they are parvenus to consciousness.² Referring to Ivan Karmazov's returning the ticket of life to God, he comments : "Ivan is distressed because the real universe bears so little resemblance to the providential machine of Christian theology, distressed because he can find no meaning or purpose in life."³ He is irate with the later Tolstoy for turning the table against the earlier, for deserting the "devil's party." "Tolstoy who betrayed his own nature, betrayed life itself, in order to fight against the devil's party of his earlier allegiance, under the standard of Dr. Jesus-Jekyll."⁴ And not only Tolstoy but the writer of these lines himself !

About the Russian social experiment and the mentality at work behind it, he has, from the beginning, some hard things to say. First, about sex in post-1917 Russia, as gleaned from Fullop-Muller's book : "The flattest racing in the world, at any rate in the sphere of sexual relationships, is modern Russian racing... 'For us', says one of Romanoff's women students, 'love does not exist, we have only sexual relationships. And so, love is scornfully relegated to the realms of "psychology," and our right to existence is only understood physiologically... And any one trying to find in love anything beyond the

1. *Do What You Will*, pp. 41-2.

2. *Ibid.*, pp. 188-89.

3. *Ibid.*, p. 80.

4. *Ibid.*, p. 100.

physiological is laughed down as a mental case.”¹ In Russia the race is, however, flat only where sex is concerned. In other spheres Communism has probably “erected more obstacles than it pulled down.” Huxley is in disagreement with both what it has erected and what it has pulled down. He is against its mechanomorphism, based, he tells us, on a science fifty years old ; its centralisation of power and organisation, that is, tyranny ; its systematic preparation for war and the regimentation it involves. In short, he disbelieves in the efficacy of the experiment as well as in the “grotesque philosophy”² underlying it. He explains and describes it as the New Romanticism :

Modern romanticism is the old romanticism turned inside out, with all its values reversed. It is in the sphere of politics that the difference between the two romanticisms is most immediately apparent. The revolutionists of a hundred years ago were democrats and individualists. . . Individualism and freedom were ultimate goods which they pursued. The aim of the Communist Revolution in Russia was to deprive the individual of every right, every vestige of personal liberty (including the liberty and the right to possess a soul), and to transform him into a component cell of the great ‘Collective Man’—that single mechanical monster who, in the Bolshevik millenium, is to take the place of the unregenerate hordes of ‘soul-encumbered’ individuals who inhabit the earth. . . Godwin and Shelley believed in pure individualism. The Bolsheviks believe in pure collectivism. One belief is as extravagantly romantic as the other. . .

Modern romanticism is by no means confined to Russia or to politics. It has filtered into the thought and the arts of every country. Communism has not imposed itself anywhere outside the boundaries of Russia , but the Bolsheviks’ romantic disparagement of spiritual and individual values has affected, to a greater or less extent, the ‘young’ arts and literature of every Western people. . . The Cubist de-humanization of art is frequently accompanied by a romantic and sentimental admiration for machines. . . ‘Young’ writers are as fond of machinery as ‘young’ artists. . . The passion for machines, so characteristic of modern art, is a kind of regression to what I may call second childhood. . .

Personally I have no great liking for either of the romanticisms. If it were absolutely necessary for me to choose between them, I think I would choose the older one. An exaggeration of the significance of the soul and the individual, at the expense of matter, society, machinery and organisation,

1. *Music at Night, Obstacle Race*, pp. 161-62.

2. *Ends and Means*, p. 125.

seems to me an exaggeration in the right direction. The new romanticism, so far as I can see, is heading towards death. (But then, what I would call death, the new romantics call life and *vice versa*.) No, if I had my way, I would not choose either of the romanticisms.¹

His examination of the philosophy behind Communism in the essay on *Revolution* is, however, incredibly evasive and inadequate. On the false evidence of the prosperity of the American workers during a period of boom, he confidently declares that Marx's prophecy about the proletariat has gone wrong. "The facts have proved him wrong. The Proletariat as he knew it has ceased or, if that is too sweeping a statement, is ceasing—to exist in America, and, to a less extent, industrialised Europe....It is becoming a branch of the bourgeoisie....Inevitably, since they earn the same wages,"² and more in the same strain. Instead of the coming of Communism he anticipates with Andre Malraux's *Les Conquerants*, "the great orgy of universal nihilism....All that we can hope is that it will not come in our time."³ Of such is the Decline and Fall of Liberalism.

It is not surprising when he quotes, with approval, Crane Brinton's dictum, that "all active religions tend to become inactive within a generation at most...(and that) Marxism would appear to the outsider to be entering the inactive stage."⁴ But of the active religion of mysticism and Vedanta, rather of the perennial philosophy ? Their eternal summer shall not, presumably, fade.

Le confort nouveau, to which modern men and society have uncritically succumbed, receives many a homethrust from Aldous Huxley. He marvels at the ease with which men accept comfort, pleasure and a 'good time' as their meed in life. He does not like it.

Good times are chronic nowadays. . . The fine point of seldom pleasure is duly blunted. . . . Me personally the unflagging pleasures of contemporary cities leave most lugubriously unamused. The prevailing boredom—for oh, how desperately bored, in spite of their grim determination to have a Good Time, the majority of pleasure-seekers are !—the hopeless weariness, infects me.⁵

1. *Music at Night, The New Romanticism*, pp. 12-20

2. *Do What You Will, Revolution*, pp. 172-74.

3. *Ibid*, p. 180.

4. *The Olive Tree*, pp. 20-21.

5. *Do What You Will*, p. 162.

Huxley reminds us that this "modern phenomenon," "the invention of the means of being comfortable and the pursuit of comfort as a desirable end." needs to be analysed. He believes that "the discomfort in which our ancestors lived...was mainly voluntary... because filth and discomfort fitted in with their principles and prejudices, political, moral and religious." Continue the same logic

and you will discover that there exists the closest connection between the recent growth of comfort and the recent history of ideas.¹

This closest connection he brings out in the rest of that essay. It concludes with the declaration of a bias and judgment :

I am inclined to think that our passion for comfort is a little exaggerated ...I am old-fashioned enough to believe in higher and lower things, and can see no point in material progress except in so far as it subserves thought. . . . Comfort is a means to an end. The modern world seems to regard it as an end in itself, an absolute good. One day, perhaps, the earth will have been turned into a vast feather-bed, with man's body dozing on top of it and his mind underneath, like Desdemona, smothered.²

He expatiates on the boredom of modern comforts, the good times, and sounds a note of warning against the fatal conclusion waiting the pleasure-seekers :

Now the better the time (in the modern sense of the term), the greater the boredom. Rivers found that the unhappy Melanesians literally and physically died of ennui when they were brought too suddenly in contact with modern amusements. We have been gradually accustomed to the disease, and we therefore find it less lethal than do the South Sea islanders. We do not die outright of it ; and it is only gradually that we approach the fatal conclusion, when men have entirely lost the art of amusing themselves ; they will simply perish of ennui. Modern creation-saving machinery has already begun to deprive them of this art. The progress of invention may confidently be expected to quicken the process. A few more triumphs in the style of the radio and the talkies, and the boredom which is a mere discomfort will become an intolerable agony.³

1. *Proper Studies, Comfort*, p 288.

2. *Ibid.*, pp. 298-99.

3. *Do What You Will*, p 161.

Contrasting our pleasures with those of the primitive men Huxley says : "Incidentally, there are good reasons for regarding our entertainments as intrinsically inferior to those of the Bronze Age. Modern pleasures are wholly secular and without the smallest cosmic significance ; whereas the entertainments of the Bronze Age were mostly religious rites and were felt by those who participated in them to be pregnant with important meanings." *Music at Night, Wanted, A New Pleasure*. p. 254.

The inverted alchemy with which the best gifts of the most talented minds is debased fills him with anger :

Being prejudiced in favour of the West and of the present, I have no great belief in the scientific attainments of the ancient sages of the Orient. But their wisdom is undeniable. The fruits of knowledge are abused and wasted ; it is, alas, only too obvious. Disinterested men have given their lives to search for truth, and we have turned their discoveries to the service of murder, or employed them to create a silly entertainment. The modern civilization of the West, which is the creation of perhaps a hundred men of genius, assisted by a few diligent and industrious disciples, exists for the millions, whose minds are indistinguishable in quality from those of the average humans of the paleolithic age. The ideas of a handful of super-men are exploited so as to serve the profit and pleasure of the innumerable subtermen or men *tout court*.

Huxley sums up this dreadful religion of good times as 'Fordism.' In swift strokes he traces its pedigree :

From the time of Plato onwards there has been a tendency to exalt the thinking, spiritual man at the expense of the animal. Christianity confirmed Platonism : and now, in its turn, what I may call Fordism, or the philosophy of industrialism, confirms, though with important modifications, the spiritualizing doctrines of Christianity. Fordism demands that we should sacrifice the animal man (and along with the animal, large portions of the thinking, spiritual man) not indeed to God, but to the Machine. There is no place in the factory, or in that larger factory which is the modern industrialized world, for animals on the one hand, or for artists, mystics, or, finally, individuals on the other. Of all the ascetic religions Fordism is that which demands the cruellest mutilations of the human psyche—demands the cruellest mutilations and offers the smallest spiritual returns. Rigorously practised, for a few generations, this dreadful religion of the machine will end by destroying the human race.¹

The Fordists are, it appears, a variation of the stock of Puritans and the Protestants. Against these people Huxley has at least three charges : their monotheism, their sexual morality, and their role in modern capitalism.

We should be grateful to Protestantism for having helped, entirely against the wishes and intentions of its founders, to emancipate the human mind. But let us not forget to hate it for having degraded all the ancient standards of value, for having sanctified wealth and put a halo on the head of the Pharisee.²

1. *Music at Night, To the Puritan All Things are Impure*, pp. 180-81.

2. *Do What You Will*, p. 67.

The Renaissance was a revival of the polytheistic spirit. The parallel Reformation was a revival of pure Semitism. The Reformers read their Old Testaments and trying to imitate the Jews, became those detestable Puritans to whom we owe, not merely Grundyism and Podsnappery, but also (as Weber and Tawney have shown) all that was and still is vilest, cruellest, most anti-human in the modern capitalist system. To their one Jewish God good Calvinists and Independents sacrificed almost everything that could make a man prouder of being a man than of being a termite or a perfectly efficient automaton ¹

Against the claim of the Puritans to regulate life—to vivisection life, as he would call it—Huxley, like Oscar Wilde, recommends a Hellenistic Reformation. Grundyism he declares to be the “supremely unnatural vice.”

The epochs of highest civilization have been conspicuously unpuritanical. . . . Seen through the eyes of a philosophical historian, the Puritan reveals himself as the most abnormal sexual pervert of whom we have record, while Grundyism stands out as the supremely unnatural vice. ²

But the dialectics of ‘anti-’ requires its balancing ‘pro-’? It is not easy to answer this question: Huxley’s change of position is baffling. His main interest has, however, always been in the “never more than now difficult art harmoniously to live.” But the content of the harmonious life has fluctuated. His present position, for instance, is a recantation of many of the beliefs he swore by in his unregenerate past. According to him, the Christian-ascetics, the Platonists, the idealistic philosophers, and, strangely, even the diabolists, have set a dichotomy between the body and the mind, rather between matter and spirit. Huxley lashes against the stultifying doctrines of the super-humanists and the consistency-mongers, against the intellectual’s mania for unity and his worship of abstractions. He for one likes to be all for inconsistency and the diversity-feeling; he will have nothing to do with super-humanists like Spinoza who only succeed in making us subter-men; nothing with a sick ascetic like Pascal who only misdirects us and whose powers are all marshalled on the side of death, not life. But, methinks, Huxley doth protest too much. Luckily, he has enough inconsistency in him to accept, by whatever backdoor, that which he had once protested against. “Sir, no man’s enemy, but my own.”

(To be continued)

1. *Ibid.*, p. 25.

2. *Music at Night, To the Puritan All Things are Impure*, p. 178.

MUSLIMS AND INDIAN SCIENCES*

By BIKRAMA JIT HASRAT

III

AFTER the lapse of about six centuries, the same historic phenomenon repeated itself at the Mughal court at Delhi. With the accession of Akbar in A. H. 963, a hitherto unprecedented official patronage of Hindu learning and translations from important Sanskrit works on Indian religion and various sciences followed.¹ Akbar, like his fore-fathers, possessed a refined taste for learning. According to Abul Faḍl, his library consisted of a large and varied collection of Hindi (Sanskrit), Persian, Greek, Kashmirian and Arabic works, all separately classified. "Experienced people bring them daily and read them before His Majesty, who hears every book from the beginning to the end."² Learned men of all the realm—poets, historians, theologians, philosophers, astronomers, physicians and musicians, swarmed the Imperial court. The court-chronicler records notices on the lives of 140 learned men in all sciences, classified in five different categories, 59 poets, court-poets and 36 principal musicians.³ "Philologists are constantly engaged," says Abul Faḍl, "in translating Hindi (Sanskrit), Greek and Persian books into other

* The first two parts of this article were published in the *Visva-Bharati Quarterly* Vol. IX, Part II, Aug.-Oct. 1948.

1. For a preliminary account of these translations, their origin and history, *vide* the *Journal Asiatique*, 1895, Tome VII; the *Ā'in-i-Akbarī*, p. 104 ff.; and *History of Persian Language and Literature at the Mughal Court*. (Allahabad, 1980), Part III. p. 88-85.

2. *Ā'in-i-Akbarī*. (Blochmann), Vol. I. p. 110.

3. *Ibid.* (*Institute* ~~xxx~~), p. 606-682.

languages.”⁴ Most of the translators were paid remuneration according to the merit of the work done by them.⁵

The most outstanding figures among a vast number of Muslim scholars and historians, who engaged themselves in the translation of Sanskrit works, were Akbar's scholarly Prime Minister, Abul Faḍl, his equally distinguished brother, Faiḍī, the Poet-laureate, the eminent historian Mullā Abdul Qādir Badaūnī, Naqīb Khān, Shaikh Sulṭān of Thānīsar and Mullā Sherī. These were assisted in their work by an equally large number of learned pandits well-versed in Indian philosophy and sciences. Hindu Sanskrit scholars at the Mughal court were divided into five classes. Among the *first* class were “those who understood the mysteries of both the worlds” : viz. , (1) Madhū Saraswatī, (2) Madhūsūdhān, (3) Nārā'in (Asram ?), (4) Hariji Sūr, (5) Damudar Bhat, (6) Rām Tīrath, (7) Narasingh, (8) Parmindra and (9) Āditya. Among the *second* class were “those who understood the mysteries of the heart” : viz. , (1) Rām Bhadrā and (2) Jadrūp. Among the *third* class were “those who understood philosophy” : viz. , (1) Nārā'in, (2) Madhū Bhat, (3) Śrī Bhat, (4) Viśṇu Bhat, (5) Rām Kishan, (6) Balbhadr Mīśra, (7) Vāsūdeva Mīśra, (8) Baman Bhat, (9) Vidyā Niwās, (10) Gaurī Nāth, (11) Gopī Nāth, (12) Kishan Pandit, (13) Bhattacharya, (14) Bhāgirath Bhattacharya and (15) Kashī Nāth Bhattacharya. Among the *fourth* class were Hindu physicians, viz. , (1) Mahādeva, (2) Bhīm Nāth, (3) Nārā'in and (4) Śivaji. Among the *fifth* class were “such as understood sciences resting on testimony” : viz. , Bijoy Sen and Bhān Chand. The Hindu court musicians were Bābā Rām Dās, Sūr Dās, Ranga Sen and the great Tān Sen.

The spirit underlying the translations made at the instance of Akbar, apart from the genuine love of the Muslims for studying Indian religion and sciences, had a definite political motive. It had very little, if any, spiritual background. In no way was it comparable to the semi-philosophical, semi-academic spirit of enquiry into ancient religions and sciences initiated at the Baghdād court in the

4. *Ibid.* p. 111.

5. The remuneration was probably paid only for the translations at the *Dār-ul-Inshā*, which were undertaken at the order of the Emperor. This is substantiated by the fact that while Faiḍī did not receive any remuneration for his maṭṭhawī *Nal wa Daman* and the translation of the *Līlavatī*, Badaūnī was paid for the translation of 24,000 *śloka*s of the *Rāmāyaṇa* 150 *ṣaḥasra*s and 10,000 *tanḡhas*.

2nd century A. H. Abul Fadl in his preface to the *Razmnāma*, a Persian translation of the *Mahābhārata* (*infra*), states the reasons which made Akbar order the translations of Indian religious works. Speaking of Akbar's liberal outlook, he observes that "having observed the fanatical hatred between the Hindus and the Muslims and being convinced that it arose only from mutual ignorance, that enlightened monarch wished to dispel the same by rendering the books of the former accessible to the latter. He selected, in the first instance, the *Mahābhārata* as the most comprehensive and that which enjoyed the highest authority, and ordered it to be translated by competent and impartial men of both nations. By this means he wished to show to the Hindus that some of their grossest errors and superstitions had no foundation in their ancient books, and to further convince the Muslims of their folly in assigning to the past existence of the world so short a span as seven thousand years."

The spirit of enquiry initiated by Akbar proved a preliminary to the gradual evolution of Indo-Muslim thought during the next few centuries. It not only enriched Persian literature but also aroused the active interest of the Muslims in Indian religion and sciences. In the field of literature this interest was academic, but the psychological atmosphere created by various uniform spiritual elements of Vedāntism and Sufism, the common efforts of Hindu-Muslim saints, brought about slowly and imperceptibly a process of new cultural synthesis.

It is interesting to make a critical analysis of the method and quality of the Persian translations as a whole. Generally speaking, from 826 A. H. to 1240 A. H.—the period when most of the important translations of Sanskrit works were undertaken—the Indian Epic, the *Mahābhārata* ran into 5 different, complete or abridged, versions; the *Rāmāyana* into 6 (including 2 by Hindu translators); the *Vedas* into 1; the *Upanishads* into 1; the *Bhagwatgita* into 4; the *Yoga-vasishṭa* into 4 (including 1 by a Hindu translator); the *Pañcatantra* into 6; the *Purāṇic* literature into 12; the *Sinhasanadvātrīṃśati* into 10 and the *Rāja-tarangīnī* into 6 different versions. Other Indian works chosen by the translators and compilers were those on Music, Medicine, Astronomy, Astrology, Mathematics, Mythological stories and heroic legends, Purāṇic myths, Hindu cosmogony, comparative religion, abstruse sciences and philosophy.

What actually is the contribution of this vast amount of Indo-Persian literature, it yet remains for scholars to decide. Nor can it be assumed safely that most of the translators did not labour under the disadvantage of unfamiliarity with Sanskrit. Their sources of information were two-fold: (1) *the Narrative Method* i. e. the employment of a pandit by the translator to help him translate a Sanskrit work; (2) *the Re-translation Method* i. e. to retranslate a Sanskrit work, making an early translation as the basis of the work. Both these methods were extremely unsatisfactory, as for instance, Abul Faḍl who has utilised both these methods, is subjected to a charge of plagiarism by Jarret on account of his constant use of the retranslation method.⁶ The Narrative Method is equally unreliable. Abul Faḍl himself could not safely vouch for the accuracy of his Hindu informants. He observes that most of them were of a retrograde tendency, immeshed in their own views, artfully insinuating their own opinions, till the difficulty of arriving at any correct exposition of their systems left him in bewilderment and despair.⁷

There is no doubt that the majority of Muslim translators had no actual knowledge of Sanskrit language and Indian philosophical terminology, yet, strange as it may appear, some of them have done remarkably accurate renderings of Sanskrit works with the assistance of Hindu interpreters.. It is, therefore, wrong to make a categorical assertion that the translations of the Mughals are a mere mixture of gloss and text with a flimsy paraphrase of them both and that the translators are wholly unable, yet always pretend, to write Sanskrit words in Arabic letters.⁸ It is true, that the ignorance of the subject has led some translators to misinterpret the actual text, but now that most of these texts have been edited and both their literary and philological value realised, it is equally preposterous to assume that

6. Vide. *Am-i-Akbari*, Vol. II. p 2

7. *Ibid.* Vol. III. p. 879 ff

8. Vide. Abul Faḍl's Chapter on the *Vyākaraṇa*. He lays down general rules, which may as well be taken as a basis, on which more or less, he seems to have been guided in the transliteration of Sanskrit terminology into Persian. Briefly these comprise of: (a) 14 *svara* or vowels constituting of letters and diacritical accents; (b) 33 letters called *vyāṅjana* or consonants which cannot be sounded without a vowel; (c) 5 letters being *Anusvāra* (sounded like *ṇam* with quiescent nasal), *Visarga* (like the final *h* in *kaḥ*), *Jvāmuliya* (a letter between *h* and *kh* and occurs as medial and is sounded from the root of the tongue), *Gajakumba kṛiṭa* (a quiescent medial letter approximating in sound to a *bhā*), and *Ardhabīṇḍa* (a quiescent nasal like a suppressed *nūn*).

the scholar "who follows the muddy rivulets of Muslim writers on India, instead of drinking from the pure fountain of Hindu learning, will be in perpetual danger of misleading himself and others."⁹

In the exposition of the religious and philosophical doctrines of the Hindus, Abul Faḍl stands almost alone after Alberūnī. A genuine spirit of enquiry and love for knowledge vibrates through his detailed descriptions of Indian sciences, religious cults and philosophical schools of thought. He stands a good deal of comparison in many respects with Alberūnī. Both had associated with the leaders of contemporary Indian religious thought and scholars of Sanskrit literature, and both were equally fond of comparing Hindu philosophy with Muslim and Greek doctrines. Alberūnī's *Kitāb al-Hind* seems to be spontaneous and out-spoken in criticism, unfettered by any political objective, while Abul Faḍl, who wrote the *A'in-i-Akbarī* at Akbar's command, kept in view not only the Muslim intelligentsia of the time but also the fact that his readers included the Persianised Hindu court nobility. Alberūnī, while in India, applied himself to the study of Sanskrit works in the original, which made his critical mind 'not to accept blindly the traditions of the old.' He 'sifted the wheat from the chaff and discarded everything which militates against the laws of nature and reason.'¹⁰ Abul Faḍl, on the other hand, laboured under the disadvantage of little knowledge of Sanskrit. He admits that he was unfamiliar with the science of terms in the Sanskrit language, and being even unable to procure the services of a competent interpreter, he had to take the trouble of repeated translations.¹¹

In his Preface, he observes, that it was his main idea to bring into open evidence the system of philosophy, the degrees of self-discipline of the Hindus, in order that 'hostility towards them might abate and the temporal sword be stayed awhile from the shedding of blood, that discussions within and without be turned into peace and the thornbrake of strife and enmity bloom into a garden of concord. Assemblies for discussion could then be formed and gatherings of science suitably convened.'¹² He deplores the dearth of accom-

9. *Ibid.* Jarret III, p. ii.

10. Sachau : *Alberūnī's India*, p. xxv.

11. *A'in-i-Akbarī*, III, p. i.

12. *Ibid.*

plished linguists capable of mastering the intricacies of science and speculations of philosophy, notwithstanding the fact that 'through His Majesty's patronage of learning and his appreciation of merit, the erudite of all countries are assembled and apply themselves to the pursuit of the Truth.'

Incidentally he outlines the causes which lead to contention and hostility between the Hindus and the Muslims. *First*, the diversity of tongues and misapprehension of mutual purposes; *secondly*, the distance that separates the learned men of Hindustan from the scientific men of other nationalities; *thirdly*, the absorption of mankind in the delights of corporeal gratification and their 'moral obliquity'; *fourthly*, indolence; and *fifthly*, the imbecile procedure of restricted form of enquiry and investigation.

Abul Fadl's pursuit of Indian religious thought seems predominantly intellectual. According to him there are 360 systems of Indian philosophy and conduct, and he had mixed with many leaders of thought and made himself acquainted, to some extent, with the discussions of different schools. His treatise on the learning of the Hindus is fairly extensive and indicates the general interest of Muslim intellectuals during the later sixteenth century A. D. In dealing with the origin, development and the influence of the doctrines of different schools of Indian philosophy, viz. the *Nyāya*, the *Vaisesika*, the *Vedānta*, the *Mīmāṃsā*, the *Sāṅkhya*, the *Pātāñjala*, the *Jaina*, the *Buddha*, and the *Nāstika*, he observes, that in setting down the series of fundamental systems for the benefit of real seekers of knowledge, 'it is my hope that inquirers may carefully study them and compare them with the principles of the Platonists, the Peripatetics, the Sufis and the dogmatic theologians.'

Among the eighteen sciences discussed by him are the *Vedas*, the *Purāṇas*, the *Dharma-Sāstras* or the Institutes of the Law, the *Sikṣhā* or Phonetics, the *Kalpa* or the Science of Ceremonial Duties, the *Vyākaraṇa* or the Science of Grammar and Linguistic Analysis, the *Nirukta* or the Vedic Etymologies, the *Jyotiṣha* or Astronomy, the *Chandas* or Metres and Classes of Verse, the *Āyur-Veda* or the Science of Anatomy, Hygiene, Nosology and Therapeutics, the *Dhanur-Veda* or the Science of Archery and Weapons, the *Gāndharva-Veda* or the Science of Music and the *Artha-Sāstra* or the Science of Polity.

Apart from the above, Abul Faḍl has reviewed briefly the following arts and sciences cultivated widely among the Indians :—

The Karma-Vipāka or the Ripening of Actions—‘a Science revealing the particular class of actions performed in a former birth which have occasioned the events that befall men in the present life and prescribing the special expiation of each sin one by one.’

(2). *The Sāmudrika* or Palmistry.

(3). *The Gāruda* or the treatment of snake, scorpion or reptile bites ‘by reciting and repeating of the genealogical descent of the victim.’

(4). *The Indra-Jāla* or the Art of Sorcery.

(5). *The Rasa-Vidyā* or Alchemy.

(6). *The Ratna-Parīkṣhā* or the art of testing precious stones.

(7). *The Kāma-Sāstra* or the Generation of the Human Race.

(8). *The Sāhitya* or the Art of Rhetorical Composition.

(9). *The Sangīta* or the Art of Music and Dance.

(10). *The Gaja-Sāstra* or the Knowledge of Elephants.

(11). *The Salihotra* or Veterinary Surgery.

(12). *The Vāstuka* or the Science of Architecture.

(13). *The Sūpa* or the Art of Cookery and Properties of Food.

(14). *The Rājanīti* or the Science of State-craft.

(15). *The Vyavahāra* or the Administration of Justice.

Abul Faḍl also gives an account of the practical modes of life of the Hindus, which include the Four Periods of Religious Life, the worship of the Deity, the Divine worship (*Īśvarapūjā*), the Sacrifice (*Yajna*), the Alms-giving (*Dāna*), the ceremonies in honour of the deceased ancestors (*Śrāddha*) and the Incarnations of Deity, viz., the *Matsyāvatāra* (Fish-Incarnation), the *Kūrmāvatāra* (Tortoise-Incarnation), the *Vārābhātāra* (Boar-Incarnation), the *Nara-Sinha* (Man-Lion Incarnation), the *Vāmana* (Dwarf-Incarnation) etc. etc.

THE RAZMNĀMA: Among the important Sanskrit works translated into Persian during Akbar’s reign is the *Tarjuma’i Mahābhārata* in 18 *Parvas* entitled the *Razmnāma*, made by the famous historian Mullā ‘Abdul Qādir Badāūnī,¹⁸ ‘Abdul Latīf al-Husainī

18. Mullā ‘Abdul Qādir son of Shaikh Mulūk Shāh, the author of the *Muntakhab-ut-Tawārīkh*, was the eminent scholar, historian, astronomer and musician at Akbar’s court. He translated the *Rāmāyaṇa*, and 2 *Parvas* of the *Mahābhārata* into Persian. For his other works and translations, vide. *Infra*, and also Blochmann’s article on Badāūnī *J. R. A. S.*, 1869, p. 20 ff.

known as Naqīb Khān,¹⁴ Muhammad Sultān Thānīsārī¹⁵ and Mullā Sherī.¹⁶ The exact share of each scholar in the translation of the great Indian epic into Persian, cannot however be estimated.¹⁷ M. Schulz has discussed the details and merits of the *Rāzmnāma* with a conjectural apportionment of the share of each of the translators.¹⁸ Badāūnī, however, gives a more vivid detail of the history of the translation. According to him, for two nights Akbar himself translated some passages into Persian and told Naqīb Khān to write down the general meaning. On the third night Badāūnī was associated with the former, and "after three or four months," he observes, "two of the eighteen chapters of these useless absurdities—enough to confound the eighteen worlds—were laid before His Majesty." The Emperor took exception to Badāūnī's translation and called him *Harāmkehūr* and a turnip-eater (*Shalgham-kehūr*). Another part was subsequently translated by Naqīb Khān and Mullā Sherī and another part by Sultān Hajī of Thanīsar; then Shaikh Faiḍī was appointed, who wrote two chapters, prose and poetry; then the Hajī wrote two other parts, adding a verbal translation of the parts that had been left out.

"He (the Hajī) then got a hunderd *juṣ* together," continues Badaūnī, "closely written, so exactly rendered, that even the accidental dirt of the flies on the original was not left out; but he was soon after driven from the court and is now in Bhakkar. Other translators and interpreters, however continue the fight between the Paṇḍūs and

14. Naqīb Khān is the title of Mīr Giath-ud-Dīn 'Alī, a grandson of Mīr Yahya, the philosopher-theologian *protege* of Shah Ṭahmāsp Ṣafwī. His father Mīr 'Abdul Latīf fled from Persia on account of his *sunni* views and came to India at Emperor Humāyūn's invitation. Naqīb Khān arrived in India with his father and at Akbar's accession, he distinguished himself in many battles. He was much favoured by the Emperor and soon "became his personal friend." For details, *vide* the *Ẓ'in-i-Akbarī*, Vol. I. p. 496. the *Akbarnāma*, Vol. II. p. 23, 281 & Vol. III. p. 165, 293; also Badāūnī's *Muntakhab-ut-Tawārīkh*, Vol. II. p. 278.

15. For his life, *vide* the *Muntakhab-ut-Tawārīkh*, Vol. II. p. 278.

16. Mullā Sherī son of Mullā Yahyā—a renowned theologian at Akbar's court was born in a Shaikh family in Kokūwāl in the Punjab. According to Abul Faḍl, he presented in A. H. 992 a poem to Akbar entitled the *Hasār Shua'* which contained 1000 *gita*'s in praise of the sun (Vol. I. p. 679 ff.) He is also said to have translated the *Haribansa*, a book containing the life of Śrī Kṛishṇa (*Ibid.* I. p. 112). He was killed in A. H. 994 along with Rājā Bīr Bar in the Khaybar expedition sent by Akbar against the Yūsufza'is.

17. Rieu (*Catalogue of Persian MSS. in the British Museum*, I. p. 57) observes that the principal translator was Naqīb Khān (*supra*).

18. *Journal Asiatique*, Paris, Tome. VII. p. 110 sq. : '*Aperçu d'un memoire sur la traduction du Mahabharata, faite l'ordre de l'empereur-Akbar.*'

the Kurūs. May God Almighty protect those that are not engaged in this work and accept their repentance ! and hear the prayer for pardon of every one who does not hide his disgust and whose heart rests in Islam ; for, 'He allows men to return to Him in repentance ! This *Razmnāma* was illustrated, and repeatedly copied ; the grandees were ordered to make copies and Abul Faḍl wrote an introduction to it of about two *juz*....."¹⁹

From Badaūnī's account it is evident that the first two *Parvas*, (each called a *fan* or a *daftar*) were translated by him and Naqīb Khan. The first of these two, styled as the *Adi-Parava*, was rewritten by Faiḍī at Akbar's order. It is however difficult to ascertain the exact number of *daftar*s completed by Naqīb Khan and Mulla Sherī. Both in respect of them and that of Sulṭān Hajī of Thanisar, Badaūnī only says that they completed a portion (*pārābā'i*). Then Shaikh Faiḍī translated two *Paravas* (*fans*) and thereafter, the Hajī completed two portions (*pārābā'i*), thus finishing the whole translation in 100 *juz*.

It is, however, odd that in the colophon of one MS. of the work in the India Office, it is distinctly stated that Naqīb Khan was the original translator who completed his task in one year and a half, in the month of Sha'ban, A. H. 992 with the help of Brahman scholars viz. , Devī Miśra, Satavadhana, Madhusūdana Miśra, Chaturbhuja and Bhavan.²⁰ Abul Faḍl wrote a Preface to the work, and his brother Faiḍī, the Poet, a few years later in 997 A. H. retranslated the literal version into ornamental and highly embellished prose,²¹ but a MS. of Faiḍī's "poetical paraphrase" contains only two *Paravas* of the eighteen originally translated.²²

Mulla 'Abdul Qadir Badaūnī (A. H. 947-1005) seems to be the principal translator of Sanskrit works on Hindu religion at the Emperor's court. His knowledge of Sanskrit language equally matched his dislike for the work undertaken at Akbar's behest ; none the less, his genius as a historian, his profound scholarship, both

19. *Muntakhal-ut-Tawārīkh*, II. At the Emperor's remarks Badaūnī good-humouredly observes "Perhaps the share of this *faqīr* from these books amounted to this : "Whatever is in one's destiny, it reaches him !"

20. *Ethe : Catalogue of Persian MSS. in India Office*, I, No. 1944.

21. *Ẓ'in-i-Akbarī*, opt. cit.

22. *Ethe*, opt. cit.

in Arabic and Persian, his proficiency in Islamic theology, his knowledge of astrology, astronomy and mathematics, and his extraordinary skill both in Indian and foreign music²³ out-weighed his innate prejudice against the Shaikh brothers. Though the Emperor found him "a sun-dried Mulla," he was highly pleased with his translations and would not part with him on that account.²⁴

Badaūnī is merciless in his criticism of the religious policy of Akbar, but an extreme sense of his "static position" before the "ever-rising star" of his former class-mates Faiḍī and Abul Faḍl, who successfully "turned the Emperor from Islam," made him lose his well-balanced historical mind to view things in detached dignity. Abul Faḍl, his benefactor, he found "officious, time-serving, openly faithless, continually studying His Majesty's whims, a flatterer beyond all bounds."²⁵ Faiḍī, the poet-laureate of Akbar, was to him "lewd in taste, raving in boastful verses and infidel scribblings, entirely devoid of love of the truth or the knowledge of God."²⁶ But among such lyrical outbursts, Badaūnī has given an excellent picture of the work of the translations carried on at the instance of Akbar. According to him, the translators worked in the library of the *Dīwan-khana* at Fatehpur Sikrī. "Low and mean fellows, who pretended to be learned but were in reality fools", gained an easy access to the Emperor. The principal reason "which led Akbar away from the right path," was that "a large number of learned men of all denominations and sects, came from various countries to the court and received personal interviews. Night and day people did nothing but inquire and investigate ; profound points of science, the subtleties of revelation, the curiosities of history, the wonders of nature, of which large volumes could only give a summary abstract,

23. *Vide. Mir'at-ul-'Ālam.*

24. *Muntakhab-ut-Tawārīkh*, Vol. II. p. 401.

25. *Ibid.* p. 198. Abul Faḍl was among "the Hindu wretches and Hinduizing Muhammadans" who openly reviled our Prophet. He is also compared to poet Hayratī of Samarqand, "who often having been annoyed by the cool and sober people of Transoxiana, joined the old foxes of Shi'itic Persia and chose the roadless road. You might apply the proverb to him : "He prefers Hell to shame on earth." *Ibid.* p. 256.

26. In intemperate language and abusive epithets, no historian can perhaps match the sharp-tongued Mulla, who has reviled his old class-mate Faiḍī, while the latter lay at his death-bed, and has even collected abusive chronograms after his death to show that others also shared his intense hatred of the poet-laureate of Akbar.

were spoken of." Speaking of the Emperor's partiality for the Hindus, he observes that as the Sumanis and the Brahmans 'surpass the learned men in their treatises on morals and on physical and religious sciences, they managed to get frequent interviews.' The story of a Brahman named Purukhotam (Purushotam) is told, who was asked by the Emperor to "invent particular Sanskrit names for all things in existence."²⁷

The *Rāmāyana* : The Persian translation of Valmiki's *Rāmāyana* was begun by Badaūnī²⁸ in the year A. H. 992 and completed in four years' time in the year A. H. 997. According to Bakhtawar Khan, for translating the *Ramayana* from Sanskrit into Persian, he received 24,000 *ślokas*, 150 Ashrafis and 10,000 Tanghas.²⁹ Badaūnī says that when the translation was completed in the month of Jamada I, A. H. 997, it was highly commended by the Emperor who enquired into its details. The preliminary rendering, amounting to 72 *juḡ*, grew into 120 *juḡ* in the second comprehensive translation. He was loath to write a preface to the translation but at the Emperor's command he found no way out but to comply. "I seek God's protection," he says, "for that cursed writing which is as wretched as the parchment of my life. The reproduction of *kufr* (infidelity) does not amount to *kufr*. I utter word in refutation of *kufr*, for, I fear, lest this book written at the order (of the Emperor), entirely under compulsion, might bear the print of hatred. O my God ! I take thy shelter for attributing anything as a partner to Thee ; and I know, and I beseech Thy pardon for that which I do not know ; and having repented I say : '*There is no God but Allah and Muhammad is the Apostle of Allah*'. This repentance of mine is not that of (one who is in) adversity. May it be approved in the court of the All-Giver, Forgiver."³⁰

Badaūnī's translation of the *Ramayana*, according to Rieu is far from literal. "The wordy exuberance of the original is much reduced, but the substance of the narrative is faithfully rendered. Some explanations respecting Indian traditions are added by the translator, who speaks of what the Hindus assert in the tone of one

27. Vide. *Muntakhab-ut-Tawārīkh*, p. 256 ff.

28. *Ibid.*

29. *Mir'at-ul-'Ālam.*

30. *Muntakhab-ut-Tawārīkh*, II. p. 128.

who does not belong to them.”⁸¹ In his lengthy introduction, he details Valmiki’s dialogue with Nārada, the invention of the *sloka* and the composition of the poem, its recitation by Kusa and Lava, its division into 7 *kāndas*, each sub-divided into numerous *adhyāyas*, and the summary of their contents.

Besides Badaūnī’s translation, there are at least four other abridged Persian versions of the *Ramayana* extant. The *first* is an abridged prose translation by Shandraman Kayath b. Srī Ram made in ‘Alam-gīr’s reign in A. H. 1097 (A. D. 1686).⁸² This translation was probably completed in A. H. 1107, as the concluding *kānda* gives the date of 11th of Dhūlqa’dah A. H. 1107 (June, 12, 1696). There are two supplements to this version of the *Ramayana* : (1) a sort of appendix to the *Rāmāyana* ascribed to the authorship of Valmiki, dated the 25th of Dhū-alqa’dah A. H. 1107 ; and (2) a legend of Srī Krishna due to Vyasa from the *Mahabharata*. The *second* is entitled the *Mathnawī-i Ramayin*—an abridged Persian version in 5900 mathnawī verse by Girdhardas Kayath completed in A. H. 1033 and dedicated to Emperor Jahangir. The *third* is another abridged poetical translation of the *Rāmāyana* entitled *Rām wa Sīta* by Shaikh Sa’d’ullah Masīh of Panīpat, a contemporary of Girdhardas (*supra*). This translation was also completed in Jahangīr’s reign, who is praised in the work.⁸³ The *fourth* is a very large, though incomplete, poetical translation of the *Ramayana* by an anonymous writer.⁸⁴

The *Mabābhārata* : Badauni was associated with Naqib Khan in the translation of the *Mahabharata*, and in about 4 months both of them completed the first two *paravas*. But the Emperor took exception to Badauni’s version and in his place Mulla Sheri and Sultan Haji of Thanisar were appointed to carry on the work.

The *Atharya-Veda* : Badauni remarks⁸⁵ that in the year A. H. 983 (A. D. 1575) a learned Brahman, Shaikh Bhawan, had come from Deccan and turned Muslim. The Emperor commanded Badauni the

81. *Cat. of Persian MSS. in the British Museum*, Vol. I. p. 55 : or. 1248.

82. *Ethe : Cat. of Persian MSS. in India Office*, Vol. I. No. 1964 ; *Reiu* : Vol. I. p. 56a ; also *Mackenzie Collection*, Vol. II. p. 144.

83. *Ethe* : No. 1967 ; *Rieu* : III, col. 1078b ; also the *Cat. of Persian MSS. in the Bodleian Library* (Oxford), No. 1815.

84. *Ethe* : I. No. 1970.

85. *Muntakhab-ut-Tawarikh*, Vol. II. p. 212.

same year to translate the *Atharban*. While translating the work he found "several of the religious precepts of this book resemble the laws of Islam", but there were many difficult passages which hampered his task of interpretation. He referred these passages to Shaikh Bhawan who also could not interpret either. Badauni reported the matter to His Majesty who ordered Shaikh Faidi and Haji Ibrahim to translate. The latter though willing did not write anything.⁸⁶ Any other translation of the *Atharva-Veda*, so far is known, does not exist. Even Badauni's translation is very scarce ; at least, I have not been able to find any MS. of it. Speaking of the work, he observes : "Among the precepts of the *Atharban*, there is one which says that no man will be saved unless he read a certain passage. This passage contains many times the letter 'r' and resembles very much our *La illah illa'llah*."

The *Sinhasanadvatrinsati* : Abul Qadir's translation of the famous *Sinhasanadvatrinsati* or the *Vikramacaritram* (styled often as the *Singhasan Battisi*), entitled the *Khirad Afza'*, made at the order of Akbar with the help of a learned Brahman⁸⁷ in the year A. H. 982 (A. D. 1574-75) is perhaps the oldest translation from the original Sanskrit. Another rendering of the same work, likewise composed under Akbar's order, is by one Chaturbhujdas b. Mihrchand Kayath under title of the *Shahnama*.⁸⁸ Many other Persian translations of the *Sinhasanadvatrinsati*, though under different names, are still extant. During Emperor Jahangir's reign (A. H. 1019) one Bharimal B. Rajmal Khatri translated it under the name of *Singhasan Battisi* (also entitled *Qissa'i Bikramajit*).⁸⁹ Another translation under the title of *Kishan-Bilas* was made by Kishandas b. Mulukchand, probably during Jahangir's reign.⁴⁰ A combination of the two older versions of Chaturbhujdas and Bharimal was made during the reign of Emperor Shah Jahan by one Bisbara'i b. Harigarbadas.⁴¹ Four other different

86. It is difficult to ascertain the truth of Badauni's statement in the face of clear assertion by Abul Fadl that the entire work was translated by Haji Ibrahim. Vide. *Ā' in-i-Akbari*, Vol. I, p. 112.

87. *Muntakhab-ut-Tawarikh*, Vol. I. p. 67.

88. *Catalogue of Persian MSS. in the Bodleian Library*, MS. No. 1824.

89. W. Pertsch : *Berlin Catalogue*, p. 1084.

40. Ette : *Catalogue of Persian MSS. in India Office*, I, 1989.

41. Rieu : *Catalogue of Persian MSS. in British Museum*, II, p. 768a.

versions of the work are : (1) by Chand b. Maduram ;⁴² (2) by an anonymous writer under the title of *Gul Afshar* ;⁴³ (3) by an anonymous writer without any title ;⁴⁴ and (4) a modern version by Sayyid Imdad 'Ali and Shiv Saha'i Kayath⁴⁵ made in the year A. D. 1845.

The *Rajatarangini* : According to Badauni, the *Rajatarangini* had already been translated at the order of Sultan Zain al-'Abdain Shah of Kashmir (A. H. 826-877). This version entitled the *Bahr al-Asmar*, was incomplete and, written in old Persian, was little known. At first Badauni was asked by the Emperor to complete the work by translating two of the remaining chapters left out by the author of the *Bahr al-Asmar*.⁴⁶ The entire work comprising of 60 *juz* was finished by him in 5 months. One night after he had listened to some chapters of the work, Akbar ordered him to retranslate the earlier portion also in a plain language. Badauni received a reward of 10,000 tanghas muradi and a horse on its completion.⁴⁷ In Etche's opinion, Mulla Shah Muhammad and not Badauni was commanded by Akbar in A. H. 998 to translate the work from original Sanskrit ; the latter only revised the above version in A. H. 999.⁴⁸

There are many other Persian translations of the work, mostly adaptations of the oldest version from original Sanskrit retranslated by Mulla Badauni. One is the *Baharistan-i-Shahi*, a history of Kashmir by an anonymous writer, brought down to A. H. 1023, the eighth year of Jahangir's reign⁴⁹ ; another entitled the *Tarikh-i-Kashmir* commenced on the basis of the *Rajatarangini* by Haider Malik b. Hasan Malik from the earliest times down to the twelfth year of Jahangir's reign ;⁵⁰ another also called the *Tarikh-i-Kashmir*, a prototype of the preceding, by Nara' in Kul 'Ajiz, a Brahman of Kashmir who composed it in A. H. 1122⁵¹ and another styled as

42. Vide. A. F. Mehrn, p. 29.

43. Rieu : Vol. I. 280a.

44. E. G. Browne : *Cambridge Catalogue*, p. 898.

45. Rieu : III. 1006b.

46. *Muntakhab-ut-Tawarikh*, Vol. II. p. 401-2.

47. *Ibid.*

48. Etche : *Cat. of Pers. Mss. in India Office*, Vol. I. No. 58ff. also Rieu : I. p. 296.

49. Rieu : I. p. 227.

50. *Ibid.*, also vide. Bod. Cat. Nos. 916-17, J. Aumer : p. 98 and *J. R. A. S. B.* (New a Series), No. 68, p. 409-460.

51. G. Flugel, II, y. 191 also Rieu, I, p. 298.

Waqi'at-i-Kashmir (written about A. H. 1160) by an unknown writer with many chapters, having been translated from the original Sanskrit work of Kalhana.⁵²

The poet-laureate of Akbar's court, Faiḍī (b. A. H. 854, d. A. H. 1004),⁵³ a man of versatility and all-round accomplishments, was in constant association with the court-translators. His poetical genius found its material of rare romantic charm from the pages of the Indian Epic—the *Mahābhārata*. In gracefulness of thought and beauty of expression, his 4,200 verse Mathnawī, the *Nal wa Daman*, 'a free Persian adaptation' of the story of Nala and Damyanti, composed in A. H. 1008, in the short space of 5 months, still remains a work of great style and diction. According to Badaūnī,⁵⁴ when it was presented to Akbar formally, it was included among the set of books read at the court, and Naqīb Khan was appointed to read it to His Majesty. The poetical merits of the *Nal wa Daman* have even appealed to the Mulla. "It is indeed, a mathnawī", he observes,⁵⁵ "the like of which for the last three hundred years, no poet of India after Amīr Khusrau of Delhi, has composed."

Faiḍī's interest in Sanskrit literature is apparent from the fact that he improved upon the prosaic version of the *Mahābhārata* himself contributing the translation of two *paravas* to the *Razm-nama*⁵⁶: versified the *Bhagwatgita* into Persian, made a Persian translation of Bhaskara Ācharya's famous work on arithmetic and geometry, entitled the *Lilavati*⁵⁷, at Akbar's order in A. H. 995, and made a Persian prose translation of Somadeva's famous collection of stories entitled the *Katha Sarit Sangra*.⁵⁸

But perhaps, the most original work on Indian thought by Faiḍī is the *Shariq al-Marifat* or the Sun of Gnosticism—a treatise

52. Ethe : I. No. 518.

53. For his life and works, vide, the A' in-i-Akbari, (Blochmann), I. p. 490 sq., 548 sq., Ouseley : *Biographical Notices*, p. 171-75 ; Elliot : *Biographical Index*, I, p. 256 and other poetical *Tadhkiras*, particularly the *Sh'ir-ul-'Ajam*, Vol. III, p. 81-81.

54. Vide the *Muntakhab-ut-Tawarikh*, Vol. II, p. 806.

55. *Ibid*.

56. Faiḍī evidently polished the prosaic version of (the first) two *paravas*, each called a *fan*. (See also *Razmnama* (*supra*).

57. Faiḍī's translation of the *Lilavati* has been published at Calcutta in 1828. For the merits of the work as translated by Faiḍī, vide the *Asiatic Researches*, Vol. XII, p. 158-185 ; also Colebrooke's *Miscellaneous Essays*, Vol. II, p. 419-450.

58. Ethe ; *Cat. of Persian MSS. in the India Office*, No. 1987.

on the Vedānta philosophy, based entirely on Sanskrit sources, mostly on the *Yoga-Vasishṭa* and the *Bhagwat-Purāṇa*. It is divided into the following twelve *Flashes* (*Lam'a't*) :

The *first lam'a* deals with the greatness of Lord Krishna, and a description of the application of the *Yogic* practices.

The *second lam'a* gives a description "that all worldly lights (*nūrba' i 'alam*) resemble darkness before that Illumined One embracing all lights (*Munawwari ki muhit-i-hama nūrba ast*).

The *third lam'a* deals with the essence of human body (*Dar bayan-i-mahiyat-i-qalib-i-insanī*).

The *fourth lam'a* deals with the condition of the disciple (*murid*) who sets out on the path of *Yoga*.

The *fifth lam'a* gives a description of the Essence of God (*Dhat*) and the Essence of His Attributes.

The *sixth lam'a* deals with the knowledge of the Absolute Essence.

The *seventh lam'a* gives a description of the Attributes of the Absolute Essence. It also deals with some *Yogic* practices.

The *eight lam'a* deals with the quality of human structure which is qualified as the *alam-i-saghir*.

The *ninth lam'a* gives a description that the seeker ultimately becomes initiated into the mysteries of the Self.

The *tenth lam'a* deals with the renunciation of the desires and also of the growth of the attachment and also of the actions and their outcome, so that 'perfect detachment (*tajrīd*) might be acquired !

The *eleventh lam'a* is on the description that "whatever is action (*fi'l*) is perishable, and that the body itself is the result of 'action' and has emanated out of 'action', and that the soul which is the agent (*fa'il*) is imperishable and eternal.

The *twelfth lam'a* is on the description that the worshipper of the real God in certainty reaches perfection.

SARMAD SHAHID

By F. M. ASIRI

IN the history of Islam, particularly of Islamic mysticism, we find special notices of certain princes and saints whose eminence is due more to the circumstance of their death than any intrinsic worth or extraordinary mystical attributes they are supposed to have possessed. By their willingness to undergo immense torture, privation, amputation, and ultimately decapitation, they have won rare heights of eminence in hagiography and shine as dazzling bright stars in the galaxy of mystics and sufis. Muhammad Sa'id,¹ best known by his *nom de plume* 'Sarmad' (the eternal), an inspired sufi of Kashan and later on an associate and protege of Prince Dara Shikuh, may well be counted as one of this unhappy, but in a way fortunate lot. There is every reason to believe that Sarmad's name like those of many of his contemporary poets and sufis would have been passed off and left in oblivion, had Aurangzeb been a little more scrupulous about exercising his authority and a bit more tolerant towards those who differed from him in religious cum political matters.

Like his renowned predecessor, Al-Hallaj,² whose unorthodox pronouncement *Anal Huq* (I am the creative Truth) led him to his most ghastly execution, Sarmad was put to death in A. D. 1661, on the ground of blasphemy. He has ever since been regarded as a martyr (Shahid) fallen to the sword of an autocrat, as one who

1. Ma'athir al Umara gives his Name as Sa'ida. Vol. 1. p. 226.

2. Husain bin Mansur al-Hallaj was executed at Bagdad in A. D. 921, For a detailed account of his life see Browne, History of Persian Literature Vol. 1. and M. Massignon, 'Al-Hallaj', and his works published with French translation.

did not bow to any temporal authority in his regard for the ideal he stood for.

The charges against him were that he used to go about stark naked, without covering even his private parts, the inhabited quarters of the Imperial Capital (Delhi), recited only the first part of the *Kalima*, and denied the physical or bodily ascension of the holy prophet. The apologia is as flimsy and unfortunate as the act perpetrated. The real reason for his execution which will be discussed in detail later on, was more political than religious. Sarmad was a mystic and a great friend of Dara, and he had also prophesied that Dara would succeed to the throne of Delhi. Aurangzeb would hardly have let any associates of his arch-enemy, who might intrigue against his authority any time in future, go unpunished. He was afraid of Sarmad's active influence over the general public and arranged to finish with him. Otherwise, how many babblers there were walking up and down the crowded streets like gymnosophists and their utterances not quite in line with the *Shariat i Islamia* !

However, Aurangzeb by this action did a great service, unwittingly though, to the cause of mystics and mystic poetry ; for the account of Sarmad's execution with exaggerated tales of his unusual fortitude and forbearance had had its psychological effect. His verses and quatrains were thereafter, treated as instances of God's grace and mercy and hence much care was taken to record and preserve them.

EARLY LIFE

The sources available to us regarding Sarmad's life are so meagre that we are not in a position to prepare a systematic account out of them. We find notices about him in almost all contemporary records, which suggests him to have been a fairly important personage ; but to our great disappointment all have dismissed him in a few lines after having given only the last event of his life. Generally the memoirs begin the brief story of his life with his arrival in India, but as for his early life (and youth too) spent mostly at Kashan (Iraq Ajam),

1. Dabistan-i-Madhabib was written by Mirza Fani somewhere by the middle of the 17th century.

we are left quite in the dark. Still we are fortunate to have Dabistan-i-Madhab (School of Religions)¹ wherein we find some references to his place of birth etc. Mirza Fani, the author of Dabistan had met Sarmad in Hyderabad (Deccan) several times ; thus we are obliged to believe his stray references to some important events as based on reliable information and take due help from them for the composition of a brief sketch of his life.

Sarmad was born at Kashan in the reign of Shah Abbas the Great (obt 1628) in a fairly well-to-do family of Jews.¹ His parents originally belonged to Armenia, a province situated in the north of Iran, but they had quitted their native place for better prospects in trade at Kashan. Sarmad's early education was done on the lines of strict Jewish traditions. He was quite good at his studies and possessed acute talents to grasp things with unusual ease and rapidity. In a very short time he completed the course of studies prescribed for becoming a qualified doctor of Jewish theology. He is said to have learnt the Jewish scriptures (the Book of Moses) by heart, a thing quite uncommon among the Jews.

Sarmad acquired knowledge which was sufficient to make him a Rabbi or a Jewish preceptor, but he himself was not quite satisfied with it. He was actually meant for a wider sphere of faith which is generally above the wrangle of religious bigotries. His present acquisitions only sharpened his intelligence and made him capable enough to grasp more and more. He studied the New Testament and all other books on Christianity. Thereafter he started with the Quran and Hadith. For this he found great teachers like Abul Qasim Fandarski² and Sadrud Din of Shiraz (generally known as Mulla Sadra). Both of these teachers held liberal views about religion, for which reason they were perpetually put to great trouble and discomfort by the orthodox mullas. From these eminent philosophers, Sarmad imbibed new liberal ideas extending beyond the narrow sphere of sectarianism.

With this educational background and liberal outlook, Sarmad

1. In *Miftahut Tawrikh* and *Mirstul Khaya* Sarmad is mentioned as a Frangi (Christian) of Armenia. M. K. p. 215 & M. T. , P. 404.

2. For detailed account of the liberal philosophy of Mulla Sadra (obt 1641 A. D.) and Abul Kasim (obt. 1641 A. D.) See Browne : *History of Persian lit.* IV.

decided to renounce his old ancestral faith and come into the fold of Islam. He has admitted this in one of his quatrains :

Sarmad, thou hast won a great name
As thou hast turned away from infidelity toward Islam.

Besides this religious philosophy and metaphysics, Sarmad also studied Persian and Arabic languages and got sufficient mastery over them. According to Farhatun Nazirin "he learnt the Bible (Old & New Testaments) by heart and then embraced Islam. He studied other sciences and became well-versed in all branches of Arabic literature." The *Riadhush Shuara* goes a step further and records him to be a great savant and that he was unparalleled in the excellence of his knowledge of Arabic, and that in the field of literature (poetry and prose) he had excelled all.¹

Now, Sarmad settled down in his native town and took to the ancestral profession of trade. But he was not quite negligent of his studies. Though much of the time he was engaged in his business, yet he had some spare moments to write lyrical poetry which he declares to be far better than what he had produced in his old age. In a quatrain he says :

Hereafter, it is difficult for me to produce so refined thoughts ;
What I had to say, had been said in my youth.

Sarmad was not destined to stay long in Kashan, for Fate had some thing new in store for him. Like many other traders who streamed into India with hopes of larger profits and gains, Sarmad travelled by sea to India with a ship full of his precious merchandise and disembarked at Tatta, the then provincial capital of Sindh.

SARMAD IN INDIA

Sarmad's arrival in India marked the end of his career as a man of the world. He received there at Tatta a 'novel shock' or *coup de l'amour*, which brought him down to his real self ; and with it he found new vistas of the ultimate Truth opened before him. One day, as he promenaded on the streets of the town, he happened to meet a handsome young lad, Abhay Chand by name. He was so

1. *Riadhush Shuara* Ms. p. 89. (Ma'arif May 1946).

much infatuated with the good looks of the lad, that he nearly swooned and sat down there in a state of utter despondency and hopelessness.¹ He is said to have remained there sitting for several days quite careless of his business and trade. According to Dabisten, Sarmad gave away all his wealth to the poor and kept nothing for himself, not even a piece of cloth to cover himself with. The father of the lad took pity on Sarmad and invited him to his house. Sarmad's love for the lad was not one-sided only ; it was reciprocated with equal vehemence by the latter. Sarmad had now attained the position when he could justly be called an inspired Sufi and Abhay Chand was his first and foremost disciple.

Maulana Azad in his learned monograph on Sarmad has tried to minimise the importance of this great event in his life ; or rather, in a subdued tone, he has denied the very occurrence of it. He admits that the lad was a much-devoted disciple of Sarmad, but the word of profane, mutual love could not be applied to it. Maulana Azad's argument in the face of reliable reports, I am afraid, is not very much convincing. He seems to have done it in a good sense to save the saint from the so-called scandal, for such a 'love' it was felt could not be safely ascribed to a man of Sarmad's eminence.

This outburst of affectionate feelings which might be characterised as a turning point in Sarmad's life is taken exception to by some moralists. But truly speaking this sort of love—at once profane and metaphysical—is regarded by the sufis as a guide to the True Love and a source of inspiration for the attainment of the ultimate Reality.² "By the love the saint learns to forget self and see only the Beloved, until he at length realises that what he loves in his beloved is a mere dim reflection of the Eternal Beauty, which appears in thousands of mirrors, yet is but one."

The idea of loving a youth (instead of a woman), successfully put into practice by great saints like Amir Khushrau, Fakhrud Din Iraqi, Madhu Lal Hussain and a host of others, was originally Greek³

1. According to Riadhul Azfin, this event took place in Sarat where Sarmad had come first from Persia. p. 89.

2. Al-Majaza Qantra tul haqiqat : the Phantasmal is the bridge to the Real.

3. Purjābi Sufi Poetry Pp. 19-20. This youth love is different from Indian Tantricism.

The Greeks hold that 'youth love' was the only form of love worthy of a noble soul. For detailed historical development of 'youth love' philosophy see "Antimachus of Colophon" and "Position of Women in Greek Philosophy."

and later borrowed by Persian poets and sufis.¹ The sufis believe this course expedites their mergence into Divinity. They further explain :

1. That a youth is physically more perfect and inspires the sufis better in the description of their Beloved. This is like an artist who wants a beautiful model to paint some Divine subject,
2. That man is a weak being and cannot practically be divorced from his natural desires ; so if he takes the other sex for his 'guidance', his progress towards perfection might be retarded.
3. That God has no feminine attributes (for He is ever mentioned as He) and to describe Him and to think constantly of Him, a perfect youth is needed,
4. To this may be added the public scandal that might come in the wake of such a love, which the sufis so much cherished as a means to practical renunciation of the ephemeral.

However, this course of true Platonic love might be taken either way, good or bad ; but the events that followed in the case of Sarmad have proved beyond any shadow of doubt that it could sometimes (if not always) be most effective for the attainment of one's desired object. Sarmad's renunciation of the world and setting forth with quick strides on the path of spiritualism followed in the wake of his meeting with Abhay Chand.

Sarmad taught Abhay Chand the then prevalent sciences and literature and he is said to have made a good progress in them. Abhay Chand could write Persian prose and verse very well. He translated a part of the Old Testament, which Mirza Mushin Fani included in his Dabistan, after having it compared with the translation done by Sarmad. The following couplet is ascribed to Abhay Chand :—

I am a follower of the Furgan—a priest and an anchorite
I am a Rabbi of the Jews, an idolater and a Muslim.

The couplet suggests that Abhay Chand too had come into the fold of Sarmad's liberal faith.

Sarmad was then mostly in a state of ecstasy and was often quite unconscious of his self. He was a majdhub in the real sense of the term and under the circumstance no power could bind him to a place or person. Sarmad disappeared suddenly from Tatta and for

1. Persian poet's love is always 'male' e. g. mugh-bacha(magi-son).

several years was not heard of until Mirza Muhsin found him at Hyderabad (Deccan) in the year 1646 A. D. Sarmad during his stay there enjoyed much favour from every quarter. The peshwa (minister or *pir*) of the ruler of Golconda, Shaikh Muhammad¹ Khan, was much attached to Sarmad and liked to attend his meetings whenever he could find time. Sarmad too has eulogised the Shaikh in a quatrain :

(O Shaikh) thou encompasseth the heavenly orbit like a huge circle—
 Nay hundreds of heavens wait upon thee as slaves.
 Turn this poor man's dark night into a bright day,
 As thou enjoyeth the sunshine-favours of the king Qutub Shah.²

The duration of Sarmad's stay at Hyderabad cannot be ascertained by any means. This much we know that in A. H. 1057 (A. D. 1648) he was still there. In that year Mirza Fani heard him saying in his state of ecstasy, that Shaikh Muhammad would die shortly and that Mir Jumla would soon reach a very high position—prophecies which according to the Mirza turned out to be true word for word. It is said the main cause for his popularity there was his high spiritual state, his liberal views and the fine pieces of poetry which constantly flowed forth from his mouth. Sarmad's fame was not confined to Deccan only, but it had also filtered to the Mugal dominions far and wide. Even the imperial capital was not quite ignorant of him. The people there, especially the lovers of mystic poetry, anxiously waited for the time when Sarmad could be in their midst.

Sarmad was in a state of mind which could hardly keep him in a particular place. He set out on his wanderings once again and none could know of his whereabouts for several years, when to the amazement of all he was suddenly found parading the streets of Delhi stark naked—something which filled the super-sensitive heart of Bernier, the French traveller, with great disgust.³ The news of his arrival spread like wild-fire and the people of the town rushed to see him. The heir-apparent, Dara Shikuh, who had developed a great love for sufis of the type of Sarmad, received Sarmad at his court with due reverence and estimation. He also arranged for his audience

1. For Shaikh Muhammad see Tadhkira Nasir Abadi, p. 159.

2. Dabistan p. 194.

3. Bernier's Travels, p. 317.

with the Emperor, Shah Jahan, who appointed his courtier, Inayat Khan, to report on the spiritual state and miraculous powers of Sarmad. But Inayat Khan was not much impressed with his spiritual pronouncements and reported the whole thing in a verse :

It is wrong to ascribe any miracles to Sarmad,
'The revelation' is only the revelation of his private parts.¹

But Shah Jahan who had great regard for Sarmad replied in the same tone :

"Just a piece of rough cloth can silence the scandalous tongue."

Sarmad's meeting with the emperor took place probably in the year 1658 (A. H. 1068) when he fell seriously ill and left for Agra where he wished to breathe his last in the sight of his beloved wife's tomb, the Taj Mahal. This was followed by a bloody war of succession among the four sons of Shah Jahan, and it took away the other great patron of Sarmad, Dara Shikuh. Now Aurangzeb came to the throne. He did not see eye to eye with Sarmad in the matter of religion. Also, Sarmad wished Dara Shikuh to succeed to the throne vacated by Shah Jahan and had publicly expressed his opinion about it.

Besides, Aurangzeb was quite conscious of the hold of Sarmad over the public and he feared lest he might bring about a revolution against him. So before it could develop into a regular menace to his authority, he wished to see this obstacle out of his way. But it was not quite an easy task to lay hands on Sarmad. So the assistance of the Shariat (religious laws) was sought. Sarmad was hauled up before the court of law to answer charges framed against him. The charges as recorded in history books were as follows :

1. He recited only the first part of the Kalima (i. e. La ilaha : there is no God, which suggests the negation of the Lord—and hence infidelity.

2. He did not believe in the personal or physical ascension of the holy prophet as he had expressed it in a quatrain translated here below :

One who comprehends the secrets of the truth
Has become vaster than the vast heaven ;
Mulla says, 'Ahmad ascended to heaven ;
Sarmad says, nay, heaven came down to Ahmad.²

1. Kashf means the revelation of divine secrets to a Saint.

2. 1 'Traṭṭī Kh. vol. n. 218

3. His persistence in keeping himself shamelessly naked was objectionable according to Shariat.

The judge Mulla Abdul Qawi¹ appointed for the trial of Sarmad was extremely partial and had a special grudge against him, for his presence in Delhi had shadowed the great reputation of the Mulla's excellence and wider knowledge. It was he who advised Aurangzeb to arraign Sarmad before the court and pass sentence of death on him. However, Sarmad stood his charges with boldness and courage and pleaded 'not guilty'. To the first charge, he said that he was yet lost in the La ilah (the negation of the Lord) and would pronounce the affirming part after he had actually found Him. Of his nakedness, he explained, that that mode of life was not forbidden among Israelites, because prophet Asaiah did not put on any clothes in the last days of his life. Also he recited the following quatrains :

One who gave you the kingly throne
Provided me with all means of vexation ,
He grants dress to the sinful to hide their sins,
But to the sinless He only gives the garment of nudity.

A fine-statured one has lowered my position,
And with his intoxicating eyes, has carried me away off myself.
He lives in me and I go in search of Him,
A strange thief has stripped me of my dress.

Sarmad's arguments failed to convince the judge and a sentence of death was passed on him. This had had the approval of the other ulamas and the king. It is said that after Sarmad was sentenced to death, Shah Asadullah, an old friend of his met him and asked him to recite the whole of the Kalima and cover his private parts, but he refused to act upon his advice and said :

It is long since the words of Mansur passed into oblivion,
I wish to demonstrate the gibbet and the rope once again,²

A platform outside the main gate of the Juma Masjid (Delhi)

1. For detailed account of Abdul Qawi see Ma'athirul Umara V. 1,

2. Ref. Thani Asif.

was erected for the purpose of his execution. Sarmad guarded by armed soldiers and surrounded by a huge crowd walked from the Red Fort towards the Juma Masjid with perfect calmness, as if nothing untoward was going to happen to him. While walking down to the place of his execution, he recited extempore many beautiful quatrains.

Sarmad quietly ascended the scaffold and put his head on the wooden block. As the executioner approached, Sarmad said :

My friend, naked sword thou comest,
I recognise thee, in whatever guise thou comest.

It has been related on the authority of Wallah of Daghistan, that Sarmad's lips, immediatly after his head was severed from his body, were heard uttering the whole of the Kalima 'La ilaha illullah' (there is no God but Allah). Sarmad was buried at the place of his execution and his grave still exists there and is visited annually by thousands of mystics and others. This event took place in the year A. H. 1071 (A. D. 1661) i. e. in the third year of Aurangzeb's reign (1658—1707).

His Works

Sarmad was a born poet and possessed a great command over the language. But as compared with his extraordinary capacity to recite verses extempore for hours together, very little has been handed down to us. He wrote in all forms of Persian poetry, qitas, odes, quatrains, for example, but nothing except the quatrains have come down in a collected form. All else, to our great regret, is believed to have been lost. For this his sudden renunciation of the world, his state of mind and his constant wanderings are mostly responsible. However, we possess a comparatively sufficient number of quatrains to help us understand his mystical expressions, though the actual mystical experience is beyond the reach of our mind, as Goethe has said :

Wer den Dichter verstehen
Muss in Dichter's Lande gehen.1

1. He who wants to understand poets
Must go to the lands of poets.

Pantheism or Oneness of God has ever been the main theme of Persian poetry. It is believed that God manifests Himself in various ways and the main object of life is to find Him out and be merged into Him, for the soul of man is actually a part of Divinity and it therefore longs to go back to its origin. All the Persian Poets like Rumi, Hafiz, Jami, Umar Khayyam and scores of others at different times have expressed their 'dea of attaining union of the soul with God or the 'Beloved', as characterised by them in numerous gazels, qitas and quatrains. But since the time of Abu Said bin Abul Khayer (obt. A. H. 440). quatrains have exclusively been adopted for special reasons by the mystics as the vehicle of their thoughts. They often express their deeper emotions by images drawn from the sensuous and temporal. Hence arise the two classes of sufi metaphors, 'those drawn from wine and those drawn from love.'

Although almost all the mystics wrote quatrains, yet so far as the art of expression and refinement of thought are concerned, only a few could excel others. Those who stood out among a large number of quatrain writers, are Abu Said Khayyam, Sahabi and Sarmad. Sarmad's style is very much like Khayyam's ; but as for mystical ideas he is as good as Abu Said. Khayyam's epicurianism is not quite up to his taste and he does not want to waste away his life in pursuit of pleasure ; but he is eager to spend every moment in seeking communion with God. To him life's only object is to acquire knowledge about God, as he says :

On the day when the rewards of man's action will be granted
Thy share will be in proportion to the knowledge of God thou possessest.

Sarmad was a mystic of the highest spiritual order and he wrote quatrains both in uncouscious and conscious states. While conscious of his self and the world around, he appears much depressed and despondent. He holds that 'all the worldly connections 'keep him back from approaching his beloved. He tried hard for a glance at the face of his Lord but fails and ultimately admits his helplessness in this matter ; for he thinks Him lying far beyond the depth of his wisdom. He says :

Alas ! my imagination failed to reach Him,
Though it ran hard in this wilderness,

and again :

To understand Him with a common mind is practically impossible ;
To see Him with the eye of heart is unthinkable.

For this incapability of his reaching the ultimate Reality, he holds his own sins and misdeeds responsible and is very much ashamed of them ; therefore he invoked the Lord for forgiveness of them :

Every morning and evening I feel depressed at my own sins,
Heart-broken and shameful at my state of affairs.
What consequently this thing leads to,
I am really lost in thought about it.

The ocean of His mercy extends far and wide ;
The tongue and the heart fail to pay due gratitude to Him.
Though sins are numerous, and His mercy can cover them all,
We always float on the ocean of sins.

Without thy mercy none of my difficulties will be solved,
Constant sorrow does not give rest to my heart.
O God make the crop of my heart fruitful,
So that I might get the treasure of relief (faraghat).

Sarmad also advises other people to give up their worldly pursuits ; for this world, he says, is only for a few days and what is everlasting is God and one must try hard to reach him. The majority of his quatrains run in this strain. As he himself had been a very wealthy merchant, he understood fairly well what spiritual loss to oneself this indulgence in gold and silver entails. In a quatrain he says :

"Don't give yourself up to the sorrows of the world", I have told you ;
"Don't feel happy over your excursions into hills and deserts."
"You should know this world is nothing but a mirage,
"Or a bubble floating on the waves of the ocean, O friend", I have told you.

Like other sufis Sarmad also puts the people on guard against the pseudo-mystics and so-called religious heads who practise hypocrisy and lead the ignorant novices astray :

From these greedy persons thou wilt ne'er get any help,
Nor will they let thee have any rest.

Like a bezel-stone even though thou be whetted for hundred years
Thou wilt ne'er be able to get a good name.

This woollen garment (of sufis) hides signs of infidelity inside,
It's a fraud and hypocrisy and much danger lies in it.

He also admonishes the novices to keep off from self-indulgence, vanity, greed and selfishness by being content with what they have got; they must move on slowly and cautiously towards their goal.

But there come moments when Sarmad is no longer conscious of his self. Like an over flowing cup he gets beyond his person and finds himself in communion with God. These are the moments when he leaves this world and every thing connected with it, even his fanatical religiosity, and sees nothing but the light of the Lord. Like Mansur and Bayazid Bistemi his tongue too gets out of his control, and he exclaims :

"I am the King of Kings, O pious man, and not a naked like thee ;
Every part is agitated yet (gracefully) composed.
(I declare to be) an idol worshipper, an infidel and not at all a faithful.
(Do what you like) I go to the mosque without being a Muslim ;

And he finds no difference between Kaba and temple :

In Kaba and temples alike they preserve only His stone and His wood.
In one place He takes the form of the 'black stone'
And in the other He becomes the idol of the Hindu.

And getting far above the wrangle of different creeds he refuses to believe there was any difference between Allah's prophets on the one hand and Lakshman and Rama on the other. Everything was God and His manifestations.

But such mystical experiences, frequent though, did not last long. They always passed off quickly and like the lightning the whole thing got suddenly brightened up, but the next moment he found himself lost again in complete darkness.

It is absolutely difficult for any one to describe such experiences. He however tries to explain metaphorically :

I saw the whole thing flared up,
The same thing visible on every side,

I saw the drama of 'Moth and Candle'
But (I found) the source of light was elsewhere.

To understand such experiences of these mystics is even as difficult as to explain them. Just as Goethe has said, one must have similar experiences to appreciate them.

Sarmad after having wandered long in the 'wilderness of hope and fear' reaches the goal—the abode of his Beloved :

Thank God, the Beloved has been so kind to me,
He showered mercy and benevolence according to my worth.
The plant which is set bears fruit at last ;
At last, I plucked a flower in the garden of Love.



TWELVE ASPECTS OF AMERICAN LITERATURE

By KRISHNALAL SHRIDHARANI

DURING the few months I have spent in India after my twelve-year stay in the United States, I have been asked many questions about the state of American letters. This quest for American literature is a part of India's new interest in the United States. It is more than that. It signifies the death of a popular myth. Formerly it was believed that America has no literature. And upon my return I find that American books have flooded the Indian market, as they have flooded the rest of the world.

It is hard to provide an introduction to American literature short of writing a tome. All I can do is to provide a peephole. And it is bound to be an Indian peephole, since I functioned as an Indian writer even in the United States.

The fact that I could function in America as an Indian writer is itself indicative of the open-door policy of American literature. Most cultures of the world are suspicious of foreign ways. Most professions are intolerant of foreigners. Especially the writers of a country operate on the basis of closed-shop. A writer of one country writing in the language of another is hardly taken seriously. Take the instance of England. In its long and glorious literary traditions, it has accepted only one foreigner as its own—Joseph Conrad.

American literature offers a refreshing relief in this otherwise isolationist pattern. America has accepted and even glorified foreign writers residing on its soil and writing in English. I can cite many names but I shall limit myself to only two writers who are no strangers to thinking Indians—the late Dhana Gopal Mukerjee of India and Lin Yutang of China. America's literary tastes know

no national boundaries ; they are truly catholic in the non-religious sense of the term.

This open door policy of American literature reflects the character of America as a nation. America is the world in miniature. It is, like India, a melting pot of races and religions, colours and creeds. Fresh racial stocks continued to pour into the melting pot. And yet what emerged was not a hybrid but an authentic type—the American.

This is the first facet of the American life which we should bear in mind in order to understand American literature. And since literature mirrors the life of a people, we must understand what is called “the American Way.” American literature has been enriched by the myriad cultural traits which go to make America. I will give only unexpected examples, unexpected, that is, to Indians. You will find Oriental mysticism in the haunting poetry of Khalil Jibran, the Syrian. You will find the elusive quality of Tagore’s plays in the dramas of William Saroyan, the Arminian.

The second element that we should note is the physical immensity of the country. America is larger than India, but that comparison does not evoke the full image of the titan. This immense country was rugged and virginal only three hundred years ago. The lore of the Aryan pioneers who tamed India is now remote from our consciousness. But the saga of the sturdy pioneers who broke the American frontier is still a matter of family traditions. So the American novel has an epical overtone. It reflects the ruggedness and all the violence of its vast landscape which was untamed and unconquered until very recently. The turbulence and intensity of the frontier life continue to govern themes which are hardly pioneering. Take the instance of Theodore Dreiser whose naturalism matches that of Emile Zola, and whose *AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY* (1925) is the terrifying epic of weakness turning into strength through crucifixion. (I should be pardoned when I single out Dreiser because I lived for two years in a hotel suite which he once occupied for years.) And the massiveness of the American landscape calls for the inexhaustible expressiveness that one finds in Thomas Wolfe. An endless flow of incident is America. An endless flow of observation is Wolfe’s *OF TIME AND THE RIVER* (1935).

There is the third aspect : America boasts of regionalism. This element might not be apparent enough to Indians who are familiar with very startling regional contrasts in their own country. They are apt to see in America a culture flattened by the steamroller of standardization. But from the point of view of observers who come from small compact European countries, the regional variations in America are valid enough. Regional themes in novels and short stories are quite successful. There is the great American South, which provides themes associated with the Civil War. Just recall *ONE WITH THE WIND*. It also abounds in themes of racial conflict. Remember *THE STRANGE FRUIT*? The Puritan New England inspires comedies of manners and tragedies of aristocratic decay ; read John P. Marquand. Or take the West and California as portrayed by John Steinbeck and Upton Sinclair, the latter being more popular in India than in America. The appeal of sectional treatment lies in the fact that one man's regionalism becomes another man's exoticism.

The fourth aspect of American life which we should remember in order to understand American literature is the brevity of American history. America is a baby, however strong and husky, in the family of nations. This very shortness of American history has given birth to an acute historic sense. The contemporary rage is the historical novel. No country in the world has produced so many historical novels on such a short history. On the stage, this historic sense expresses itself in conflicts between generations. In moving pictures, the historic sense bobs up in costume comedies. So much made of so little history !

The fifth characteristic of the American life is to be found in the obliteration of differences between rural and urban life. Gandhiji's India which glorifies the village will be interested to note that America has ever remained disenchanted by agrarian charms. The acid satire of Sinclair Lewis is vented in attacking the barrenness of small Middle Western towns. And yet *MAIN STREET* (1920) and *BABBITT* (1922) won him the Nobel Prize. It is one thing to say that the village needs the help and services of the urban, and quite another to shame the urban into becoming a country hick. In America even a hamlet is a city in miniature. It has paved roads, cinemas, radios, a hospital, school, the town hall, and even a local dramatic society.

A farmer, off his work, wears clothes in the style of Hollywood stars, and he has the musical tastes that match with the tastes of those who frequent New York's Metropolitan Opera House. The result is this : many people in America prefer to live in villages, while in India few educated persons care to go to villages in spite of partiotic appeals.

The sixth thing to rember is, that although America is a land of great trusts and combines and corporations, it has also a cult of creative artists who belong to the liberal revolt. Some time ago these were described as the "muckrakers," and now they are called progressives or leftists. Their aim is to hit big fortunes and to extol the common man through the medium of their art. Many have attacked the so-called Robber Barons, and noteworthy among them are Doss Passos, Steinbeck, James T. Farrell and Upton Sinclair.

I would like to include in this group Erskine Caldwell who follows the "party line" much more unabashedly than the rest. But his work has another value to me. His *TABACCO ROAD* (1932) is indicative of the seventh aspect of American literature—the casual acceptance of the grotesque and the horrible. There is even an element of relishment, as in the case of the artist Dali. Some people prefer nightmares to dreams, oddity to beauty. Maybe it is healthy from the Freudian point of view, and ventilating. Russia and the Continent are familiar with this form, but India is certainly not.

The eighth fact about the American life is the dignity of labour which leads to the elevation of the common man. What Faulkner describes as the "quest for social justice" finds its strongest expression in the greatest of contemporary American novelists, Ernest Hemingway. Idolization of the common man has led him to the edification of the common man's language. Hemingway has become a great exponent of colloquialism in the tradition of Sherwood Anderson. Hemingway is also noted for the intensity of experience and the violence of passion.

The ninth aspect to remember is the American preoccupation with facts. Facts have some magic quality so far as the American is concerned. Know the facts, and the problem will be solved—that is the American credo. Americans are the world's best fact-finders, but not as good theorizers as the Germans or the British. This worship of facts has produced the factual novels of Upton

Sinclair. But as novels, they leave one cold. They are like the documentary film in relation to a human drama.

The observation that I am going to mention as the tenth aspect of American literature will not be noticed by anyone save an Indian. It is alcoholism. Alcoholism is ubiquitous in American novels, plays, movies and paintings. Now this might not arrest the notice of a European, but it is bound to strike as strange to an Indian who can live and die without seeing a drunken man, and whose temperate country is on its way to becoming a prohibition-land. Drinking constitutes a piece of polite business in artistic creations as well as in the actual lives of writers. And there have been heroes who drank themselves to death, both in fiction and among fiction writers.

In the eleventh place, it should be remembered that the backbone of America is the middle class. The mass of the American people belong to the middle class, while the mass of the Indian people belong to the masses. In other words, there is no appreciable middle class in India. Literature in America, therefore, is less class-conscious than in most countries of Europe and Asia. Most of the workers of America still think of themselves as potential millionaires. The myth of the social ladder still persists. The central note of American literature is, therefore, success and progress. The American mind refuses to regard even the sky as the limit. It is the most optimistic mind in the world.

The aspect of the American literary world which will round out our dozen pertains to the rewards of intellectual labour. In America literature pays, which ought to sound reassuring in this land of literary penury. And in quite a few cases literature brings high rewards. Some American novelists are as rich as industrialists. That is because book business has almost become an industry, like almost everything else in America. The mass production and mass enjoyment of a successful book have been possible mainly through the various book clubs whose business it is to guess beforehand what the public will like and then make the public like it. The greatest writers of the world gravitate to America in search of gold. So competition is very stiff, and standard extremely high.

So far I have mainly dealt with the American novel. That is natural. The novel is the thing in American literature. And

this is the century of the American novel. No country in the world can come anywhere near America these days in the quality and the quantity of the novel.

In poetry, America has been poor in the past and it is poorer today. No doubt America had its Walt Whitman and its Edgar Allen Poe, and today it can claim such favourites of mine as Robert Frost and Archibald MacLeish and Carl Sandburg. But poetry is a dying art in America, as everywhere else in the world, save, perhaps, India. Somehow or other, our modern machine civilization does not allow a free reign to our fancy and to our emotions, and without these poetry dies. With it dies one of the tenderest segments of man's make-up, but this hard-boiled world leaves little room for tenderness anyway.

I am no expert, but to me the American theatre is the liveliest I have seen anywhere. I have seen English dramas, and some French and Chinese plays. Unfortunately I have no knowledge of the Soviet stage, and I know all too much about the Indian theatre not to feel pained. Of all the national stages I have seen, I like the American stage most. Even today, America can boast of such playwrights as Eugene O'Neill, Robert E. Sherwood, and William Saroyan.

The greatest thing about America is that it always looks to the future and seldom to the past. The promise of America is rosier than its past. There are quite a few young writers with promise, great promise. I would like to point out only three most obvious cases : William Saroyan in drama ; Howard Fast and John Hershey in novel. These are the people to watch.

RELIGIOUS PACIFISM IN THE WEST THE QUAKERS

By HORACE ALEXANDER

It is hardly to be wondered at if in Asia today Christians are thought to be the most bloodthirsty section of the human race. Even if we overlook the fact that World War I and the more deadly phase of World War II both came out of the West, it is still true that the history of Christendom is in large measure a history of war. Perhaps wars have been allowed to occupy disproportionate space in many western history books. But even so, the fact that historians have been inclined to give them so much attention is a melancholy reflection on western culture. And the eastern visitor who enters St. Paul's Cathedral or other noble architectural buildings where God is worshipped in the West, and who finds them hung with the torn banners that have served as regimental colours in a series of wars, may well wonder whether Christians really worship Christ or Mars.

Probably the truth is that the best representatives of every great culture are only a small proportion of the population. In their own age men of God, mystics, prophets, poets, artists, more often than not, live in obscurity. It is to later ages, rather than their own, that their light shines, redeeming their age from the gloom of its conventional proprieties. Thus, in the Roman Empire, very few of its leading citizens are like to have been aware that there lived among them an obscure sect whose members, when called upon to defend or to expand the Empire, declared: "I am a Christian, therefore I cannot fight." Although some of the fighting Christians of today try to deny it, there seems to be no real doubt that in the first two

centuries after Christ, no Christian would become a soldier. And that, indeed, is what any unsophisticated reader of the New Testament might reasonably have expected.

When Christianity became the official religion of the Roman Empire, the early tradition was soon forgotten. But all through the history of Europe and the West, century after century, there have arisen small brotherhoods and other radical movements in the Church who have renounced war and declared it to be wrong and unchristian to participate in war under any circumstances. Usually such groups have been bitterly persecuted, both by Church and State authority. They have not long survived. The Quakers are almost the only one of the many pacifist groups that have arisen inside the Christian Church who have survived for more than a century.

The Quakers grew up in the age of religious ferment and vitality that swept over England in the middle of the seventeenth century. Modern historians tend to stress the economic issues that led to the English Civil War, and undoubtedly they were important. But religion was even more important to the men of that age. It has been truly said that the people of England then would crowd to listen to a religious debate as today they will crowd to a football match.

The Quakers believed that they stood for "primitive Christianity revived." They were for getting rid of all professional priests, as they believed that God was ready at all times to speak directly to the hearts of every man and woman, so that all were called to be priests, alongside their ordinary avocations of tilling the soil or tending the house or whatever it might be. There was a seed of God, they declared, in every man, and George Fox, the main founder of the Society, urged his fellow-Quakers to "walk cheerfully over the world, answering that of God in every man." In the first few years the pioneers undertook perilous journeys over land and sea, and found a friendly response in places like Constantinople as well as in some parts of Western Europe. But from the beginning they were met by fierce persecution from Governments. During the reign of Charles II for years the English jails were full of Quakers, many of whom died in jail. Their repudiation of ecclesiastical authority was seen to involve a challenge to political authority too. Indeed, some

of the early Quakers did interpret the doctrine of the "Inner Light" in such a way as to lead to anarchy, but the Society as a whole avoided this peril by recognising that each man's inner light should be checked by the united judgment of the whole group. But this did not imply the acceptance of a majority vote. It has always been the habit of Quakers in their business meetings to try and find the will of God for the whole group, and not to record a decision till there is real unity.

Even when a number of the persecuted Quakers emigrated to America, in some of the American colonies they were as fiercely persecuted as in England. But one of the greatest of the Quakers, William Penn, was given a grant of land by King Charles II, and he founded the city of Philadelphia (or "brotherly love") and the State of Pennsylvania. On reaching America, Penn met the Indian chiefs, and negotiated with them for the settlement of his Quaker colonists on certain lands. This Treaty, agreed to without oath, was respected for many years, and there was peace between the Quakers and the Indians at times when other English colonists were constantly fighting with them and defrauding them of their lands. Moreover, for seventy years, while the Quakers were in authority, the State lived without armed protection. In the end the Colony got so much involved in the affairs of its neighbours and in British imperial politics that the Quakers withdrew from the Assembly, and Penn's "Holy Experiment", as we still like to call it, came to an end. Its lesson seems to be that an unarmed State is by no means an idealist's impracticable dream, but that it is hard for one State alone to live disarmed in a world of armed States.

The so-called "Peace Testimony" of the Quakers (which, by the way, is a nickname they have accepted—their official designation is "Religious Society of Friends") is derived from the central doctrine, already described, that there is a divine principle in every man, and that it is therefore the duty of the man of God to appeal to that principle even in the most hardened of sinners, or the most brutal of tyrants. Our duty is to try to redeem men from their evil by active love, forgiveness and other heroic virtues, not to coerce, still less to kill the evil-doer. Such attempts may only rouse the wrath of the evil-doer, and he may turn on his would-be redeemer and friend, and injure or kill him. That is exactly what happened

in the case of Jesus. His disciples must be prepared for the same treatment.

The first clear statement on this great issue came from George Fox himself at the time of the English civil war. Already he had been sent to jail for his unorthodox acts and speeches. The Parliament men saw that he was a young man of dynamic vigour, and so they proposed to release him and make him head of a troop of soldiers. But Fox told them that he "lived in the virtue of that life and power that took away the occasion (the cause) of all wars", and so he went back to serve a longer and harder jail sentence. Ten years later, at the time of King Charles' restoration, the Quakers fell under suspicion of being implicated in an armed revolt against him. Whereupon they declared to the world : "We utterly deny all outward wars and strife, and fightings with outward weapons, for any end, or under any pretence whatever ; this is our testimony to the whole world. The spirit of Christ by which we are guided is not changeable, so as once to command us from a thing as evil and again to move us to it ; and we certainly know and testify to the world, that the Spirit of Christ, which leads us into all truth, will never move us to fight and war against any man with outward weapons, neither for the kingdom of Christ nor for the kingdoms of this world." Again and again, right through the past three hundred years, in times of war, the Quakers, whether in England or America or in other lands where small groups have been found, have stood out against the prevailing belief in armed force. In recent wars some individual members have joined the forces, but the Society as a whole has stood against all participation in war.

Again and again, especially since measures of military conscription have been enacted in many western countries, individuals have suffered severely for their convictions. In the American civil war, for instance, some who refused to fight in the southern armies were sent into the front line of battle unarmed, but in most cases they had what seemed like miraculous escapes from death. During the first world war, a number of Quakers, along with thousands of other conscientious objectors in England, suffered imprisonment with hard labour for two or three years, and some were badly handled by the troops when they were first arrested ; a few were sent to

France under military law and there sentenced to death for refusing to obey orders in the military zone.

In this last war, prison sentences for conscientious objectors were much less common, both in England and America, as the exemptions permitted by law were much more liberally applied.

For long, Quakers were content to refuse participation in war, without giving much attention to the conditions that would make for the establishment of peace. It has already been indicated, however, in the summary given of the history of Pennsylvania, that justice among peoples and races was accepted as the right way of life. Very early in the eighteenth century, voices were raised among the American Quaker settlers (first of all in Germantown, Philadelphia, a place settled by persecuted people from Germany) against the possession of Negro slaves. The cause of emancipation was soon after taken up by John Woolman, perhaps the most saintly man the Quaker society has ever produced. His method of action was to visit slave-owners personally, and reason with them in favour of emancipating their slaves. So gentle was his spirit, and so deep and intense his conviction, and above all, so genuine and selfless was his own life, that he carried conviction to many slave-owners. Before long he and a few companions had convinced all their fellow-Quakers, and from that time on, the Society in America was active in the campaign for abolishing slavery from the whole American continent.

The English Quakers were not far behind them in this work. They too, from the end of the eighteenth century, were among the most vigorous supporters of Wilberforce and his fellow "abolitionists" in England. It is worth noting, too, that throughout this long campaign the Quaker workers were always concerned for the well-being of the individual slaves, both before and after emancipation. This concern for the well-being of the exploited races continued through the nineteenth century, and expressed itself in attempts to start schools in Africa, and to provide employment for ex-slaves in the West Indies and in East Africa.

Such activity, however, was undertaken by a few members only. The main body of Quakers were content to live quiet lives outside the political and social struggle, and to become wealthy in banking and in business. John Woolman, in the middle of the

eighteenth century, had urged his fellow-members to consider whether the seeds of war were not to be found in their possessions, in their love of riches, and in their conformity to "customs which Christ our Redeemer discountenanced by his example in the days of his flesh", but after nearly two hundred years this is too hard a doctrine still for most Quakers. Nevertheless, there has, in the past century, been a growing recognition that it is not enough to stand aside from the waging of war. Those who refuse to be drawn into war must work to root out the causes of war, whether in their own lives or in the organisation of human society.

During and after all the major wars of the past century, from the Crimean war of 1854 on through the Franco-German war of 1870-1, the Boer War of 1899 and the two world wars, the Quakers have attempted to relieve the suffering of the civilian victims of war. They have been specially concerned to assist the sufferers among the so-called enemies. Thus, the first large fund collected among English Quakers for war victims was on behalf of Finnish fishermen whose village had been bombarded by the British fleet during the Crimean War. Between 1914 and 1918 much was done in England to succour German and other enemy civilians who were caught by the war in England, and after 1918 great funds were raised in America and distributed by Quakers for relieving the starving children of Germany. Such efforts have not, of course, been confined to enemy peoples. The Quaker principle in undertaking relief is to try to find the gaps that other people, because of political and social prejudice, or for other reasons, have left. Thus, at a time, early in the last war, when some hundreds of English Fascists were interned, it was found that in some cases their families were reduced to destitution. To the Quakers, it was wrong that the family of a Fascist should be allowed to starve. So they did what they could to see that some provision was made for them. Such simple acts of love may also have the effect of winning people from evil and anti-social opinions. .

The deeper principle underlying all this work may be expressed in the words : "Wherever other men are sowing seeds of hatred and of strife, we must sow seeds of love and understanding" ; wherever there is conflict, there the peacemaker must go.

Vast sums have been spent in such efforts to relieve suffering in the past few years. But they are as nothing compared to the sums

that are poured out in preparation for more war. Something is radically wrong with human society, and so far the efforts of men of goodwill seem powerless to check the forces of destruction. Evidently, what is being done is not enough. New and more radical cures must be undertaken. Where are the doctors who will diagnose the world's malady successfully, and then apply a potent remedy? Of analyses there are indeed plenty. We get rather tired of the clever diagnoses and the quack remedies that are trumpeted abroad with all the noise typical of modern propaganda. In the world's present predicament, only the wisest of men, only those who have for many years lived close to the source of all true wisdom, will be able to save the world from death.



A NOTE ON
“THE NEW INFECTIONISM”

Illustration by ABANINDRANATH TAGORE

The following comment by the artist explains the motif of this picture :—

(From a letter written to Shri Nandalal Bose on 23rd June, 1922).

“Nanda, Have you seen the self-portrait that I sent to Gouri ?.....Do you know what it is for an artist to take to ‘Cubism’ ? For Krishna to forsake Radhika and fall in love with Kubja* !”

* Kubja was a hunch-backed maid-servant whom Sri Krishna met when he came to the capital city Mathura, leaving the countryside Brindaban, and cured her of her ugliness. She offered herself to the Lord.....Radhika is the embodiment of pure Love. Kubja here represents intricate Intellectuality.

REVIEWS

IQBAL : THE POET AND HIS MESSAGE : By Dr. Sachchidananda Sinha. Published by Ram Narain Lal, Publishers Allahabad. 1947.
Pp. xliii + 512. Price Rs. 8/-.

DR. SINHA'S detailed analysis and critical appraisal of Iqbal's poetry and philosophy will give a rude shock to Indian votaries of the poet. His study seems to have been based on everything written on Iqbal—critical and uncritical—except the works of the poet in the original. Iqbal was a Panjabi poet, Urdu was his 'acquired tongue' and Persian, for which he forsook Urdu, was not his 'mother-tongue'; and since, as Macaulay has said, no noble work of imagination was ever composed by any man except in his own dialect, Iqbal failed where none of his Indo-Persian predecessors had succeeded.

Dr. Sinha's strictures on Indo-Muslim poets are unfortunate. He agrees with Browne that Indian Persian is Baboo Persian and that Persian literature produced in India lacks the real Persian flavour. Most of the present day lovers of Indo-Persian literature, like Prof. Ghani, cling to the delusion to the contrary. So, he regrets that Iqbal forsook Urdu for Persian and finds his Persian poems "almost all didactic, dealing with philosophical and theological themes, and are in no sense emotional and inspiring" (p. 121). In Dr. Sinha's estimate of Iqbal's Persian poetry, the Persian works of the poet are conspicuous by their absence (Chapter X.). And the basis of his literary criticism are two general statements reported in the Press—one by Pouré Daud who said that Iqbal was a local poet, and the other by Ali Asghar Hikmat who observed that Iqbal is not widely known in Iran and that his name is confined to few literary circles ! The Panjabi poet, observes Dr. Sinha, was wholly out of tune with almost everything for which modern Iranians care—intense nationalism, keen interest in patriotic themes, demand for simplicity in style and a complete purge of Arabic influence in Iranian vocabulary, literature and culture (p. 128).

But this method of appraisal might appear objectionable to serious students of Iqbal. Like an astute lawyer, Dr. Sinha builds his case by quoting a number of opinions on Iqbal, and adroitly proceeds to support their views, carefully avoiding the pit-falls. His entire criticism is based on secondary sources (Chaps. IV—XV).

Whether Iqbal adopted Persian for expressing his philosophical view to Muslims abroad or not is secondary. The greatness of his religious conception does appeal to Indian Muslims; may be to a section of non-Muslims, much of it appears 'prosaic, propagandist rather than emotional and inspiring.' Iqbal is highly intellectual and he never claimed to be a poet of the masses. Popularity among the masses is hardly the true criterion for judging the greatness of such a poet. We read Rūmī, Sanā'i and 'Attār not only for the radiance of their vision, but also for their philosophic sublimities and dogmatic interpretations, and yet we know that even in Iran, their names are confined to a few literary circles.

And then why is Iqbal merciless in his denunciation of European speculative thought? The idea of reconciliation between religion and philosophy is abhorrent to him. The Sufi and the Neo-Platonist worked for a compromise between dogma and philosophy, but this rationalisation of Prophetic revelation and the application of logical methods to the interpretation of theological doctrines is considered by Iqbal, like the *Mutakallimins*, as innovation (*bid'a*). He thinks that 'speculation is the invention of the Devil.' Plato is the leader of this 'old herd of sheep!' Hegel—'that hen who by dint of enthusiasm laid eggs without association with any cock'; Nietzsche, from whom he borrowed the shaky ideal of the Superman and managed to connect it with the *Qur'an*... 'is a madman in a European Chinashop' and 'whose heart is a believer's, but brain that of an infidel'; and Bergson... 'befooled by vain imagining'. It is, quite unjust for Dr. Sinha to judge Iqbal as an inspired poet by the definition of Plato: 'Not by wisdom do poets write poetry, but by a sort of genius and inspiration'. (p. 243).

Iqbal thinks that the spread of European culture among the Muslims would be ruinous. 'This new light,' he remarks, 'will only intensify darkness.' He is therefore vehement in condemnation of political ideologies and speculative thought of the West. Religion divorced from politics transforms the State to the status of a Deity. Machiavelli—that Messenger of Satan—'whose collyrium made the eyes of people blind, has laid the foundation of corrupt politics and has strewn thorns in the path of the world.' This criticism of the West seems to Dr. Sinha unqualified, severe and unjust. 'No poet,' he observes, 'has been so vehemently offensive in denouncing those from whom he differed or things he did not like or approve of, as Iqbal.' And his criticism is 'marked with so much acerbity and characterised by such bitterness, as to leave an acrid taste in the mouth.' (p. 110).

As to the theory propounded by Iqbal that Platonism and Sufism were the main causes of the dissolution of Islamic states in Asia and Europe, Dr. Sinha holds a contrary view. He thinks that the chief cause of the disruption was 'the installation of uncritical dogmaticism over the sovereignty of reason in the Islamic world.' (p. 251)

Dr. Sinha is very critical of Iqbal's style of later Urdu verse. To some it is an exquisite blending of Persian with Urdu. *Bāl-i-Jibrā'il*, according to Dr. Sinha is written in a language which is neither of Persia nor that of Hindustan, but

can be regarded as a hybrid unworthy of vogue (p. 139). Its language 'was so highly Persianised and interlarded with grandiloquent and sesquipedalian phraseology that its prototype in English would be rightly designated *Bombastes Furioso*.' (p. 138). Unlike the *Bāng-i-Daro*, which 'is not unoften redeemed by flashes and outbursts of genuine poetry', in the *Bāl-i-Jibra'il*, 'deterioration of language and style seems to be almost complete and its verses...with rare exceptions,...are limp and insipid'. (p. 139).

One need not necessarily agree with Dr. Sinha's thesis, but with the force of his persistently persuasive arguments and the subtle charm of his wise scepticism, he seems to express what many persons are thinking. His study of the poet, though limited, is characterised by literary balance and critical sobriety. But when, perforce he has to be blunt, he does not mince words. The book forms a delightful reading for the general reader due to its bold, daring and fascinating style. The criticism, though not well founded, is free from malice, but would it displace the literary idol from its lofty pedestal ?

Bikrama Jit Hasrat

BEAUTIFUL UNITY : By Nicholas Roerich. Edited by B. D. Garga
Published by The Youth's Art & Culture Circle, 172, Princess Street,
Bombay—2. Price : Rs. 2/8/-

THIS book contains a number of essays, written by the author, who is a well-known artist, on various occasions in defence of art and knowledge. Says he,

"Amongst horrors, in the midst of the struggle and collisions of the people the question of knowledge and the question of art are matters of the first importance. Do not be astonished. This is not exaggeration, neither is it a platitude." (p. 52).

The author sincerely prescribes, therefore, a mixture of Beauty and Wisdom for the present social indisposition, but he disappoints a serious student of Sociology. Yet it must be admitted that the book is a valuable contribution to aesthetic literature, for Roerich's aestheticism is touched with spirituality and is not of an esoteric type. There is indeed a rich vein of humanity in it, a feeling for life. . The style, though a little diffuse at places, often rises to a lofty pitch. when one hears the clear voice of a master-artist aiming at "Synthesis and Symphony of life."

P. J. Chaudhury.

FALL OF MEWAR: A Drama in Five Acts : By Dwijendralal Roy. Translated into English by Harindranath Chattopadhyaya and Dilip Kumar Roy.

With an introduction by Bryan Rhys. Published by the Nalanda Publications, P. B. 1353, Bombay, Pp. 99. Rs. 3/12/-

THE volume under review is an English rendering of one of the most famous dramas of Dwijendra Lal Roy. Dwijendra Lal's language is high poetry. The translation closely follows the text both in the prose and in the lyrical passages, and an attempt has been made to retain, as far as possible, the original construction. On the whole the rendering reads well.

Nagendranath Chakravarti

DO NOT GO DOWN, O SUN : By J. Vijayatunga. Published by Hind Kitabs Ltd., 267, Hornby Road, Bombay. Pp. 93.

Price : Rs. 5/-

A SHEAF of songs, "grown" in various fields of experience and insight and now gathered in a small-sized basket. Some have in them the promise of the bud, others that of the blossom, while a few have the fulfilment of the fruit. Thus, the poet has revealed his own evolution as a creative artist. Here is the closing passage of his longest poem in the present collection ;

"By these tokens are you *Man*, tremulous, but unafraid,
God-created, God-cared-for, inheritor from first to last,
Of the great fruits of life, of the good things of Earth, of To-day,
Of To-morrow, when a saner reason shall prevail, and men
Shall share, not rob, cherish, not kill, and all the greater deeds
Shall count, be it by pen, or plough, by winged flight, or plodding feet,
As those which mute discords and make the Diverse, One,
Thus writing God's signature across Man."

M. N. G.

EDGEWAYS AND THE SAINT : By Harindranath Chattopadhyaya. Published by Nalanda Publications, Post Box 1353. Bombay. Pp. 54. Price : Re. 1/8/-

THIS slender volume has two sections ; The first, "Edgeways", consists of twenty-two poems written at the end of 1944 "by way of relaxation", says the poet, during a period of strenuous intellectual and imaginative activity, while the second is a farce, full of the fun and frivolity provoked by the sight of a pseudo-saint, though written in a style which bears an impress of immaturity. Harindranath's Pegasus appears this time to carry rather a heavy load of abstract as well as angular thought, instead of, as of yore, the feather-weighted precious perfume of mystic vision and magic words.

N. G.

SON OF ADAM: By Harindranath Chattopadhyaya. Illustrated by P. S. Goray. Padma Publications Ltd, Sir P. Mehta Road, Fort, Bombay. Price : Rs. 2/-

ONE more of Padma's books for children, all the more welcome this time since it is from poet Chattopadhyaya. The story is a very simple child version of Man's conquest of the kingdom of beasts, and is given in an easy-rolling verse of moderate length, perhaps not quite without a sinister air about it. Boys and girls will love to recite the poem printed in clear medium type and served so attractively with lovely illustrations opening out in almost every page.

Nirmalchandra Chattopadhyaya.

CHINESE WOMEN AND FREEDOM: By Anil de Silva : Kutub Publishers, Poona. Price : Rs. 2/12/-.

WHEN I WAS IN SHA CHUAN: By Ting Ling : Translated from the original Chinese by Kung Pusheng : Kutub Publishers, Poona. Price : Rs. 3/-

CHINA of the legend is no more. These books, within their limited compass, give us an idea not only of the present condition but of the men and women who are living in and dying for China to-day. With unconcealed leftist sympathy, the books have nevertheless a human appeal which will rouse the interest of and even evoke a response from people belonging to different schools of thought.

K. G.

MISS HARRIET AND OTHER STORIES: By Guy de Maupassant. Translated from the French by T. E. Graham. Published by Sushil Gupta, Calcutta. Price : Rs. 4/8/-

NINETEEN SHORT STORIES: Published by International Book House Ltd., Bombay. Price : Rs. 3/8/-.

ALL well-known stories by master writers. The selections are good and the publishers, particularly the former one, have made a good job of the get-up.

K. G.

JOURNAL OF THE INDIAN SOCIETY OF ORIENTAL ART: Vol 13 (1945) : Edited by Abanindranath Tagore and Stella Kramrisch. Publication Secretary : R. Burnier, Assighat, Benares. Rs. 12/8.

THE Indian Society of Oriental Art has been continuing its *Journal*, now an annual publication, and vol. 13 for 1945 is the one last received. The standard has been kept up both in regard to contents and get-up; the size and volume have shown no sign of deterioration. The publication of a demy quarto volume of 210 pages of handmade paper in addition to 15 separate plates on art paper

is creditable in these days of scarcity. It is priced Rs. 12/8, while the annual Membership fees, entitling the *Journal*, is only Rs. 10.

The present volume begins with D. H. Gordon's *Early Indian Painted Pottery*, giving inset illustrations of as many as 284 figures in line-drawing. N. C. Mehta's *New Document of Gujrati Painting* illustrated by half-tone and tricolour reproductions throws a clear light on the subject. *An Image of Ārya Avalokitesvara of the time of Vinayagupta* by Ajit Ghosh describes a unique Buddhist sculpture in the museum of the Vangiya-Sahitya-Parishat. The first part of a long paper on *Hindu Iconography* by J. N. Banerjee deals specially with Vishnu. It is to be continued later. *An Illustrated Rāmāyana Manuscript of Tulasīdāsa and Patas from Bengal* by D. P. Ghosh is interesting. Then comes the learned treatise *The Mystery of the All-powerful Goddess (Shri Bhagavati Tattva)* by Swami Hariharananda Sarasvati (Karapatri-ji Maharaj), as translated by Shiva Sharana (Alain Danielou). It should be pointed out that the five preceding volumes contained one or another of Swamiji's valuable contributions, viz., *Vishnu : the All-pervading Principle, The World Tree ; Stolen Clothes (Ciraharana) ; Inner Significance of Linga Worship and Greatness of Ganapati*, etc. All these have been made available to the English-reading public through the enthusiasm and scholarship of Shiva Sharana, who translated them mostly from the Benares Hindi weekly *Siddhanta*, edited by Gangashankar Mishra.

The last two papers in the present volume are *A Temple Under Construction* by Nirmal K. Bose, describing an unfinished construction near the temple of Siddha Mahavira, about half a mile to the east of the Indradymna sarovara in Puri, Orissa, and *A Deed of Adoption and Reliefs* from the pen of Dr. Stella Kramrisch, describing an interesting old Andhra document of 1294 A. D.

The publication is belated but creditable.

S. C. Guha.

"*DEVELOPING VILLAGE INDIA*" : Special Number of ' Indian Farming', published by the I. C. A. R. .

"*DEVELOPING Village India*" covers a wide range of subjects of village life and culture. It is attractively got up, with many illustrations for each of the main sections of the text. It is a book that will be of great value, alike to specialists, administrators, planners, and those interested in the practical solutions to the many problems of village reconstruction. Those who conceived this work make history in the publication of a volume so successfully illustrative of the wide field of democratic planning for rural India.

This book has been produced as a special number of "Indian Farming" a bi-monthly publication for placing the rural problem in its various aspects before the people. M. S. Randhawa M. Sc., F. N. I. & I. C. S., Secretary of the I. C. A. R. who has planned the work and who is well-known for his development work in the United Provinces, has been aided by the contributions of a group of

experienced administrators and planners, eminent scientists, artists and authors. Planned on a comprehensive scale, the articles contributed cover the main departments of village development ; Organisation, Publicity, Propaganda, Agriculture and Nutrition, Animal Husbandry, Horticulture, Cottage Industries, Health and Sanitation, Education and Culture.

A contributor has pointed out that the peasant economy of India today has not changed in essentials from that revealed by the engravings of five thousand years ago, unearthed in the valley of the Indus. Land use patterns that are so old, at this critical hour of the country's destiny, are proving inadequate. There is a developing crisis in the food situation as population increase far outweighs the increase in production from the land. Here is an attempt at the task of mapping out the problems involved, with suggested plans for releasing for constructive development the great sources of power at present locked in the many thousand villages throughout the land.

To the Indian peasants of this ancient tradition, "with whom now lies the deciding vote and the power," this book is dedicated. All who have the future of the villager, and the welfare of the country at heart will read to their profit this story of a new vision of "Developing Village India."

J. Short.

CULTURE CONFLICTS : By P. Kodanda Rao. Padmaja Publications,
Baroda. Price : Rs. 3/-.

THIS book comes with a timely message to those who are planning a new world-order. Shri. R. Kodanda Rao is a subtle thinker and goes to the very depth of the problem he has posed in this book, the causes and cure of culture conflicts. Culture conflicts, he points out, are "largely due to the identification of an individual or group of individuals with one or more culture traits, to the feeling that a culture belongs to some people and is owned by them, to the concept of 'mine' and 'thine' with reference to culture traits. He grants that every ecological area is entitled to produce a culture correlated to it, but he maintains with vigour and logic that culture traits cannot be owned by anybody—they are the common heritage of all humanity. This approach will tend to reduce culture conflicts and will help to bring about a harmonious understanding between the different nations. The author states his case succinctly and vigorously, but unfortunately the poor printing and careless production of the book continually bore the reader, who is often at a loss to find out what the author tries to say. The book has a special message to India today and one ventures to hope that it will go some way in dispelling the musty air of communalism that is poisoning the atmosphere at present.

Dilip Sen.

**SOCIALISM AND THE NATIONAL REVOLUTION : Collected
Speeches and Writings of Acharya Narendra Deva ; Pp. XVI + 203.**

Padma Publications, Bombay. Price : Rs. 5/8.

A MOST incisive aspect of the present crisis in India is the crisis within the ranks and structure of the Indian National Congress itself. 1947 is not 1920 and it is evident that if the Congress is to maintain and fulfil its historic role it must give a new orientation to its policy and work towards the consolidation and guidance of the revolutionary forces in the country.

Acharya Narendra Deva's book is a living history of the birth and growth of a party which will have a very decisive part to play in bringing about a simultaneous national and social revolution in India. The book is prophetic in its analysis ; and the clarity of thought displayed in sizing up the international situation as far back as in 1934, in criticising the Govt. of India Act, in the diagnosis of the internal situation in India and in estimating the strength and weakness of the Congress, is remarkable.

Acharya Narendra Deva's Socialism, though with elements assimilated from outside, is fundamentally Indian. In 1935 Acharyaji hinted that the Congress Socialist Party might sometime throw open its doors to non-Congressmen as well. This has recently come to pass. Does this step indicate that the bourgeois democratic stage of the Indian Revolution is over and does it mean that the differences between the Indian Socialists and the ultra Leftists will grow apace ? The book under review provides no answer to these questions ; but it certainly points out the fructuous possibilities of the counsels of Acharya Deva in the yet unfolded phase of the Indian struggle.

Chanchal Sarkar.

TOWARDS STRUGGLE : By Jaya Prakash Narayan. Padma Publications, Bombay—I. Pp. 244. Price : Rs. 6-8-0.

SRI Jaya Prakash Narayan has become almost the symbol of Rebel India. The public will, therefore, welcome this first representative selection from his speeches and writings. The editor, Shri Yusuf Meharally has prefaced the collection with an affectionate pen-picture of this fascinating personality.

The selections range from the manifesto of the Congress Socialist Party at the time of its inception in 1934 to Shri Jaya Prakash's latest "Letter to the Fighters of Freedom," dated 9th August 1946. The first two letters in the series, written from underground, also included in the volume, have now a historical interest. The same is true of the record of his unsuccessful efforts to secure left unity in the country. They show his devotion to the ideal of Socialism and his ability to rise above the interests of his party. Other selections are extracts from his writings on Socialism, the why and the how of it, in the context of Indian politics, and from his addresses at Conferences. They are all characterised by great clarity of thought and analysis and the sense of a mission in life, *viz.* that of making Socialism a reality in India.

S. K. George.

BOOKS RECEIVED

- REFLECTIONS BEFORE SUNSET : By J. H. Cousins. Published by Kalakshetra, Adyar, Madras. Price : Rs. 2/8/-
- A PLAN FOR RURAL DEVELOPMENT : By J. C. Kumarappa. Price : Re. 1/-.
- ECONOMY OF PERMANENCE : By J. C. Kumarappa. Price : Rs. 2/-.
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The Visva-Bharati Quarterly

INDEX To Vol. XII, 1946-47

ARTICLES

<i>Title</i>	<i>Author</i>	<i>Page</i>
Aldous Huxley : Critic and Essayist	Sisirkumar Ghose	286
Andrews' Early Life in England	Marjorie Sykes	17
Art in Industry	S. J. Clerk	56
Art of Teaching, The	Marthe Sinha	6
C. F. A.—Christ's Faithful Apostle	Marjorie Sykes	95
C. F. A.—A Friend of the Poor and the Pariah	Marjorie Sykes	181
Castes of Indian Mystics	P. C. Bagchi	138
Clarity	Rabindranath Tagore	173
Complacency with regard to Beauty	Rabindranath Tagore	263
Confidence between Communities	Eleanor M. Hough	189
Evolution of Rabindranath's Art	Benode Behari Mukhopadhyaya	152
From the Heights of Coorg	Marcella Hardy	42
Geography of Ancient Bengal—I	Prabodh Chandra Sen	116
H. G. Wells—I	Hirendranath Dutta	144
II—In Memoriam	Kapila Chatterjee	150
Humour in Religion	Teja Singh	209
Imogen	K. R. Srinivas Iyengar	213
Indivisibility	Rabindranath Tagore	87
J. M. Keynes	Khagendra N. Bhattacharya	104
James Hopwood Jeans (Sir)	Prabas Jiban Chaudhuri	229
Jamia Millia Islamia	M. Mujeeb	111
Later Poems of Tagore, The	Sisirkumar Ghose	25
"Look Within Man" (Baul Song)	Erling Eng and Sochindra Kumar Ghose (Trs.)	204
Mind	Rabindranath Tagore	1
Muslims and Indian Sciences	Bikramajit Hasrat	299
National Institutions for the Teaching of Music	Alan Danielou	197
New Indian Nation, The (poem)	C. F. Andrews	196
"O Santal Lad" (poem)	Rabindranath Tagore	110
Physicist as a Philosopher, The	Prabassjiban Chaudhury	94
Playthings of Time—An Enquiry into Contemporary Criticism	Buddhadeva Bose	237

<i>Title</i>	<i>Author</i>	<i>Page</i>
Plot and Theme—A Note on Bengali Fiction	Buddhadeva Bose	122
Presence of the Lord, The (Baul Song)	Erling Eng and Sochindra Kumar Ghose (Trs.)	269
Religious Pacifism in the West	Horace Alexander	335
Sakuntala	C. L. Holden	271
Sarmad Shahid	F. M. Asiri	315
Some Thoughts on Art—A Symposium	R. Tagore, A Tagore, N. Bose, H. P. Dwivedi and K. G.	155
Spirit of Tagore	P. S. Naidu	205
Swaraj and the State	Nirmal Kumar Bose	61
Tagore and Croce	Prabhasjiban Chaudhuri	277
To a Poet (poem)	Elizabeth Gibson Cheyne	228
Toru Dutt	Pramila Chaudhuri	123
"Touch my life with the magic of thy fire" (Song)	Rabindranath Tagore	178
Twelve Aspects of American Literature	Krishnalal Shridharani	329
Two, The (poem)	Rabindranath Tagore	179
Wanted—A Synthesis of Religions	S. K. George	233
"You are my Musician" (Baul Song)	Erling Eng and Sochindra Kumar Ghose (Trs.)	270

AUTHORS

<i>Author</i>	<i>Title</i>	<i>Page</i>
Alexander, H. G.	Religious Pacifism in the West	335
Andrews, C. F.	The New Indian Nation (poem)	196
Asiri, F. M.	Sarmad Shahid	315
Bagchi, P. C.	Castes of Indian Mystics	138
Bose, Buddhadeva	Playthings of Time	237
	Plot and Theme	122
Bose, Nirmal Kumar	Swaraj and the State	61
Bhattacharya, K. N.	J. M. Keynes	104
Bose, Nandalal	Some Thoughts on Art (3)	156
Chatterjee, Kapila	H. G Wells—In Memoriam	160
Chaudhuri, Prabhasjivan	Sir James Hopwood Jeans	229
	Tagore and Croce	277
Chaudhuri, Pramila	Toru Dutt	123
Cheyne, Elizabeth Gibson	To a Poet (poem)	228
Clerk, S. J.	Art in Industry	54
Danielou, Alain	National Institutions for the Teaching of Music	197

<i>Author</i>	<i>Title</i>	<i>Page</i>
Dutta, Hirendranath	H. G Wells—I	144
Dwivedi, Hazari Prasad	Some Thoughts on Art (4)	157
Eng Erling and Sachindra Kumar Ghose	"Look Within Man" (Baul song)	204
	The Presence of the Lord	
	(Baul song)	269
	"You are my Musician"	
	(Baul song)	270
George, S. K.	Wanted—A Synthesis of	
	Religions	223
Ghose, Sisirkumar	The Later Poems of Tagore	25
	Aldous Huxley : Critic and	
	Essayist	286
Hardy, Marcella	From the Heights of Coorg	42
Hasrat, B. J.	Muslims and Indian Sciences	299
Holden C. L.	Sakuntala	271
Hough, Eleanor, M.	Confidence Between	
	Communities	189
Iyengar, K. R. Srinivas	Imogen	213
K. G.	Some Thoughts on Art (5)	158
Mukopadhyaya, Benode Behari	Evolution of Rabindranath's Art	152
Mujeeb, M.	Jamia Millia Islamia	111
Naidu, P. S.	Spirit of Tagore	205
Sen, Prabodhchandra	Geography of Ancient Bengal—I	116
Singh, Teja	Humour in Religion	209
Sinha, Marthe	The Art of Teaching	6
Shridharani, Krishnalal	Twelve Aspects of American	
	Literature	329
Sykes, Marjorie	Andrews' Early Life in England	17
	C. F. A.—Christ's Faithful	
	Apostle	95
	C. F. Andrews—A Friend of the	
	Poor and the Pariah	181
Tagore, Abanindranath	Some Thoughts on Art (2)	155
Tagore, Rabindranath	Mind	1
	Indivisibility	87
	Clarity	173
	Complacency with regard to	
	Beauty	263
	"Touch my life with the magic of	
	thy fire" (Song)	178
	The Two (poem)	179
	"O Santhal Lad" (poem)	110

PUBLICATIONS REVIEWED

Abanindranath Tagoré : Caramel Doll. By A. B. C.	261
Acharya Narendra Deva : Socialism and the National Revolution. By Chanchal Sarkar.	350
A. G. Arberry : Asiatic Jones. By P. C. B.	248
Alex Aronson : Europe Looks at India. By M. Sykes	73
Anil de Silva : Chinese Women and Freedom. By K. G.	347
Azim Husain : Fazli Husain. By S. K. George	248
Brij Narain : Economic Structure of Free India. By K. N. Bhattacharya	253
Bulletin of the Baroda State Museum, Vol. II, Pt I. By B. M.	167
C. A. Kincaid : Shivaji. By P. R. Ghose	170
C. H. Setalvad (Sir) : Recollections & Reflections. By A. K. C.	165
Carl Heath : Gandhi. By N. K. B.	165
Dale Carnegie : Biographical Round-up. By X. Y. Z	258
Dhiren Gandhi : Prayer and other Sketches of Mahatma Gandhi. By An Art-Lover	254
Dilip Kumar Roy : The Subhas I Knew. By N. G.	250
Edited by Subramanya Sastri : Sangitha Ratnakara of Saranga Deva. By K. M. S.	84
Edited by Manilal Naravati and C. N. Vakil : India Speaking. By Sunam	159
Edited by M. C. Samaddar : The Behar Herald, 72nd Annual Number. By X	169
Edited by Dr. C. Kunhan Raja : Prakrta Prakasa of Vararuci. By R. S. Tomar	250
Edited by V. R. Chitra : Silpi, No. X. By An Art-Lover	254
Edited by M. H. Kantawala : Food Grains. By J. P. Bhattacharya	258
Edited by M. H. Kantawala : Coconuts. By J. P. Bhattacharya	258
Edited by A. Tagore and S. Kramrsrich : Journal of I. S. O. A. Vol. 13. By S. C. Guha.	347
Edited by Uma Devi : Polish Short Stories. By S. C. Sarkar.	167
Edited by V. N. Bhushan : The Moving Finger. By S. K. G.	168
F. E. James : Battle for Health. By J. P. Bhattacharya	259
G. Mallik : Short Stories of Prem Chand. By M. Bajpai	172
Gertrude Emerson Sen : Voiceless India. By N. K. Bose	164
Gopal N. Nilaver : Sudden Retrospect and other Poems. By S. K. G.	257
H. Chattopadhyaya : Edgeways and the Saint. By N. G.	346

H. Chattopadhyaya : Son of Adam. By N. C. Chattopadhyaya	347
H. G. Rawlinson : A Garland of Indian Poetry. By X	169
H. P. Blavatsky : Zoroastrianism. By S. K. G.	169
Herbert Morisson & others : Can Planning be Democratic ? By Sunam	159
Humayun Kabir : Men and Rivers. By K. G.	171
I. C. A. R. (Publishers) : Developing Village India. By J. Short	348
International Book House (Publishers) : Nineteen Short Stories. By K. G.	347
J. B. Kripalani : The Latest Fad. By M. S.	74
Jag Parvesh : I Impeach Beverly Nichols. By A. K. C.	166
Jaya Prakash Narayan : Towards Struggle. By S. K. George	350
J. Vijayatunga : Do Not Go Down, O Sun. By M. N. G.	346
K. T. Shah : Foundations of Peace. By M. N. G.	79
K. T. Shah : Handbook of National Planning Committee. By J. P. Bhattacharya	82
K. M. Munshi : The Creative Art of Life. By S. C. Sircar	251
K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar : Indian Contribution to English Literature. By S. K. Ghose	256
K. Chellappan Pillai : Similes of Kalidasa. By N. Chakravarti	168
Kamala Devi : America. By A. K. C.	165
Kodanda Rao : Culture Conflicts. By Dilip Sen.	349
Krishna Hutheesing : Shadows on the Wall. By M. Bajpai	253
L. N. Sahu : History of Orissa. By P. P.	254
M. S. Patel : Witty Tales of Badsha and Birbal. By M. N. G.	260
Mahadev Desai : The Gospel of Selfless Action. By Benoy Roy	247
Masti Venkatesa Iyengar : Rabindranath Tagore. By A. B. C.	249
Minoo Masani : Your Food. By X. Y. Z.	259
Mulkraj Anand : Two Leaves and a Bud. By M.	260
Mulkraj Anand : Indian Fairy Tales. By A. B. C.	260
Nicholas Roerich : Beautiful Unity By P. J. Chaudhuri	345
N. G. Ranga : Colonial and Coloured Peoples. By K. N. B.	255
Pattabhi Sitaramayya : Feathers and Stones By K. K.	166
Purushottam Tircumdas : Sauce for the Goose. By D. S.	257
R. R. Diwakar : Satyagraha. Its Technique and History. By N. K. Bose	76
R. S. Agarwal : Eye Troubles in Old Age. By D.	268
Rene Guenon : Introduction to the Study of Hindu Doctrines. By A. Danielou	166
Rene Guenon : Man and His Becoming according to the Vedanta. By A Danielou	246
S. N. Agarawal : Jugnu. (Hindi) By M. Bajpai	172

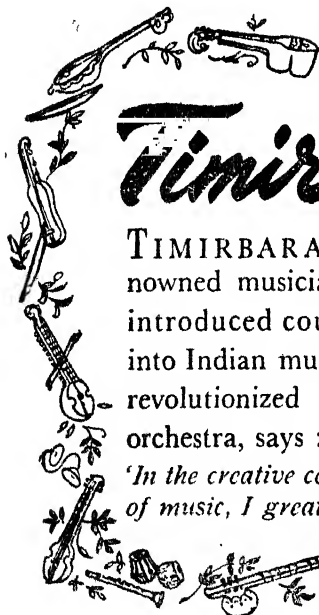
Sachchidananda Sinha : Iqbal : The Poet and His Message.		
	By B. J. Hasrat	343
Sadananda Bhatkal : Future of Indian Youth.	By S. K. G.	257
Sen and Reid : U. S. S. R—A Human Document.	By K. N. B.	82
Sisirkumar Mitra : Cultural Fellowship of Bengal.	By S. K. Ghose	256
Sitaram Pandey : Human Equality in Western Civilisation.		
	By S. K. George	252
Sri Aurobindo Mandir Annual, No. 5.	By Saraj K. Das	245
T. R. S. Kynnersley : Roads for India.	By Subodhkumar Ghose	74
Ting Ling : When I was in Sha Chuan.	By K. G.	347
Translated by T. R. Srinivasa Iyengar : Vaisnavo Upanisada.		
	By P. C. B.	78
Translated by Swami Ravithirtha : Nyaya Kusumanjali.		
	By S. M. Bhattacharya	84
Translated by Kshitish C. Sen : Saratchandra's Srikanta.		
	By K. G.	171
Translated by Dilip Kumar Roy : Saratchandra's The Deliverance.		
	By K. G.	171
Translated by J. L. Kaul : Kashmiri Lyrics.	By M. N. G.	80
Translated by P. R. Sen and S. P. Sen : Prem Chand's Godan.		
	By M. Bajpai	172
Translated by Sunil Bisi : Freud O Manasamikshan. (Bengali)		
	By D. Bagh	252
Translated by H. Chattopadhyaya : D. L. Roy's Fall of Mewar		
	By N. Chakravarti	346
Translated by T. E. Graham : Maupassant's Miss Harriet and		
other stories.	By K. G.	347
V. K. R. V. Rao : Economic Transition from War to Peace in		
India.	By Sunam	159
Y. G. Krishnamurti : Freedom My Destiny.	By M.	255
Yusuf Meherally : The Modern World.	By Acacia	78
Yusuf Meherally : Leaders of India : Vol 2.	By M. G.	170

ILLUSTRATIONS

Baij, Ramkinkar	Winter Landscape	173
Bose, Nandalal	In the Balcony	1
	The Santhal Boy	87
Hardy, Marcella	Coorg Scenery	44
	Coorg Costumes	45
Tagore, Abanindranath	The New Infectionism	263



★ **TIMIR BARAN**
Bhattacharya, born 1910
in Calcutta, took to the
'Sarod' which gave him the
first taste of fame, at the
age of 18. He is a disciple of
Ustad Amir Khan and Ustad
Allauddin Khan. In 1930, he
joined Uday Shankar's ballet
and travelled all over the United
States, Britain and Europe where
his talent was fully recognised. His
pioneering work in orchestration of
Indian music has won him innum-
erable laurels and wide popularity.



Timir Baran, Tone Poet

TIMIRBARAN, the re-
nowned musician who has
introduced counterpoint
into Indian music and has
revolutionized the Indian
orchestra, says :

*'In the creative contemplation
of music, I greatly value the*

*aid of tea. It often stirs a note
and a rhythm in my fantasy
which, lispings on the instru-
ments, culminate in a grand
orchestral harmony.'*

tea

FOR INSPIRATION

